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The noble story/ to putte in remembrance
Of saynt Edmund/ martir maide & kyng
With his support/ my stile I wil auance
Ffirst to compile/ after my kunnyng
His glorious lif/ his birthe and his gynnyng
And be descent/ how that he that was so good
Was in saxonie born/ of the roial blood

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IBN SÎNÂ

(AVICENNA)

(980–1037)

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

ABU ALI AL 'HUSAIN ABDALLAH IBN SÎNÂ, known to the Western world as Avicenna, the greatest of Eastern Muslim philosophers and physicians, was born A. D. 980 at Afshena, near Kharmaithan, in the province of Bokhara. His father, a Persian, was for a time governor of Kharmaithan, but later settled at Bokhara, where Ibn Sînâ, an extremely precocious child, was reared with great care. At the age of ten he knew the Koran by heart, and had studied law and grammar. The elements of philosophy he learnt from a private tutor, Abu Abdallah Natili. While still a mere boy he went to the famous school of Bagdad, where he studied successively mathematics, physics, logic, metaphysics, and finally — under a Christian — medicine. At the age of seventeen he had already gained such a reputation that he was called to the sick-bed of Nu'h ibn Mansûr, King of Bokhara. Having effected a cure, he was richly rewarded by the King, and allowed free access to the palace library, which enabled him to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. The library having been burnt up some time after, he was accused of setting it on fire in order to obtain a monopoly of knowledge. At the age of twenty-two, having lost both his patron and his father, and being unpopular in Bokhara, he left that city and wandered about for several years, finally settling at Jorjân, where, having been presented with a house, he opened a school and gave lectures. At the same time he began to write his great medical work, the 'Kanûn' (Canon). Becoming uncomfortable at Jorjân, he removed to Hamadân (Ecbatana), whose king, Shems ed-Daula, made him wasîr. In this position he again became unpopular, possibly on account of his opinions; so much so that the soldiers seized him, and but for the strenuous intervention of the King would have put him to death. Having remained in laborious retirement for some time, he was recalled to court as physician to the crown prince. Here he composed his great philosophic cyclopædia, the 'Shefâ.' His life at this time was very characteristic, being divided between study, teaching, and reveling. Every evening he gave a lecture, followed by an orgy continued far into the night. Shems ed-Daula having died, Ibn Sînâ fell into disfavor with his

successor through entering into correspondence with his enemy the Prince of Ispahan, and was imprisoned in a fortress for several years. Finally escaping from this, he fled to Ispahan, where he became attached to the person of the prince, accompanying him on his various expeditions. Having resumed his double, wasteful life, he soon wore out his body, whose condition he aggravated by the use of drastic medicines. Feeling himself at last beyond remedies, he repented, distributed alms, and died at Hamadân a good Muslim, in July 1037, at the age of fifty-seven. He left a brief biography of himself. A longer one was written by his pupil Jorjâni.

Ibn Sînâ was a complex, versatile character, leading a double life, — that of the patient, profound student and thinker, and that of the sensual worldling, — and perishing in the attempt to combine the two. He seems a combination of Bacon, Bruno, and Goethe, with the best and worst traits of all three. He appears among the mighty in Dante's Limbo.

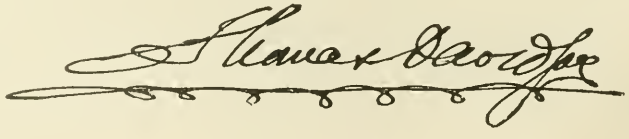
Works. — His literary activity was prodigious. He wrote over a hundred treatises, covering all branches of knowledge, and in such a masterly way as fairly to deserve his title, the Supreme Teacher (Sheikh ar-raîs). His chief productions are: — (i.) The 'Kanûn,' a medical work of enormous bulk, dealing with man as part of the organism of the world, and comprising all the medical knowledge of the time. It was translated into Latin in the twelfth century, and into Hebrew in the thirteenth; and was for several hundred years the chief medical authority in the civilized world. (ii.) The 'Shefâ' (Healing), an encyclopædia of philosophic sciences in eighteen volumes. The subjects are distributed under four heads: (1) Logic, (2) Physics, (3) Mathematics, (4) Metaphysics. This work, in the original, exists almost entire in the Bodleian Library, but it is little known as a whole. Parts of it were translated into Latin in the twelfth century, and into Hebrew in the thirteenth, and exercised a powerful influence on the schoolmen, as well as on Arab and Hebrew thinkers. In 1495, 1500, and 1508 there appeared at Venice a collection of these, including (1) Logic, (2) Sufficiency, (Physics!) (3) On Heaven and Earth, (4) On the Soul, (5) On Animals, (6) On Intelligences, (7) On Intelligences, (by Al Fârâbî!) (8) On Metaphysics. Other portions of the 'Shefâ' have appeared at different times under different titles. (iii.) The 'Najâh,' an abridgment of the 'Shefâ,' omitting the mathematical part. (iv.) 'On Oriental Philosophy,' that is, mysticism; a work frequently referred to by Western Arab writers and by Roger Bacon, but now lost. (v.) A poem, 'On the Soul,' translated by Hammer-Purgstall in the Vienna Zeitschrift für Kunst, 1837. There exists no complete edition of Ibn Sînâ's works, and no complete bibliography; nor is there any exhaustive monograph on him.

Philosophy.—Valentine Rose's verdict, "Plotinus and Aristotle, that is the whole of Arab philosophy," is not quite true of the philosophy of Ibn Sînâ. As in life, so in thought, the Persian Muslim tried to combine two utterly incompatible things: in the latter, Muslim orthodoxy with Neo-Platonic, emanational Aristotelianism, or even with Persian and Hindu mysticism. To the orthodox he wished to appear orthodox; to the philosophers, a philosopher of the popular, Aristotelian sort; and to the Mazdeans, a Mazdean mystic,—being in reality it seems the last. Like Scotus Erigena and others, he believes that revelation, being a mere anticipation of philosophy for the benefit of the masses, must be interpreted by philosophy in accordance with the laws of reason. His chief merit as a philosopher is that he makes clear and systematic what Aristotle had left dark and confused; and this he does chiefly through Neo-Platonic conceptions. Accepting from Aristotle the classification of Being into necessary, actual, and possible, he spreads it over his geocentric universe, and classifies the sciences according to it. At the summit of this universe is the necessary Being, God, the subject of Metaphysics; at the other end are sublunary things, merely possible, the subject of Physics; and between the two are things possible made necessary by the first cause, and therefore actual,—the spheres and their moving intelligences, the subject of Mathematics, *i. e.*, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, Mechanics, Optics (*cf.* Dante, 'Banquet,' ii. 14, 15). He seeks to combine the Aristotelian doctrine of the (derived) eternity of matter and the world with Neo-Platonic emanationism, holding the latter to be a timeless process. The Supreme Being being one, can produce but one thing, the First Intelligence or Word; but this, having a triple consciousness, (1) of God, (2) of its own actuality, (3) of its own possibility, produces by the first, the Second Intelligence; by the second, the first spheral soul; and by the third, the first moving sphere, as the body to this soul. This process goes on, producing ever greater and greater multiplicity, until the sphere of the moon is reached (*cf.* Dante, 'Paradise,' ii. 112 *seq.*). Here is produced finally the "active intellect" (see Aristotle, 'De Anima,' iii. 5, 1), and the physical world with its manifold souls, including the human. The human soul is not actually, but merely potentially intelligent, being dependent for actual thought upon the "active intellect," which is thus the same for all men; just as the sun is the same for all colors. In the sublunary world prevails generation, whose function is to prepare souls for the action of the "active intellect." This action, like that of the spheral intelligences, is not physical, but like that which a beloved object exerts upon a lover (see Aristotle, 'Metaph.' xi. 7: 1072*b* 3). Hence there prevails throughout the universe not only an outward action from God down to the lowest extremity of being, but also an inward return action, due to love, up to God (see Dante,

'Paradise,' i. 103 *seq.*). This is the *Ma'âd*, (sometimes translated Resurrection, Hereafter!) which plays so important a part in subsequent thought, giving the practical formula for mysticism. Through love, any soul may rise above sublunary matter from sphere to sphere, until at last it loses itself in the superessential unity of God,—the Nirvana of Buddhism (*cf.* Dante, 'Paradise,' as a whole). Though holding these pantheistic emanational views, Ibn Sînâ maintains the immortality of the individual soul; a fact hardly due to deference for Muhammad, since in spite of him he pointedly denies the resurrection of the body and maintains the freedom of the will. How he reconciled the latter view with his belief in sphere influences is hard to see.

Ibn Sînâ's general view of the world and of man's relation to it is on the whole Neo-Platonic. In logic he follows Aristotle and Al Fârâbî, but champions a conceptualist doctrine of universals. He is the author of the favorite scholastic maxim, "It is the intellect that gives universality to the forms of thought" (Intellectus in formis agit universalitatem). In Psychology he gives definiteness and system to the doctrines of Aristotle, and has some original views, *e. g.* on the psychology of prophecy. He thinks that whereas man generally derives his knowledge from the phantasms of the senses, as illuminated by the "active intellect," in certain extraordinary cases the process is reversed. Then the "active intellect," under the influence of God, rouses phantasms, and these are the stuff of prophecy (see Dante, 'Purgatory,' xvii. 13 *seq.*).

The influence of Ibn Sînâ upon the thought of the Middle Age, among Arabs, Jews, and Christians alike, was wide and deep. Men like Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, while cursing Ibn Rushd (Averroës), spoke of Ibn Sînâ with respect, perhaps because he maintained the immortality of the soul. Yet he was bitterly attacked on all sides: by the Muslim orthodox Al Gazâlî and heterodox Ibn Rushd, by the Jewish Maimonides, and by Christian thinkers generally. Especially obnoxious were his doctrines of (1) the eternity of the world, which conflicted with the orthodox notions of creation, and (2) the unity of the "active intellect," which seemed to preclude the freedom and responsibility of man. It was against these, especially as formulated by Ibn Rushd, that the chief efforts of scholasticism in its best period were directed. And though these efforts were formally successful, yet the influence of the great Persian remained and remains. It may be said that Dante's great poem is soaked in it, and it had much to do with the great heretical movements of the Middle Age, from the days of Joachim of Floris onward. It lives even to-day.



HENRIK IBSEN.

HENRIK IBSEN

(1828–)

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER

HENRIK IBSEN was born March 20th, 1828, at the little village of Skien, in the south of Norway, where his father conducted an extensive business as a general merchant. His ancestors for generations had been shipmasters; and the original Ibsen, the poet's great-great-grandfather, had come to Norway from Denmark. His great-grandmother was of Scotch, his grandmother and mother of German descent; so that in the veins of the poet there is not a drop of pure Norse blood. When the boy was eight years old, business reverses compelled his father to give up the comfortable condition that had hitherto prevailed, and the family moved to a farm just outside the town, where they lived during the succeeding six years in economy and retirement. When Ibsen was fourteen they moved back into Skien, where the boy in the mean time had attended the scientific school. In his sixteenth year he went as an apothecary's apprentice to Grimstad, a village even smaller than Skien, on the southeast coast.

The following five years that he spent in Grimstad were important ones, not only as a period of unrest and development, but in that within them are found the first visible beginnings of his literary career. His first printed literary work is the poem 'Hösten,' contained in the Christiania Posten in 1849. His first dramatic attempt, the three-act play 'Catilina,' was also written in Grimstad. It was published in Christiania in 1850, under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme. It attracted however but little attention, and only some thirty copies were sold; the rest of the edition being subsequently disposed of by the author to a huckster, who used it as wrapping-paper for his wares. This same year Ibsen left Grimstad for Christiania with the intention of entering the University, which he did in a few months by the way of Heltberg's school. His university career, however, was but brief. During the Whitsuntide holidays he wrote the one-act drama 'Kjæmpehöjen' (The Warrior's Mound), which was produced at the Christiania Theatre this same year. After the production of his play, Ibsen abandoned all thought of the University. With several associates he began, early in 1851, the publication of a

weekly paper called Manden (Man), subsequently renamed Andhrimner, the name of the mythical cook of the gods in Walhalla. It had a precarious existence of only nine months, when it was forced to suspend. Ibsen's own contributions were, besides poetry and criticism, a three-act political satire called 'Norma,' which appeared anonymously. In November of this same year, 1851, after living for a year and a half in Christiania, Ibsen was called as stage manager to the newly opened Norwegian theatre in Bergen. The following year he received a meagre traveling stipend and three months' leave of absence, that he might study stage management abroad. In Germany he wrote his next play, 'Sankthansnatten' (St. John's Night), which was produced at the Bergen Theatre in 1853. It was not a success, and has never been printed.

With his next play, however, Ibsen's dramatic career may be said to have fairly and successfully begun. This was the first of the national historical dramas, 'Gildet paa Solhaug' (The Banquet at Solhaug), 1856; which was produced in Bergen with enthusiastic applause, and was subsequently given in Christiania, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. This same year he also wrote the romantic drama 'Olaf Liljekrans,' which was produced at the Bergen Theatre twice during the following year, but has never been printed. The same year, 1857, he left Bergen to accept the directorship of the Norwegian theatre in Christiania; a position he held until the summer of 1862, when the theatre became bankrupt and was forced to close. Several plays belong to this period. The historical drama 'Fru Inger til Österaat' (Lady Inger of Österaat), and 'Hærmaendene paa Helgeland' (The Vikings at Helgeland), appeared in 1857 and 1858 respectively; and 'Kjærlighedens Komedie' (The Comedy of Love), a satirical play in rhymed verse, in 1862. To this same period belong also the longest of his minor poems, 'Paa Vidderne' (On the Mountain Plains) and 'Terje Vigen'; published the one in 1860, the other in 1862. From the beginning of 1863 Ibsen received a small stipend as artistic adviser of the Christiania Theatre. He endeavored presently to obtain the "poet's salary," which had been granted to Björnson this year; but the demand was refused, and he was forced to put up with a small traveling stipend, allowed him for the purpose of collecting the popular poetry of Norway. It was afterwards proposed by his friends to procure for him a subordinate position in the custom-house, but this came to naught. When the war broke out between Denmark and Germany, Ibsen beheld with indignation and scorn the attitude of Norway, and he made up his mind to break away from conditions which he felt so belittling. He applied for a traveling stipend, which was ultimately allowed him; and in April 1864, the year of the appearance of 'Kongs-Emnerne' (The Pretenders), his masterpiece

among the historical dramas, he left Christiania not to return for many years. Abroad, Ibsen lived first in Germany and subsequently in Trieste and Rome. In 1866 he sent back to Norway the great dramatic poem 'Brand'; and the Storthing, on the strength of it, found but little difficulty in granting him the "poet's salary" which had before been refused. For twenty-seven years Ibsen lived abroad, with only occasional visits to Norway; although when he left he had intended to return, and his position as artistic adviser at the Christiania Theatre was for some time kept open for him. From Rome, besides 'Brand,' he sent home in 1867 the dramatic poem 'Peer Gynt.' The next year he removed to Dresden, and the two summers following he made short visits to Stockholm and Copenhagen. His next work, the political comedy 'De Unges Forbund' (The League of Youth), appeared in 1869; his longest work, the drama 'Kejser og Galilæer' (Emperor and Galilean), followed in 1873. The year after, 1874, he returned for a short time to Norway after an absence of ten years, and was everywhere received with ovations. Subsequently to this, until his final return to Norway in 1891,—since which time he has lived in Christiania,—Ibsen spent the greater part of the time in Germany, and principally in Munich. These last years have contributed the major part of the fame of the poet outside of Norway; for within them fall all the modern social dramas that are immediately connected with his name, and have even made "Ibsenism" a distinctive characterization in literature. Of these, 'Samfundets Stötter' (The Pillars of Society) appeared in 1877; 'Et Dukkehjem' (A Doll's House), in 1879; 'Gjengangere' (Ghosts), in 1881; 'En Folkefiende' (An Enemy of the People), in 1882; 'Vildanden' (The Wild Duck), in 1884; 'Rosmersholm,' in 1886; 'Fruen fra Havet' (The Lady from the Sea), in 1888; 'Hedda Gabler,' in 1890; 'Bygmester Solness' (Master Builder Solness), in 1892; and finally 'Lille Eyjolf' (Little Eyjolf), in 1894. To complete the list of his works, a volume of poems had furthermore appeared in 1871, with the title 'Digte' (Poems).

Ibsen's dramas fall naturally, in the light of both subject and chronology, into several groups, which mark with tolerable exactness the successive phases in the development of his art. After the first tragedy, 'Catilina,'—which, crude though it is, has in it undoubted elements of strength,—his work at the outset was romantic. This phase culminated in the lyrical drama in verse, the 'Banquet at Solhaug'; which was at the same time the first of the plays whose subjects were taken from Norwegian history, that now followed in succession until interrupted by the 'Comedy of Love.' The materials for the 'Banquet at Solhaug' Ibsen found in old Norwegian folk-songs and ballads. 'Lady Inger of Österaat,' which later on was almost entirely rewritten, is a tragedy from Norwegian life in the

sixteenth century. In the 'Vikings at Helgeland' Ibsen turns for his material to the ancient sagas, several of which are drawn upon for the main plot and incidents. This play marks a definite break, once for all, with Ibsen's youthful romanticism, which afterward may scarcely be said to reappear. It is however in the last of the historical dramas, the 'Pretenders,' that he reaches his height in this kind of writing. The action of the play falls within the thirteenth century, the "pretenders" being the two claimants to the throne of Sverre, King of Norway,— Hakon and Skule. Ibsen in this drama exhibits an unmistakable dramatic power, and his treatment of the psychological contrast involved in the self-sufficiency of the King and the vacillation of the Duke is among his surest dramatic effects. Some of his critics have seen in Skule the reflection of many of the poet's own traits of character. From a dialogue between Skule and Jatgeir the skald, Ibsen himself has been well called "the poet of doubt,"—a characterization that particularly fits him as the writer of the social dramas yet to come.

Ibsen meantime, it will be remembered,—before the appearance of the 'Pretenders,' which had been taken up and then temporarily laid aside,—had written his first distinctly satirical play, the 'Comedy of Love.' This was in several ways a remarkable change in the direction he had been following; but it marks simply a growing maturity of power in his art, and the consciousness already of what was to be its ultimate mode of expression. It was in reality the first definite formulation of what we now know as Ibsenism. In Norway it was received with a storm of protest, such as the subsequent social dramas have not failed to evoke there and elsewhere. The problem of the 'Comedy of Love,' like that of so many others of Ibsen's dramas, is the marriage relation. Here the theme is the manner in which love must of necessity die out in a union entered into through affection alone. The play is a "defense of the rational marriage as opposed to the marriage of inclination"; and the lovers, Falk and Svanhild, at the end voluntarily renounce each other to escape the common fate.

In Italy, whither Ibsen ultimately went after leaving Norway in 1864, he first took up the studies that were subsequently embodied in 'Emperor and Galilean.' His thoughts, however, seem irresistibly to have gone back to the North upon which he had turned his back in indignation; and this work was laid aside for what to most Norsemen are the greatest of his works, the dramatic poems 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt.' The two poems, although essentially unlike, mark a distinct phase in the poet's development, in that they belong to what may be called his polemical period. Both are intensely national, and in both he applies unsparingly the scourge to his country's foibles. He rises

in them to an unexpected height of strength, and in them he has left to Norwegian literature works which for all time to come will be reckoned among its greatest classics. 'Brand' is really a protest against the half-heartedness of his countrymen.

> « That which thou art, be it completely;
> Not merely piecemeal and discreetly.»

The hero, the young clergyman Brand, is himself an embodiment of this protest against the spirit of Compromise. With his motto «Everything or nothing,» he scorns the religion of the day and declares a bitter though futile war against it; until, heavy laden with sorrow and defeat but with unbroken will, he is overwhelmed in the snow of the avalanche. 'Peer Gynt,' on the other hand, is the embodiment of the spirit itself against which 'Brand' protests. The hero accordingly is to Ibsen's mind the typical Norseman. It is not a complimentary picture that the poet has so fearlessly painted of the national character, for Peer Gynt is a man of dreams and of idle inaction; he is cynically indifferent, selfish, sordid, superstitious, and withal mendacious. He realizes at the end that he has never been himself; that he is in fact no one, and is only fitted, although his destiny is after all left undecided in the poem, to go into the melting-spoon of the mysterious Button-Molder, who is to melt him over into fresh material from which to stamp new souls. In manner the two poems have but little in common. 'Brand' is solemn and monotonous; 'Peer Gynt' varied and witty. Although both are as Norwegian as well may be, each one is capable of universal application. 'Peer Gynt' has been called the Scandinavian 'Faust'; for it too, like Goethe's poem, is the story of the human soul.

Ibsen's polemics did not end with these two great poems; but the phase was continued in the prose comedy 'The League of Youth,' which was the next to follow. This is a satire on the politics of Norway, its parties and their motives; and is directed particularly against democracy, which to Ibsen has always been in ill favor. 'Emperor and Galilean,' which had been begun and laid aside, was next taken up and completed. The whole is made up of two dramas, 'Cæsar's Apostasy' and the 'Emperor Julian,' each having five acts. It is written throughout in prose. Although perhaps the most ambitious of all of Ibsen's works, it is not as a whole an artistic success. It was the last of the historical dramas; and though apparently far removed from the modern social plays that were now to follow, there is nevertheless a link between it and them. In none of them does he so unmistakably formulate the creed that we find embodied in the action of the later plays.

The dramas of modern life, which outside of Scandinavia are most closely connected with the name of Ibsen, next followed in unbroken succession. Although this is at first sight almost absolutely a new tendency, the poet none the less definitely follows a direction that all through his earlier work is frequently enough indicated. It is found in 'Catilina,' the first dramatic work, as well as in 'Emperor and Galilean,' the last, and the 'League of Youth' prefigures it almost completely. In some ways it is however a new development. Henceforth Ibsen is the pathologist who unerringly, and with cruel directness, makes his diagnosis of the ills of the social body; and although the setting of his plays is Norwegian, their application is as universal as are the conditions of modern society itself. The 'Pillars of Society,' the first of the group, attacks the hypocrisy of the principal supporters of a community, here typified in particular by the rich Consul Bernick, the local magnate in a small Norwegian town. Bernick ultimately avows his real character; he shows how he has brought about his own personal aggrandizement at the expense of the community of which he has been a vaunted pillar, and stands at last for the first time on the firm ground of truth. "The spirits of Truth and Freedom,"—it is declared at the end,—"these are the Pillars of Society."

'A Doll's House,' the next play, is concerned with the problem of marriage as a failure. To answer the question, it furnishes an illustration of the customary sacrifice of the individuality of the woman to that of the man to whom she is married. Nora, the doll of this particular doll's-house, is one of the most distinctive of Ibsen's creations, as is the drama one of his most pronounced successes. She is an undeveloped child in mind and morals, and eventually, unthinking of consequences, sacrifices honor to love, and forges her father's name to a document in order to help her husband. At the end her illusions have all vanished. She sees and understands the doll's-house in which she has lived, and determines for her children's sake and her own to leave it.

'Ghosts' is in some respects a complement to 'A Doll's House.' It shows in reality, in its own way and with wholly different setting, what might have happened had Nora Helmer remained with her husband and children. The play is the most thrilling and dreadful of all of Ibsen's works. Its fundamental idea is the awful consequences of hereditary vices, which are ghosts to revisit the scenes of their past existence. Oswald Alving, the son of a vicious father whose memory has been cloaked by his wife after his death, becomes a mere physical wreck, and begs his mother in the last awful scene to give him the morphia that shall end his torment. It is left uncertain whether this is or is not done, but it scarcely mitigates the horror of

the end. 'Ghosts' raised a howl of protest, but its drastic strength cannot be questioned.

'An Enemy of the People' is to a great extent a personal polemic due to the reception accorded 'Ghosts.' Its hero, Dr. Stockmann, simply tells the truth in regard to the corruption of the medicinal waters that had brought visitors and prosperity to a little town in Norway. Every one knows that it is the truth, and he is stoned and driven out for uttering it. The play as a whole is inferior to the rest.

'The Wild Duck' receives its name from a bird that is kept captive in a garret, and is the fondest treasure of a little girl of fourteen, Hedwig. The play is gloomy and despairing. Hedwig, ultimately, instead of killing the wild duck as she is advised to do, turns the bullet into her own heart.

'Rosmersholm' is the story of the clergyman Rosmer, the last of his race, whose wife had committed suicide, and who had fallen under the influence of her former companion Rebecca West. The relationship between them, except in name, is love, tender but passionless. Idle scandals arise, and Rosmer offers marriage, which Rebecca's conscience does not allow her to accept. Both put an end to their confused lives by throwing themselves into the mill-dam.

'The Lady from the Sea' is the daughter of a light-house keeper who has become the second wife of Dr. Wangel, the physician of a little coast town. She has however been mysteriously betrothed to a seafaring man, a Finn, who finally comes back to claim her. When her husband at her own request leaves her to choose between him and the sailor, and tells her that she must bear the individual responsibility for her action, she decides with rapture to remain.

'Hedda Gabler' seems to be the only one of the social dramas without a problem. Hedda is a woman of the modern literary type, —vain, pleasure-loving, undomestic, and selfish. As the wife of Dr. Tisman she lures back to his destruction her old friend Lövborg, who had once grievously insulted her. When in despair he threatens to kill himself, she offers him one of her pistols. He is afterward found dead with Hedda's pistol discharged, and she, fearful of the scandal that will arise, ends her life with the other.

'Master Builder Solness' tells the story of the price of success: the ruin of many for the benefit of the one, and the impoverishment in heart and affections of the one, who must thus pay the penalty for his successes. Halvard Solness, the builder, step by step has fought his way to success; and in his desire to keep what he has gained he is wary and jealous of any possible competitor, and particularly of the coming generation, whom he recognizes as his enemies. His first concession to youth, in the person of Hilda Wangel, brings about his

own destruction. Hilda challenges him to perform again the feat of his earlier years. He accordingly climbs to the tower of his new house to place the garland upon the top, but grows giddy and falls headlong to the earth.

'Little Eyjolf' presents the problem of a loveless marriage. Little Eyjolf, the crippled son of Allmers and Rita, is drowned in the fjord. There are mutual recriminations, and the husband declares that they must henceforth live apart. Rita however begs that they may still live their lives together, and Allmers decides finally to remain; so that there is a gleam of hope in the dénouement. The problem is fundamentally that of 'A Doll's House,' but the reverse solution is much more hopeful, and possibly truer. This play seems to inculcate too a new principle in Ibsen's philosophy of life. While the others, one and all, turn upon the dissolution of modern society, constituted as it is, this unmistakably looks toward the possibility of its regeneration.

In 'John Gabriel Borkman,' his latest drama, Borkman is a bank official whose great money schemes lead him into dishonesty and disgrace. Estranged from his wife, he regards himself as more sinned against than sinning, and dreams of yet redeeming the past. The wife looks to their son to reinstate their name, but he forsakes her to make a runaway match. Borkman, incensed by both mother and son, wanders out, in a broken state of health, into a snowy winter's night, in company with his wife's sister, a former sweetheart whom he threw over for his ambition's sake;—and he perishes there, the two women confronting each other across his body. The play has poetic suggestion, but is hardly plain in purpose,—one implication being that Borkman's greatest mistake was in putting ambition before love.

Ibsen's social dramas have carried his fame throughout the world, and a vast literature of translation and comment has arisen. Many of them, in Norway and out of it, have evoked loud protests of indignation at the drastic presentation of his problems, and he has been assailed as immoral, as a cynic and a pessimist. It is not impossible, however, to absolve him of each and all of these charges. Ibsen's whole problem, as it has well been stated, is the relation of the individual to his social and personal surroundings; these are studies accordingly in human responsibility, and the characters are intended to be types of the race in modern social conditions. Such conditions, moreover, in salient points Ibsen as diagnostician finds to be inherently bad, and fearlessly he puts his finger upon the sore spots to point out the danger they inevitably involve to the whole social body. Ibsen in this is the poet of protest, and his voice is that of one crying aloud against social hypocrisy and sophistry of whatever

sort it may be. He is not immoral, in that no one has ever made vice more repulsive, or by contrast virtue more attractive. When it is urged against him that he destroys but suggests no remedy, his critics have failed to apprehend the positive result of the lessons involved in this very destruction, whose causes he has rendered so apparent. He is not the mere cynic, for there is a whole galaxy of characters to draw upon one's sympathies. "Truth, freedom, and love," says his biographer, "are the three corner-stones of the edifice, noble in proportion and serious in purpose, that the poet has erected."

Ibsen in the social dramas in many ways has struck the highest note of modern dramatic art. Primarily his manner of construction is analytic. He begins his plays where another dramatist would have ended them. Often the climax has occurred before the opening of the play, and the consequences accordingly form the subject-matter of the action. There is no place in his dramas for the purely conventional, and they bear characteristically the stamp of reality. Ibsen in all this is the creator of a school, whose teachings have left an indelible mark upon the literature of the century.

The following are the best works on Ibsen for the general reader: 'Henrik Ibsen' in 'Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century,' by Georg Brandes (New York: 1886); 'Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Biography,' by Henrik Jaeger (Chicago: 1890); 'A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen,' by H. H. Boyesen (New York: 1894); 'Four Lectures on Henrik Ibsen,' by R. H. Wicksteed (London: 1892). The most accessible edition of Ibsen's prose dramas is that translated by William Archer, in six volumes (New York: 1890–92).

Wm. H. Carpenter.

FROM 'THE PRETENDERS'

The action passes in the first half of the Thirteenth Century. Present: Skule; Jatgeir *the Skald, an Icelander;* Paul Flida, *a nobleman.*

JATGEIR [*enters from the back*]—Forgive my coming, lord King.

King Skule—You come to my wish, Skald!

Jatgeir—I overheard some townsfolk at my lodging talking darkly of—

King Skule—Let that wait. Tell me, Skald, you who have fared far abroad in strange lands,—have you ever seen a woman love another's child? Not only be kind to it—'tis not that I mean; but *love* it, love it with the warmest passion of her soul.

Jatgeir — That can only those women do who have no child of their own to love.

King Skule — Only those women — ?

Jatgeir — And chiefly women who are barren.

King Skule — Chiefly the barren — ? They love the children of others with all their warmest passion ?

Jatgeir — That will oftentimes befall.

King Skule — And does it not sometimes befall that such a barren woman will slay another's child, because she herself has none ?

Jatgeir — Ay, ay; but in that she does unwisely.

King Skule — Unwisely ?

Jatgeir — Ay, for she gives the gift of sorrow to her whose child she slays.

King Skule — Think you the gift of sorrow is a great good ?

Jatgeir — Yes, lord.

King Skule [*looking fixedly at him*] — Methinks there are two men in you, Icelander. When you sit amid the household at the merry feast, you draw cloak and hood over all your thoughts; when one is alone with you, sometimes you seem to be of those among whom one were fain to choose his friend. How comes it ?

Jatgeir — When you go to swim in the river, my lord, you would scarce strip you where the people pass by to church: you seek a sheltered privacy.

King Skule — True, true.

Jatgeir — My soul has a like shyness; therefore I do not strip me when there are many in the hall.

King Skule — Hm. [*A short pause.*] Tell me, Jatgeir, how came you to be a skald ? Who taught you skaldcraft ?

Jatgeir — Skaldcraft cannot be taught, my lord.

King Skule — Cannot be taught ? How came it then ?

Jatgeir — I got the gift of sorrow, and I was a skald.

King Skule — Then 'tis the gift of sorrow the skald has need of ?

Jatgeir — I needed sorrow; others there may be who need faith, or joy — or doubt —

King Skule — Doubt, as well ?

Jatgeir — Ay; but then must the doubter be strong and sound.

King Skule — And whom call you the unsound doubter ?

Jatgeir — He who doubts his own doubt.

King Skule [*slowly*] — That, methinks, were death.

Jatgeir — 'Tis worse; 'tis neither day nor night.

King Skule [*quickly, as if shaking off his thoughts*] — Where are my weapons? I will fight and act — not think. What was it you would have told me when you came?

Jatgeir — 'Twas what I noted in my lodgings. The townsmen whisper together secretly, and laugh mockingly, and ask if we be well assured that King Hakon is in the west land: there is somewhat they are in glee over.

King Skule — They are men of Viken, and therefore against me.

Jatgeir — They scoff because King Olaf's shrine could not be brought out to the mote-stead when we did you homage; they say it boded ill.

King Skule — When next I come to Nidaros the shrine *shall* out! It shall stand under the open sky, though I should have to tear down St. Olaf's church and widen the mote-stead over the spot where it stood.

Jatgeir — That were a strong deed; but I shall make a song of it as strong as the deed itself.

King Skule — Have you many unmade songs within you, Jatgeir?

Jatgeir — Nay, but many unborn; they are conceived one after the other, come to life, and are brought forth.

King Skule — And if I, who am King and have the might,— if I were to have you slain, would all the unborn skald-thoughts within you die along with you?

Jatgeir — My lord, it is a great sin to slay a fair thought.

King Skule — I ask not if it be a *sin:* I ask if it be *possible!*

Jatgeir — I know not.

King Skule — Have you never had another skald for your friend, and has he never unfolded to you a great and noble song he thought to make?

Jatgeir — Yes, lord.

King Skule — Did you not then wish that you could slay him, to take his thought and make the song yourself?

Jatgeir — My lord, I am not barren: I have children of my own; I need not to love those of other men. [*Goes.*]

King Skule [*after a pause*] — The Icelander is in very deed a skald. He speaks God's deepest truth and knows it not. *I* am as a barren woman. Therefore I love Hakon's kingly thought-

child, love it with the warmest passion of my soul. Oh that I could but adopt it! It would die in my hands. Which were best, that it should die in my hands or wax great in his? Should I ever have peace of soul if that came to pass? Can I forego all? Can I stand by and see Hakon make himself famous for all time? How dead and empty is all within me — and around me. No friend — ah, the Icelander! [*Goes to the door and calls.*] Has the skald gone from the palace?

A Guard [*outside*] — No, my lord: he stands in the outer hall talking with the watch.

King Skule — Bid him come hither. [*Goes forward to the table; presently Jatgeir enters.*] I cannot sleep, Jatgeir: 'tis all my great kingly thoughts that keep me awake, you see.

Jatgeir — 'Tis with the king's thoughts as with the skald's, I doubt not. They fly highest and grow quickest when there is night and stillness around.

King Skule — Is it so with the skald's thoughts too?

Jatgeir — Ay, lord: no song is born by daylight; it may be written down in the sunshine, but it makes itself in the silent night.

King Skule — Who gave you the gift of sorrow, Jatgeir?

Jatgeir — She whom I loved.

King Skule — She died, then?

Jatgeir — No, she deceived me.

King Skule — And then you became a skald?

Jatgeir — Ay, then I became a skald.

King Skule [*seizes him by the arm*] — What gift do I need to become a king?

Jatgeir — Not the gift of doubt; else would you not question so.

King Skule — What gift do I need?

Jatgeir — My lord, you *are* a king.

King Skule — Have you at all times full faith that you are a skald?

Jatgeir [*looks silently at him for a while*] — Have you never loved?

King Skule — Yes, once — burningly, blissfully, and in sin.

Jatgeir — You have a wife.

King Skule — Her I took to bear me sons.

Jatgeir — But you have a daughter, my lord — a gracious and noble daughter.

King Skule—Were my daughter a son, I would not ask you what gift I need. [*Vehemently.*] I must have some one by me who sinks his own will utterly in mine—who believes in me unflinchingly, who will cling close to me in good hap and ill, who lives only to shed light and warmth over my life, and must die if I fall Give me counsel, Jatgeir Skald!

Jatgeir—Buy yourself a dog, my lord.

King Skule—Would no man suffice?

Jatgeir—You would have to search long for such a man.

King Skule [*suddenly*]—Will *you* be that man to me, Jatgeir? Will *you* be a son to me? You shall have Norway's crown to your heritage—the whole land shall be yours, if you will be a son to me, and live for my life work, and believe in me.

Jatgeir—And what should be my warranty that I did not feign—?

King Skule—Give up your calling in life, sing no more songs, and then will I believe you!

Jatgeir—No, lord: that were to buy the crown too dear.

King Skule—Bethink you well: 'tis greater to be a king than a skald.

Jatgeir—Not always.

King Skule—'Tis but your unsung songs you must sacrifice!

Jatgeir—Songs unsung are ever the fairest.

King Skule—But I must—I *must* have one who can trust in me! Only one. I feel it: had I that one I were saved!

Jatgeir—Trust in yourself and you will be saved!

Paul Flida [*enters hastily*]—King Skule, look to yourself! Hakon Hakonsson lies off Elgjarness with all his fleet!

King Skule—Off Elgjarness! Then he is close at hand.

Jatgeir—Get we to arms then! If there be bloodshed to-night, I will gladly be the first to die for you!

King Skule—You, who would not live for me!

Jatgeir—A man can die for another's life work; but if he go on living, he must live for his own. [*Goes.*]

FROM 'A DOLL'S HOUSE'

Scene: Sitting-room in Torvald Helmer's *house (a flat) in Christiania. Time: The Present Day.* Nora Helmer *enters, crossing to table in every-day dress.*

HELMER — Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress.

Nora — Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

Helmer — But why now, so late?

Nora — I shall not sleep to-night.

Helmer — But, Nora dear —

Nora [*looking at her watch*] — It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald: you and I have much to say to each other. [*She sits at one side of the table.*]

Helmer — Nora, what does this mean? Your cold, set face —

Nora — Sit down. It will take some time: I have much to talk over with you.

Helmer [*sitting down at the other side of the table*] — You alarm me; I don't understand you.

Nora — No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I have never understood you — till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say. We must come to a final settlement, Torvald!

Helmer — How do you mean?

Nora [*after a short silence*] — Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer — What should strike me?

Nora — We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two — you and I, man and wife — have talked together seriously?

Helmer — Seriously! Well, what do you call seriously?

Nora — During eight whole years and more — ever since the day we first met — we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer — Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me to bear?

Nora — I am not talking of cares. I say that we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer — Why, my dear Nora, what have you to do with serious things?

Nora — There we have it! You have never understood me. I have had great injustice done me, Torvald: first by my father, and then by you.

Helmer — What! by your father and me? — by us who have loved you more than all the world?

Nora [*shaking her head*] — You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me.

Helmer — Why, Nora, what a thing to say!

Nora — Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I concealed them, because he would not have liked it. He used to call me his doll child, and play with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house —

Helmer — What an expression to use about our marriage!

Nora [*undisturbed*] — I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste; and I got the same tastes as you; or I pretended to — I don't know which — both ways, perhaps. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted.

Helmer — Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora — No, never: I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer — Not — not happy?

Nora — No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll child. And the children in their turn have been my dolls. I thought it was fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer — There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it shall be different. Play-time is over; now comes the time for education.

Nora — Whose education? Mine, or the children's?

Helmer — Both, my dear Nora.

Nora — O Torvald, you can't teach me to be a fit wife for you.

Helmer — And you say that?

Nora — And I — am I fit to educate the children?

Helmer — Nora!

Nora — Did you not say yourself a few minutes ago you dared not trust them to me?

Helmer — In the excitement of the moment: why should you dwell upon that?

Nora — No — you are perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There's another to be solved first — I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that is why I am now leaving you.

Helmer [*jumping up*] — What — do you mean to say —

Nora — I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you.

Helmer — Nora! Nora!

Nora — I am going at once. Christina will take me in for to-night —

Helmer — You are mad. I shall not allow it. I forbid it.

Nora — It's no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterward.

Helmer — What madness!

Nora — To-morrow I shall go home.

Helmer — Home!

Nora — I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

Helmer — Oh, in your blind inexperience —

Nora — I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

Helmer — To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora — I can pay no heed to that! I only know that I must do it.

Helmer — It's exasperating! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

Nora — What do you call my holiest duties?

Helmer — Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

Nora — I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer — Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora — My duties toward myself.

Helmer — Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora — That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are — or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer — Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

Nora — O Torvald, I don't know properly what religion is.

Helmer — What do you mean?

Nora — I know nothing but what our clergyman told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from here and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he taught me is true, or at any rate whether it is true for me.

Helmer — Oh, this is unheard of! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience — for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me: perhaps you have none?

Nora — Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know — I am all at sea about these things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear too that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father, or to save her husband's life. I don't believe that.

Helmer — You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora — No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right — society or I.

Helmer — Nora, you are ill, you are feverish. I almost think you are out of your senses.

Nora — I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

Helmer — You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

Nora — Yes, I am.

Helmer — Then there is only one explanation possible.

Nora — What is that?

Helmer — You no longer love me.

Nora — No, that is just it.

Helmer — Nora! Can you say so?

Nora — Oh, I'm so sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

Helmer [*keeping his composure with difficulty*] — Are you clear and certain on this point too?

Nora — Yes, quite. That is why I won't stay here any longer.

Helmer — And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

Nora — Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen; for then I saw you were not the man I had taken you for.

Helmer — Explain yourself more clearly: I don't understand.

Nora — I have waited so patiently all these eight years; for of course I saw clearly enough that miracles do not happen every day. When this crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world;" and that then —

Helmer — Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame —?

Nora — Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

Helmer — Nora!

Nora — You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

Helmer — I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora, — bear sorrow and want for your sake, — but no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

Nora — Millions of women have done so.

Helmer — Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora — Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over, — not for me, but for yourself, — when there was nothing more to fear, then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll — whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile.

[*Stands up.*] Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. Oh! I can't bear to think of it — I could tear myself to pieces!

Helmer [*sadly*] — I see it, I see it; an abyss has opened between us. But, Nora, can it never be filled up?

Nora — As I now am, I am no wife for you.

Helmer — I have strength to become another man.

Nora — Perhaps — when your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer — To part — to part from you! No, Nora, no; I can't grasp the thought.

Nora [*going into room at the right*] — The more reason for the thing to happen. [*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling-bag, which she puts on a chair.*]

Helmer — Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

Nora [*putting on cloak*] — I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

Helmer — But can't we live here as brother and sister?

Nora [*fastening her hat*] — You know very well that would not last long. Good-by, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

Helmer — But some time, Nora — some time —

Nora — How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

Helmer — But you are my wife, now and always?

Nora — Listen, Torvald: when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her. At any rate I release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, there is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer — That too?

Nora — That too.

Helmer — Here it is.

Nora — Very well. Now it is all over. Here are the keys. The servants know about everything in the house better than I do. To-morrow when I have started, Christina will come to pack up my things. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer — All over! All over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

Nora — Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children — and this house.

Helmer — May I write to you, Nora?

Nora — No, never. You must not.

Helmer — But I must send you —

Nora — Nothing, nothing.

Helmer — I must help you if you need it.

Nora — No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

Helmer — Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora [*taking her traveling-bag*] — O Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen.

Helmer — What is the miracle of miracles?

Nora — Both of us would have to change so that — O Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

Helmer — But I will believe. We must so change that —

Nora — That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-by. [*She goes out.*]

Helmer [*sinks in a chair by the door with his face in his hands*] — Nora! Nora! [*He looks around and stands up.*] Empty. She's gone! [*A hope inspires him.*] Ah! The miracle of miracles — ? [*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*]

FROM 'PEER GYNT'

Scene: — In front of a settler's newly built hut in the forest. A reindeer's horns over the door. The snow is lying deep around. It is dusk. Peer Gynt *is standing outside the door, fastening a large wooden bar to it.*

PEER [*laughing between whiles*] —

Bars I must fix me; bars that can fasten
The door against troll-folk, and men, and women.
Bars I must fix me; bars that can shut out
All the cantankerous little hobgoblins.
They come with the darkness, they knock and they rattle:
"Open, Peer Gynt, we're as nimble as thoughts are!
'Neath the bedstead we bustle, we rake in the ashes,
Down the chimney we hustle like fiery-eyed dragons.
Hee-hee! Peer Gynt, think you staples and planks
Can shut out cantankerous hobgoblin thoughts?"

Solveig *comes on snow-shoes over the heath; she has a shawl over her head and a bundle in her hand*

Solveig —
God prosper your labor. You must not reject me.
You sent for me hither, and so you must take me.
Peer — Solveig! It cannot be! — Ay, but it is! —
And you're not afraid to come near to me!
Solveig —
One message you sent me by little Helga;
Others came after in storm and in stillness.
All that your mother told bore me a message,
That brought forth others when dreams sank upon me.
Nights full of heaviness, blank empty days,
Brought me the message that now I must come.
It seemed as though life had been quenched down there;
I could not laugh nor weep from the depths of my heart.
I knew not for sure how you might be minded;
I knew but for sure what I should do and must do.
Peer — But your father?
Solveig — In all of God's wide earth
I have none I can call either father or mother.
I have loosed me from all of them.
Peer — Solveig, you fair one —
And to come to me?
Solveig — Ay, to you alone;
You must be all to me, friend and consoler.
[*In tears*] —
The worst was leaving my little sister;
But parting from father was worse, still worse;
And worst to leave her at whose breast I was borne; —
Oh no, God forgive me, the worst I must call
The sorrow of leaving them all, ay, all!
Peer — And you know the doom that was passed in spring?
It forfeits my farm and my heritage.
Solveig —
Think you for heritage, goods, and gear,
I forsook the paths all my dear ones tread?
Peer — And know you the compact? Outside the forest
Whoever may meet me may seize me at will.
Solveig —
I ran upon snow-shoes; I asked my way on;
They said, "Whither go you?" I answered, "I go home."
Peer — Away, away then with nails and planks!
No need now for bars against hobgoblin thoughts.

If you dare dwell with the hunter here,
I know the hut will be blessed from ill.
Solveig! Let me look at you! Not too near!
Only look at you! Oh, but you are bright and pure!
Let me lift you! Oh, but you are fine and light!
Let me carry you, Solveig, and I'll never be tired!
I will not soil you. With outstretched arms
I will hold you far out from me, lovely and warm one!
Oh, who would have thought I could draw you to me,—
Ah, but I've longed for you, daylong and nightlong.
Here you may see I've been hewing and building;
It must down again, dear: it is ugly and mean.

Solveig —

Be it mean or brave, here is all to my mind,
One so lightly draws breath in the teeth of the wind.
Down below it was airless; one felt as though choked:
That was partly what drove me in fear from the dale.
But here, with the fir branches soughing o'erhead,
What a stillness and song! I am here in my home.

Peer — And know you that surely? For all your days?

Solveig —

The path I have trodden leads back nevermore.

Peer — You are mine then! In! In the room let me see you!
Go in! I must go to fetch fir-roots for fuel.
Warm shall the fire be and bright shall it shine;
You shall sit softly and never be a-cold.

[*He opens the door; Solveig goes in. He stands still for a while, then laughs aloud with joy and leaps into the air.*]

Peer — My king's daughter! Now I have found her and won her!
Hei! Now the palace shall rise, deeply founded!

He seizes his axe and moves away; at the same moment an Old-Looking Woman, *in a tattered green gown, comes out from the wood; an* Ugly Brat, *with an ale flagon in his hand, limps after, holding on to her skirt.*

The Woman —

Good evening, Peer Lightfoot!

Peer — What is it? Who's there?

The Woman —

Old friends of yours, Peer Gynt! My home is near by.
We are neighbors.

Peer — Indeed? That is more than I know.

The Woman—
Even as your hut was builded, mine built itself too.
Peer [*going*]—
I'm in haste—
The Woman— Yes, that you are always, my lad;
But I'll trudge behind you and catch you at last.
Peer— You're mistaken, good woman!
The Woman— I was so before;
I was when you promised such mighty fine things.
Peer— I promised—? What devil's own nonsense is this?
The Woman—
You've forgotten the night when you drank with my sire?
You've forgot—?
Peer— I've forgot what I never have known.
What's this that you prate of? When last did we meet?
The Woman—When last we met was when first we met.
[*To the Brat*]—
Give your father a drink: he is thirsty, I'm sure.
Peer— Father? You're drunk, woman! Do you call him—?
The Woman—
I should think you might well know the pig by its skin!
Why, where are your eyes? Can't you see that he's lame in
His shank, just as you too are lame in your soul?
Peer— Would you have me believe—?
The Woman— Would you wriggle away?
Peer— This long-legged urchin?
The Woman— He's shot up apace.
Peer— Dare you, you troll-snout, father on me—?
The Woman—
Come now, Peer Gynt, you're as rude as an ox!
[*Weeping.*
Is it my fault if no longer I'm fair,
As I was when you lured me on hillside and lea?
Last fall, in my labor, the Fiend held my back,
And so 'twas no wonder I came out a fright.
But if you would see me as fair as before,
You have only to turn yonder girl out of doors,
Drive her clean out of your sight and your mind;—
Do but this, dear my love, and I'll soon lose my snout!
Peer— Begone from me, troll-witch!
The Woman— Ay, see if I do!
Peer— I'll split your skull open!
The Woman— Just try if you dare!
Ho-ho, Peer Gynt, I've no fear of blows!

Be sure I'll return every day of the year.
I'll set the door ajar and peep in at you both.
When you're sitting with your girl on the fireside bench,—
When you're tender, Peer Gynt,—when you'd pet and caress her,—
I'll seat myself by you, and ask for my share.
She there and I, we will take you by turns.
Farewell, dear my lad, you can marry to-morrow!

Peer— You nightmare of hell!

The Woman— By-the-by, I forgot!
You must rear your own youngster, you light-footed scamp!
Little imp, will you go to your father?

The Brat [*spits at him*]— Faugh!
I'll chop you with my hatchet; only wait, only wait!

The Woman [*kisses the Brat*]—
What a head he has got on his shoulders, the dear!
You'll be father's living image when once you're a man.

Peer [*stamping*]—
Oh, would you were as far—!

The Woman— As we now are near?

Peer [*clinching his hands*]—
And all this—!

The Woman— For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!

Peer— For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!

The Woman— For nothing but thoughts and desires!
It is hard on you, Peer!

Peer— It is worst for another!—
Solveig, my fairest, my purest gold!

The Woman—
Oh ay, 'tis the guiltless must smart, said the Devil:
His mother boxed his ears when his father was drunk!

[*She trudges off into the thicket with the Brat, who throws the flagon at Peer Gynt.*]

Peer [*after a long silence*]—
The Boyg said, "Go roundabout!" so one must here.—
There fell my fine palace, with crash and clatter!
There's a wall around her whom I stood so near;
Of a sudden all's ugly—my joy has grown old.—
Roundabout, lad! There's no way to be found
Right through all this from where you stand to her.

Right through? Hm, surely there should be one.
There's a text on repentance, unless I mistake.
But what? What is it? I haven't the book.
I've forgotten it mostly, and here there is none
That can guide me aright in the pathless wood.—
Repentance? And maybe 'twould take whole years,
Ere I fought my way through. 'Twere a meagre life, that.
To shatter what's radiant and lovely and pure,
And clinch it together in fragments and shards?
You can do it with a fiddle, but not with a bell.
Where you'd have the sward green, you must mind not to trample.
'Twas naught but a lie though, that witch-snout business!
Now all that foulness is well out of sight.—
Ay, out of sight maybe, not out of mind.
Thoughts will sneak stealthily in at my heel.
Ingrid! And the three, they that danced on the heights!
Will they too want to join us? With vixenish spite
Will they claim to be folded, like her, to my breast,
To be tenderly lifted on outstretched arms?
Roundabout, lad: though my arms were as long
As the root of the fir, or the pine-tree's stem,—
I think even then I should hold her too near,
To set her down pure and untarnished again.—
I must roundabout here, then, as best I may,
And see that it bring me nor gain nor loss.
One must put such things from one, and try to forget.—

[*Goes a few steps towards the hut, and stops again.*]

Go in after this? So befouled and disgraced?
Go in with that troll rabble after me still?
Speak, yet be silent; confess, yet conceal—?

[*Throws away his axe.*]

It's a holy-day evening. For me to keep tryst,
Such as now I am, would be sacrilege.

Solveig [*in the doorway*]—
Are you coming?

Peer [*half aloud*]— Roundabout!

Solveig— What?

Peer— You must wait.
It is dark, and I've got something heavy to fetch.

Solveig—
Wait; I will help you; the burden we'll share.

Peer— No, stay where you are! I must bear it alone.
Solveig—
But don't go too far, dear!
Peer— Be patient, my girl;
Be my way long or short—you must wait.
Solveig [*nodding to him as he goes*]— Yes, I'll wait!

[*Peer Gynt goes down the wood-path. Solveig remains standing in the open half-door.*]

ICELANDIC LITERATURE

THE SAGAS

(Ninth to Thirteenth Centuries)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

ALTHOUGH Icelandic is now probably the oldest spoken language in Europe, it is equally probably the least known of any extant tongue of primary importance. One frequently sees a lament about this neglect of so fine and important a language and so noble a literature; but it is to be feared that the complainers are either ignorant of the fact, or overlook it, that modern Icelandic enshrines no literature of any real significance and importance. In this sense the language is as much a remnant of a bygone period as is ancient Greek. For many years past, however, scholars of several countries have been devoting themselves to the scrupulous editing, translation, and exposition of the immense treasures of Norwegian literature enshrined in the ancient Icelandic language.

The whole history of this strange flowering of the human mind, in so remote a land, severed by tempestuous seas from the rest of Europe, and for the greater part of the year swept by polar winds,—a land strangely arid and bleak, and yet tortured by volcanic fires and boiling waters,—is one of singular interest. Whether Iceland was really the Ultima Thule of the ancients, need not concern us. for a time certainly it was the Ultima Thule of the Northern peoples to whom we are so closely allied. The Scandinavians have ever been a freedom-loving people, and when once their first pioneers discovered, then settled in, Iceland, it was not long till scores of immigrants came from over sea, and made the great island of the North their new home. Nor was Iceland the mere haven of wild and desperate spirits, as so often alleged; for some of the best blood of the Scandinavian race gladly sought that asylum to be free from the tyranny which oppressed them within the kingly realms at home. Slowly a small but powerful republic arose, and with its growth there developed a remarkable literature, of which much has been preserved to us, and of which the Sagas in particular have passed into the epic literature of the world.

Climate and environment have long been recognized as powerful formative influences in the evolution of literature. Nowhere is this

more clearly exemplified than in the history of Iceland. In the rude ages when the sword was the sole arbiter of the fate of races, it might well have been believed that a small section of the turbulent Norsemen, who had for greater independence and freedom exiled themselves to a remote and inclement land, would not have developed a literature remarkable for beauty and even epic grandeur. But when we think of how social life was constituted in those days, and what were the climatic conditions and what the immediate environment of those who dwelt in Iceland, we understand more readily how the Sagas came into being. Here was an indomitable and highly intelligent people, proud of their racial traditions and imaginatively haunted by a marvelously complex folk-lore. For some months in the year they could pursue their usual vocations and avocations; but with the first coming of polar snows in October, and the rapid dwindling of the solar light, there came an inevitable restriction of most outdoor employment. The seas were too wild for the fishers; the mountain regions were blocked by snow to the most adventurous hunters; and even the plains in the milder southern regions of the island were so swept by blizzards of hail and long buried in heavy snow-drifts that neither the shepherd nor his flocks could subsist. The sustained darkness of the winter season, added to these other conditions, almost inevitably, in the instance of a people already long emerged from barbarism, involved two things: a greater attention to domestic comfort, and the growth of what it was once the fashion to call the "polite arts." When men could no longer wield the sword or steer the war-galley, when in a dark land of frost and snow all save the most urgent journeying was relinquished, it was natural that the sound of the harp, the voice of the singer, and the heroic recitals of the saga-man or skald should occupy the enforced leisure of the self-exiled race. It has been urged that the same theory should be applied in the instance of the Eskimo, who for many hundreds of years have dwelt in similar conditions, yet have never produced even any oral literature worthy of the name. But the Eskimo are as distinct from the Icelanders of the past or present as the Lapps of Spitzbergen from the Russians of the south; nor did they come to a new land with a heritage of splendid racial traditions and inspired by national hopes and ideals.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the skald or saga-man should gradually become a factor of great importance in the evolution of Icelandic life. He was the conserver of the past, the exponent of the stirring events of the present, the prophet of great things to be. The Norsemen of that day lived at a period as remarkable as the early Elizabethan epoch was for the men living in it. The skald could sing of a mythic past, of a less remote traditionary era, and of

the great deeds of the sea-kings of Norway; he could chant with all the stir and force of actuality of what the vikings were doing around the coasts of the world, and latterly, of how small bands of the Summer Sailors were essaying the West Atlantic itself, against the rumors of a great new land over sea: and they could raise the hopes and dreams of their hearers by enlarging on the theme of a new empire for the Children of the North.

As, after all, no stories ever appeal so strongly as those which narrate the heroic deeds, the adventures, the vicissitudes of those near to us by blood and race, it was natural that the Sagas should mainly concern themselves with the epical setting of the simple facts in the life of some heroic Norseman. Primarily, the Sagas are metrical chronicles of the sea-kings or Scandinavian chiefs. In his Prolegomena to the 'Sturlunga Saga,' Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson writes as follows of the famous 'Nial's Saga,' which he avers has always and justly been ranked foremost. The 'Nial's Saga,' I may add, is commonly dated about the year 1000; that is, its relegation is between 970 and 1014. In many respects, says Dr. Vigfusson, it stands alone, belonging to no school. It is peculiar alike in matter, style, and spirit.

«In area the widest, in interest the most universal; giving the Althing, the focus of Icelandic political life, for its centre, but noticing men and places throughout the whole Scandinavian empire. The Saga of Law *par excellence*, it is based on that most important element of early society; and the lesson it teaches is of a Divine retribution, and that evil brings its own reward in spite of all that human wisdom and courage, even innocence, can do to oppose it. Hence, while inspiring the deepest interest and the warmest pleasure, it has almost the character of a sacred book, and is read with reverence. The very spirit indeed of Early Law seems to breathe through its pages, showing the modern English reader the high ideal which his kinsmen strove long ago to attain.»

Naturally, as Dr. Vigfusson adds, to judge of this work fairly it ought to be read in the original; for much of the subtle beauty of its style, the admirable play of its dialogue, and at times the very technical peculiarity of its matter, must of necessity be lost in any translation, however faithful.

«The subject, like a Greek trilogy, falls into three divisions, each containing its own plot and *dramatis personæ;* all three loosely connected in one saga by the weaker and later parts of the work. (1) The first plot (founded, as we believe, on a now lost 'Gunnar's Saga') tells of the friendship between Gunnar, the simple-minded brave chief, the ideal hero of his age, and the wise lawyer Nial, a man of good counsel and peace who never bore weapons. The cold envious heart of Hallgerda, which is here contrasted with the proud honesty of Bergthora, has caused the death of her two former husbands; and

at length, though she is unable to break the tie that binds Gunnar to his trusted counselor, Hrut's prophecy and Nial's forebodings are finally fulfilled, and after a brave defense the Lithend chief is slain in his own house by his half regretful foes. His son and Nial avenge his death. Then comes an episode abroad which is merely a link to connect the second and most important of the three dramas with the foregoing one, and to introduce fresh characters on the scene. (2) Nial is now the central figure; his character is heightened, he is almost a sage and prophet; the writer's highest skill is lavished on this part of the Saga. The death of Thrain, slain by the sons of Nial, at length brings down on himself and his house the fate which he is powerless to avert. The adoption of Hoskuld, his foeman's son, by which he strives to heal the feud, is but a step to this end. Eventually, to further his foster-son's interests, he obtains for him one of the new 'priesthoods' which were set up in consequence of the great constitutional reform he had carried. Upon this, the hatred of the old aristocracy whose position he had thus assailed broke out in the guile of Valgard and his cunning son Mord, who sowed hatred between the Whiteness Priest and his foster-brethren. A fancied slight at last rouses these latter to murder the innocent Hoskuld. Nial, cut to the heart, still strives for peace; but a few bitter words undo all his work, and the end he has foretold is near. The scenes at the Althing, which relieve the story by introducing portraits of every great chief of that day in Iceland, boldly and humorously depicted, are very noteworthy. Flosi, the widow's kinsman, driven unwillingly to action, now takes up the holy duty of blood-revenge; and by his means Nial and his wife and sons perish in the smoke of their burning homestead. This awful catastrophe closes the second part. (3) Of the concluding drama Flosi is the hero, and the plot tells of the Burner's fate. The great suit against them at the Althing fails by a legal technicality; and the ensuing battle is stayed by Hall and Snorri, by whose award they are exiled. But Kari, Nial's son-in-law, who alone escaped from the fire, pursues them with unrelenting vengeance; one by one they fall by various fates: and when in the real battle of Clontarf, 1014, those of them who have hitherto evaded their destiny perish, fighting against the new Faith, by the swords of the Irish, his revenge is at length complete, and Flosi and he are reconciled."

The reader of the 'Nial's Saga' and other literature of the kind will readily see how natural was the growth of this Icelandic literature; but it is only the close student who will observe how the short saga of the individual becomes the more complex saga of a family or a tribal section of the race. This transformation took place when some of the smaller sagas were combined by one narrator of exceptional power and welded into a harmonious whole. An analogous process is afforded in the instance of the 'Kalevala,' and possibly in that of Homer. Of these composite sagas the finest are 'Nial's Saga' already alluded to, 'Gudmund's Saga,' and the 'Eyrbyggia Saga.' Doubtless sagas such as these, and indeed nearly all oral lore, go through an actual process of attenuation on the one hand and of embellishment on the other, with each succeeding generation.

Let us consider for a moment how the 'Heimskringla'—the chief glory and pride of old Norse literature—came to be written by Snorri Sturluson. In him, says a recent authority, "we have a Macaulay of the thirteenth century,—a man to whom all who wish to be good story-tellers, to interest the mind and stir the heart, may well apprentice themselves: a man in a remote valley of Iceland, that sunless land of snow and ice, that howling wilderness of lava and cinder-heaps, over which Night broods so many weary hours of the year. Surely Newman had forgotten Snorri when he laid it down as an axiom that 'Science, literature, and art refuse to germinate in frost.' You should see the place, the site of his abode with the bath of hewn stone, in that valley of bogs and reek, and you would be lost in amazement if you did. See him picking up the threads of history, and working them into a tissue picturesque in the extreme, in his own vernacular too, when we English, who had not the wit to throw off the old Roman influence,—dumbfounded too with that French jargon which the Norman had brought into the land, the language of the royal court, the courts of law, and the baronial castle,—were maundering away in Latin."

It was in the midst of this gloomy and remote Iceland that the great epic of the Scandinavian race was put together. But here I am not dealing specifically with the Eddas as distinct from the Sagas: and it should be remembered, too, that the ancients applied this name only to the work of Snorri; though it is uncertain whether Snorri himself, the composer of the 'New Edda,' called it so. In a manuscript written fifty years after his death, there occurs this interpolation: "This book is called the Edda; it is compiled by Snorri Sturluson."

The saga proper, says Dr. Vigfusson, is a kind of prose epic.

"It has its fixed laws, its set phrases, its regular epithets and terms of expression; and though there is, as in all high literary form, an endless diversity of interest and style, yet there are also bounds which are never overstepped, confining the saga as closely as the employment and restrictions of verse could do. It will be best to take as the type the smaller Icelandic saga, from which indeed all the later forms of composition have sprung. This in its original form is the story of an Icelandic gentleman, living some time in the tenth or eleventh centuries. It will tell first of his kin, going back to the 'settler' from whom he sprung, then of his youth and early promise before he left his father's house, to set forth on that foreign career which was the fitting education of the young Northern chief. After these *Wanderjahre* passed in trading voyages and pirate cruises, or in the service of one of the Scandinavian kings as poet or henchman, the hero returns to Iceland a proved man, and the main part of the story thus preluded begins. It recounts in fuller detail and in order of time his life in Iceland, his loves and feuds, his chieftainship and lawsuits, his friendships and his enmities, his exploits and

renown, and finally his death; usually concluding with the revenge taken for him by his kinsmen, which fitly winds up the whole. This tale is told in an earnest straightforward way, as by a man talking in short simple sentences, changing when the interest grows high into the historic present, with here and there an 'aside' of explanation. There is no analysis of character: the actors 'present themselves' in their action and speech. The dialogue, which is crisp and laconic, full of pithy saws, and abounding in quiet grim humor or homely pathos expressed in a few vivid words, is never needlessly used, and is therefore all the more significant and forcible. If the hero is a poet, we find most aptly interwoven many of his extemporary verses. The whole composition, grouped round a single man and a single place, is so well balanced and so naturally unfolded piece by piece, that the great art shown therein often at first escapes the reader. A considerable choice of words, a richness of alliteration, and a delicate use of syntax, are always met with in the best sagas. The story-teller is absorbed in his subject: no description of scenery, no reflections of his own, ever break the flow of the tale. He is a heathen with the heathen, a wrathful man with the avenger, and a sorrowful man with the mourner, as his style reflects the varied feelings of his *dramatis personæ*. The plot is nearly always a tragedy, and the humor dark and gloomy (the hearty buffoonery of Bandamanna is the marked exception); but this is relieved by the brighter and more idyllic home and farm scenes, and by the pathos and naïveté which are ever present.

«The constant epic allusions to the 'old days,' the continual reference to Law, the powerful use and vivid reality of the supernatural element, the moral standpoint of the story-teller himself appreciating so fully the pride of birth, the high sense of honor, the quick sharp wit, ready hand, and dauntless heart of his heroes, and last and most important the constant presence of women in the story, which give it that variety and interest we admire so much in Homer,—are all noteworthy characteristics of the saga.»

The State which grew up from such beginnings as have already been indicated, resulted, as also hinted, in a form of life and social habit peculiar to the island. Here again I may fall back upon that foremost exemplar of old Icelandic life and literature, Dr. Vigfusson, in his Prolegomena to the 'Sturlunga Saga,' for an admirable précis of the conditions out of which saga-telling as an art arose. The geographical characteristics of the new land, he says,

«precluded centralization or town life; while the spirit of independence, the circumstances of the freeholders, were far too strong to permit the growth of a feudalism of the English or French type. The power of the chiefs was great, but it depended on custom and law which rigidly defined its influence; and though in later times the increased wealth and family alliances of the great men, and the influence of the ecclesiastical power, brought many changes, these had as yet affected but little the state of things with which we are here concerned. Each cluster of dales opening on a separate bay—nay, each dale itself—possessed an individuality and life of its own, within the circle of which a man's days were mainly passed; and the more so as

nearly every firth had been originally the 'claim' of a single settler, who had divided it out by gift or sale among his kinsmen or dependents, later comers being obliged to buy of the earlier settlers where and how they could. Thus a series of almost 'family' groups was formed, each living its own life amid its own interests, cares, and politics.

"But for all this isolation, there were for every Icelandic yeoman two great outlets: the one the Althing, the other the sea. The former strengthening the bonds which made the island one State, by bringing together men from every quarter yearly at regular intervals, and exercising much the same sort of influence on Iceland as the feasts, fairs, and games of Tara, Ohud, and the Isthmus had on the scattered tribes of Ireland, Arabia, and Hellas; keeping up the ties which made them one in civilization if not in polity. The second, the sea, besides being the field for adventure and trade in which every young chief proved himself, was also the road that led to the motherlands of Scandinavia, and the only path by which the arts, sciences, and fashions might reach these 'dwellers at the gates of the world.' The importance of the foreign trade alone is amply illustrated by its effect on the literature and even vocabulary of Iceland. In the old days the inhabitants of each homestead passed their lives in a varying round of labor. In spring the fishing, in summer the hay harvest and in a few farmed localities the grain harvest also, in autumn killing and salting meat for the winter, furnished constant occupation; while in winter, after the wood-cutting and stump-grubbing had supplied a store of fuel, the indoor occupations of weaving and spinning, boat-building, and making or mending the farm implements, filled up the time. The only breaks in the year of labor in the heathen times, when time was still counted by pentads and neither Sunday nor saint's day gave a partial holiday, were the three or four great feasts of the year, which were kept in greater state and with more exact observance in consequence. The High Summer festival was passed by the chiefs and their families at the Althing, held yearly at midsummer, the time of the old heathen festival of the sun; the Althing lasted about a fortnight, and all the chiefs and a certain number of the freemen of each district were expected to attend. This meeting was at once a court, a council, and a merry-making, and probably in the 'old days' a religious feast; it decided all matters concerning the common-weal, and such cases as concerned several districts and could not therefore be settled at the local moots. We have above the kind of influence it exercised on the life of the people, and the opportunities for social intercourse it afforded; we hear of games of hurling and football, of match-making, of feasting, and above all of the recital of stories by those who could tell best the legends and traditions of their several districts,—a feature which is highly noteworthy with respect to the origin and development of the Saga in Iceland. We hear also of spring and autumn sacrifices, which no doubt coincided with and were held at the district Things. But the greatest holiday of all was Yuletide, which sometimes lasted a fortnight, when friends, neighbors, and kinsmen would assemble at some farm in the dale and pass the time eating, drinking, and merry-making. The homely life of those days, while it kept every man in his own place, yet tolerated no formal separation of ranks; and the meanest thrall shared with the highest chief in the hospitality and relaxation of the season. In early days

religious solemnities were celebrated at this time, and the fitting sacrifices always concluded with a feast. Weddings and Arval feasts too were opportunities for great gatherings of guests down to much later times, and often lasted many days.

«It was amid such scénes that the Saga came into being. There was no music, no dancing, no drama in the old times in Iceland; so that hearing and telling stories, and repeating verses, formed (besides athletic sports) the staple amusement of the assembled guests. The local heroes and the local traditions furnished the chief topics; for the Icelanders were a practical rather than a religious people, and though they had legends of a superstitious character, they preferred truth to fiction, and so the plain unvarnished tale of some great local chief's career abroad and adventures at home was woven into the permanent shape of the saga.»

The great period of Icelandic literature was before the twelfth century. Thereafter much of the simplicity and epic beauty of the older poets waned; and commentators began to play havoc either with amended originals, with interpolations of personal bias or current vogue, or even with pseudo-antique imitations. In the literary age the chief poets were members of the famous Sturlung family: Snorri and his two nephews, Sturla and Olaf the White Poet, in particular. It would be useless to give a mere enumeration of names, which would leave in the ear of the reader simply a series of barbaric sounds, that would convey no definite meaning to his mind; but mention at least may be made of the few great ones of the earlier time. Such men were Egill, the foe of Eirik Bloodaxe and the friend of Athelstan; Kormak (whose name has a strangely Celtic sound in our ears, being phonetically identical with Cormac), the hot-headed champion; Eyvind, King Hakon's poet, called Skaldspoiler because he copied in his dirge over that king the older and finer Eiriks-mal; Gunnlaug, who sang at Ethelred's court, and fell at the hands of a brother bard Hrafn; Hallfred, Olaf Tryggvason's poet, who lies in Iona by the side of Macbeth; Sighvat, Saint Olaf's henchman, most prolific of all his comrades; Thormod (and here again we have a Celtic reminder, for the familiar Gaelic forename Norman is, in the vernacular, Tormaid or Tormod, though its pronunciation is different), the poet who dies singing at Sticklestad battle; Ref, Ottar the Black, Arnor the earl's poet; and of those whose poetry was almost confined to Iceland, there were Gretti, Biorn, and the two model Icelandic masters Einar Skulason and Markus the Lawman,—the two latter however both of the twelfth century.

With the end of the Literary Age, towards the close of the thirteenth century, the greatness of Iceland waned. Thereafter, for two hundred and fifty years (from 1284 to 1530), the epoch of mediævalism prevailed; an epoch of great vicissitudes from within and without,

including the eruptions of 1362 and 1389, and devastating epidemics. During this long period, when the Continental influence — chiefly Norse, however — prevailed, mediæval poetry and romances were all the vogue. With the Reformation in 1530 the period of decay for the Northern Island realm set in; and for three hundred and twenty years its historians had to chronicle a record which would have saddened the hearts of the old vikings who made Iceland a power in the Northern world. In the seventeenth century there was a brief renaissance,— of great results, however, for the ultimate preservation of much of the ancient Icelandic literature. With the eighteenth century came the lowest ebb in Icelandic destinies. In the seventh year of that century, small-pox destroyed one third of the population; in 1759 a terrible famine occurred, in which 10,000 perished; in 1762 the sheep plague devastated the island; in 1765 an alarming volcanic eruption happened, followed eighteen years later by the great eruption of 1783. But though from 1850, or from the earlier free constitution in Denmark, the fourth or modern period of Iceland opened more auspiciously, the country has not yet produced a new literature. With increasing wealth and population, with home rule, and with increased advantages of all kinds, Iceland, while certainly sending out into the world many eminent scholars and men of action, has not yet succeeded in recovering any of her ancient literary glory.

It is then to the long early period of the Commonwealth that we must look for that Icelandic literature which is the glory of the Northern races. This period of the Commonwealth extends over about four hundred years; that is, from the first settlement by colonists from the Western Isles and Norway in 870, to the submission to the Norwegian kings and the subsequent national changes towards the close of the thirteenth century. This period again is divisible into three sections: the Heroic Age, the Saga-building Period, and the Literary Age. Up to close upon the middle of the tenth century, it is the poetry of the West Islands, rather than that of the Norse immigrants, which has to be accepted as the basis of Icelandic literature. For a hundred years thereafter — that is, from 930 to 1030 — the Icelandic poets were mostly singers abroad; vikings whom the old restless spirit of adventure carried far west, far south, or back up to that turbulent East whence their forbears had come. The early period of saga-telling is a brief one, and is coincident with the entry of Christianity into the island, and while the events of the later sagas were in actual occurrence. Broadly, this is from 1030 to 1100. For one hundred and eighty years thereafter there comes the period known as the Literary Age, in which flourished Ari and his school, Thorodd, the historic saga-writers, Snorri and his school, and the famous Sturla.

It was in the first half of the twelfth century that vernacular writing began. If the civil wars which prevailed from near the beginning of the thirteenth century until the fall of the great houses after the second civil wars, which culminated years later in the submission to the Norwegian kings,—if all these interfered in some respects with the development of literature, it is significant to note that here in remote Iceland, as in Rome in the past and the mediæval Italy and Elizabethan England, a period of stress and strife seems in many ways to have enhanced the literary sense, and to have proved advantageous for the cultivation of letters. "In the opinion of those most competent to judge," writes one of the few American critics who have interested themselves in this Old World saga literature, "this early Icelandic literature has never been surpassed, if equaled, in all that gives value to that portion of history which consists in spirited delineations of character, in faithful and lively pictures of events, among nations in a rude state of society."

Although the sagas were first written about the middle of the twelfth century, the greater sagas were not composed into their present shape till about 1220. To that year or thereabouts is dated the 'Egla Saga'; the 'Laxdaela' about 1230, the 'Niala' about 1240, and the 'Eyrbyggia' about 1260. Snorri who died in 1241, and Sturla who died in 1284, are the two great names which are the ornament of that heroic period of Icelandic literature which makes a large part of the thirteenth century so memorable to its students. The oldest existing manuscript, however, does not go so far back. This is supposed to be the Flatöe Manuscript, so called from its discovery in the monastery which bore that name. This Flatöe Manuscript is of incalculable value apart from its literary interest; for it contains the sagas devoted to the history of the pre-Columbian discoveries of the Northmen. This manuscript was known to be in existence as early as the year 1395; that is, about one hundred years before the rediscovery of the American continent by Cabot and Columbus. One of the sagas included within its scope, that known as the Saga of Thorfinn, was actually written in Greenland, where during the years 1006 and 1007 the colonists as the saga-man says, who had resorted thither from Iceland, "sought amusement in reciting history."

Jardar the Dane is supposed to have been the first person who made a voyage northward to Iceland, though its early name of Snowland was given to it by the pirate Nododd about the year 864. There is little question however but that Iceland was known to the Irish Gaels, and possibly also to the Britons, before this. We have the authority of Ari Frode, in the 'Landnama Book,' in testimony of the fact that when the first Norsemen entered Iceland they found Irish monks already residing there.

It is seldom that the characteristics of a race are more clearly shown in the physiognomy of its literature than in the instance of the Icelanders and the Icelandic sagas. Their mental and physical intrepidity are proverbial; and this quality is exemplified again and again throughout the early and late sagas and Eddas. Directness, simplicity, and intrepidity, whether of mind or body,—these qualities distinguish the Northmen of old, and the many characteristics of the national expression of their life. For the rest, we find in the sagas, along with the development of individual and national epic themes, a great many superstitions; some of them folk-lore survivals, and others integral portions of the sombrely imaginative Scandinavian. While the combative spirit displayed throughout this early literature has its counterpart in the Celtic sagas, it is not combined as there with the same fantasy, color, and vivacity we find in the best early Gaelic chronicles. But throughout we hear in them the clash of swords, the surge of the sea, the blowing of the north wind, the full simple heroic words of the heroic man, the full simple words of passion and devotion of heroic women, and above all and through all the influence of mighty forces of destiny and fate. In the later sagas this element of the workings of fate degenerates into so-called religious teaching, but even here the old pagan spirit is observable; as in the almost passionate emphasis laid upon the doctrine of retribution for sin, and in the sombre pictures of the life which awaits the sinner in the next world. As an anonymous writer has said:—"We recognize in the old saga literature the same bold indomitable spirit that led the Northmen victoriously up the Areopagus at Athens; gave the swing to sword and battle-axe in the streets of Constantinople; enabled them to seize Novgorod and found the line of pre-Slavonic czars who ruled until 1598; and that caused the cheek of Charlemagne to turn pale, while priest and monk on trembling knees put up the suffrage, 'From the fear of the Normans, good Lord deliver us.'"

Here is an instance illustrative of the physical courage of the old Northern mind. It is from the death-song of Ragnar Lodbrok, a poem belonging to the close of the eighth century, and with the peculiar alliterative effects characteristic of the metrical literature of that period:—

> We hewed with our swords—
> quick goes all to my heirs.
> Grim stings the adder;
> snake house in my heart;
> but soon Vithris's lance
> shall stand fast in Ella.
> Rage will swell my sons

to hear their father's doom;
ne'er will those gallant youths
rest till avenged.

We hewed with our swords;
full fifty times my lance,
the messenger of death,
raged through the battle.
It was my boyhood's play
to stain my lance with blood.
Methinks than I, no king
can boast of brighter deeds.
We must to Asar call,
and without grief I go.

We hewed with our swords;
home invite we the Diser,
the maidens of Odin.
With them and the Asar
high seated shall we
there the mead quaff;
fled are my life's hours,
yet I die smiling.

So likewise Harold, the valiant rover, tells us of his own courage, lamenting that after all a Russian maid, Elizabeth daughter of Janislaus, should refuse him. We give only a part of the poem: —

My ship hath sailed round the isle of Sicily;
Then were we all splendid and gay.
My mirror-laden ship then swiftly along the waves,
Eager for the fight,
I thought my sails would never slacken:
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

With the men of Drontheim I fought in my youth.
They had troops much greater in numbers,
Dreadful was the conflict;
Young as I was, I left their young king dead in the fight:
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

Well do I know the eight exercises:
I fight with courage,
I keep a firm seat on horseback,
And skilled am I in swimming.

Along the ice glide I on skates,
I excel in darting the lance,
I am dexterous at the oar:
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

As an example of prose narrative, here is a brief excerpt descriptive of the death of the Jarl Ronald, A. D. 1046, as told in the famous 'Orkney Saga':—

Earl Ronald lay at Kirkwall and collected thither all sorts of supplies for the winter, having with him a large following whom he entertained regardless of cost. A little before Jule, the earl started with a numerous retinue for the Lesser Papa to fetch malt. In the evening, as they sat a long time baking their limbs at the fire, the man who kept it up said the fuel was getting short. On which the jarl made a slip of the tongue. He said, "We shall be old enough when this fire is burnt out." But he meant to have said, "We shall be warm enough." And when he perceived it he said, "I made a slip of the tongue [misspoke]; I never did so before, that I can mind. This reminds me of what King Olaf, my foster-father, said at Sticklestad when I observed his slip of the tongue. He said that if ever I made a slip of the tongue, I must make up my mind to have a short time left to live. Maybe my kinsman Thorfinn is alive." At this moment they heard people all round the house. Earl Thorfinn was come, and they set fire to the buildings and heaped up a great pile before the doors. Thorfinn permitted all but the earl's men to go out. And when most of the people had come out, a man came into the doorway, dressed in linen clothes only, and begged Thorfinn to give the deacon a helping hand. At the same moment he placed his hand on the balk of wood (across the door), sprang right over it and beyond the ring of men, and fled away in the darkness of the night. Earl Thorfinn bade them follow after him, and said, "There fared the earl: it was one of his feats of strength and nobody's else." The men set off in search, separating into knots. Thorkell Foster searched along the shore, when they heard a dog bark among the rocks. Earl Ronald had his lapdog with him. The earl was captured, and Thorkell bade his men kill him, offering them money. But all the same they refused. So Thorkell himself slew him, for he knew that one or the other of them would have to do it. Earl Thorfinn now came up, and blamed not the deed. They spent

the night on the island slaughtering the whole of Ronald's followers. Next morning they laded the merchant ship with malt, then went aboard, placing in the prow and stern the shields which Ronald and his men had, and no more men upon her than had come with the earl, and then rowed to Kirkwall. As Ronald's men supposed that it must be the earl and his followers coming back, they went to meet them unarmed. Earl Thorfinn seized and killed thirty, most of them being King Magnus's men and friends of his. One retainer of the King's he let go, bidding him fare to Norway and tell King Magnus the news.

It is however in the rough metres of Scandinavian poetry that one most easily apprehends the genius of this Northern people. To take an extract (not much earlier in date than the foregoing, namely in 1014) from the famous 'Nial's Saga.' The extract in question is known as the 'Spaedom of the Norns,' and is supposed to have been based on the vision of some man of Caithness gifted with second-sight to foretell the result of the great battle of Clontarf. The expression in it "web of spears," however, points to a much earlier legend. Here is the literal translation of the 'Spaedom' as given by Sir G. Dasent:—

SEE! warp is stretched
For warrior's fall;
Lo, weft in loom,
'Tis wet with blood;
Now, fight foreboding,
'Neath friends' swift fingers
Our gray woof waxeth
With war's alarms,
Our warp blood-red,
Our weft corse-blue.

This woof is y-woven
With entrails of men;
This warp is hard weighted
With heads of the slain;
Spears blood-besprinkled
For spindles we use,
Our loom iron-bound,
And arrows our reels;
With swords for our shuttles
This war-woof we work;
So weave we, weird sisters,
Our war-winning woof.

Now war-winner walketh
To weave in her turn,
Now Sword-swinger steppeth,
Now Swift-stroke, now Storm;
When they speed the shuttle
How spear-heads shall flash!
Shields crash, and helm-gnawer
On harness bite hard!

Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof,
Woof erst for king youthful,
Foredoomed as his own.
Forth now we will ride,
Then, through the ranks rushing,
Be busy where friends
Blows blithe give and take.

Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof;
After that let us steadfastly
Stand by the brave king;
Then men shall mark mournful
Their shields red with gore,
How Sword-stroke and Spear-thrust
Stood stout by the prince.

Wind we, wind swiftly
Our war-winning woof,
When sword-bearing rovers
To banners rush on.
Mind, maidens, we spare not
One life in the fray;
We corse-choosing sisters
Have charge of the slain.

Now new-coming nations
That island shall rule,
Who on outlying headlands
Abode ere the fight;
I say that king mighty
To death now is done,
Now low before spear-point
That Earl bows his head.

Soon over all Ersemen
Sharp sorrow shall fall,
That woe to those warriors
Shall wane nevermore.
Our woof now is woven,
Now battle-field waste,
O'er land and o'er water
War tidings shall leap.

Now surely 'tis gruesome
To gaze all around,
When blood-red through heaven
Drives cloud-rack o'erhead:
Air soon shall be deep-hued
With dying men's blood,
When this our spaedom
Comes speedy to pass.

So cheerily chant we
Charms for the young king;
Come, maidens, lift loudly
His war-winning lay;
Let him who now listens
Learn well with his ears,
And gladden brave swordsmen
With bursts of war's song.

Now mount we our horses,
Now bare we our brands,
Now haste we hard, maidens,
Hence, far, far away.

Among the old historic songs which preceded the great saga epoch there is one attributed to Thiodolf (others say to Hornklofi), which Dr. Metcalfe affirms in those days would be equivalent in popularity and significance to the once famous 'Lillibullero' or the later 'Ye Mariners of England.'

Have you heard of the fight
At Hafrsfjord
'Tween a high-born king
And Kiotni the Rich?
Came ships from the est,
All keen for the fray,
With silver inlaid,
And agape were their beaks.

They were manned with Udallers,
And piled with white shields,
And West Country spears,
And Gallic swords.
Bellowed the Bare-sarks
In Hilda's train;
The Wolf-skins howled
'Mid the din of iron.

They put to the proof
One who taught them to fly,
The dauntless King Harold,
The Lord of Utstein.
He launched from the shore
In view of the stir;
What a thumping of shields
Ere Haklang fell!

He tired right soon
Of facing King Harfagr;
To an island fled he,
The thick-throated ruler.
Under the row-seat
The wounded they huddled,
With backs stuck up
And faces bent down.

In the storm of stones,
As they fled, they cast
On their backs their shields,
Bright roof of Valhalla.
Wild with fear, they fled home
Around Jadar's shores,
On their mead-bowls intent,
From Hafrsfjord.

The Hornklofi mentioned above, whose name signifies "horn-cleaver," was really a poet named Thorbjorn. In the Fagrskinna there are some lines of great interest by him, describing the court of the King, the famous Harold Fairhair, a contemporary of Alfred the Great.

The skald relates an imaginary conversation between a Valkyr and some ravens, who, being the constant companions of Harold in his expeditions, were able to gratify the lady's curiosity about him. In literal prose it runs:—

Listen, ye ring-bearers [*i. e.*, nobles],
While I recount the accomplishments
Of King Harold,
The immensely rich;
I must tell of the colloquy
Which I heard between
A white fair-haired maid
And a raven.

Wise was the Valkyr;
She knew the voice of birds.
The white-throated one,
The sharp-sighted one,
Spoke to the air-cleaver,
Who sat on a point of the rocks:—

"Why here, ye ravens?
Whence are ye come,
With gory beak,
At the approach of day?
Flesh sticks to your claws,
The reek of carrion comes from your mouth:
Surely you set off by night,
For ye knew that corpses lay on the plain."

He of the plumed skull shook his feathers;
The eagle's sworn brother
Dried his beak,
And bethought him of an answer:—

"We've followed Harold,
Halfdan's son,
The young noble,
Ever since the egg we left.

"I thought you'd know the King,
He who abides at Hvin,
The lord of the Northmen,
Who owns the deep galleys,
The ruddy-rimmed shields,
The tarred oars,
The weather-stained awnings.

"He'll drink his Yule feast at sea,
If he alone shall decide,
This courageous chief,

And play Frey's game.
The youth loathes the fireside
And sitting at home;
The warm ladies' bower,
And cushions stuffed with down."

The Valkyr then asks whether Harold is munificent to his men:—

"Many a present
His warriors get,
Who in Harold's court
Throw with the dice;
They're with money endowed,
And handsome swords,
With German armor,
And Eastern slaves.

"Then are they glad,
The skillful men-at-arms,
Agile to jump
And swing the oars,
Till they break the loops
And snap the thole-pins;
Splash goes the water
At the word of the King."

The condition of the court skalds is next described:—

"You may see by their trappings
And their gold rings
That they're familiar with the King;
They're possessed of red cloaks,
And fair-rimmed shields,
And silver-strapped swords,
And gilt belts,
And chased helmets,
And armlets good store,
These servants of Harold."

His Berserker champions are next described:—

"Wolf-skins they're hight,
They who in battle
Bear the bloody shields,
Who redden the spears
When they gather to the fray,
When they rush to the onset."

The poem concludes with a description of the players and jugglers at Harold's court. Some of them indulge in unheard-of pranks, to the great amusement of the King.

Allusion has already been made to an Icelandic poet named Eyvind Skalda-spiller. His 'Háconamál' is considered one of the best samples of skaldic poetry extant. The Hacon referred to in the title was Hacon the Good (925–961), one of the two sons of Harold Fairhair and the foster-son of the Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan.

HÁCONAMÁL

GONDUL and Skögul
The gods of the Goths sent
To choose 'mong the kings
Of Yngvi's race which
With Odin should fare
And live in Valhalla.

Bjorn's brother found they
Faring in mail-coat,
Marching 'neath gonfalon;
Scared were the foe,
The shafts shook,
The battle began.

"On, Halogalanders!
On, ye West-Islanders!"
Cried the earl-slayer,
Rushed to the fray.
Well did his Northmen
Follow their noble lord,
Dread of the Isle Danes,
Helmed in gold.

Flung off his armor
Down on the plain,
The chief of the body-guard,
Ere he set on.
Joked with his men-at-arms,
"We'll keep the land safe;"
Laughed the King gayly,
Helmed in gold.

So sliced his sharp sword
In the chief's hand

Right through the mail-coats
As they were water.
Crash went the arrows,
Split were the shields;
Rattled the blades
On the foemen's skulls.

Through targets tough,
Through plates of iron,
Smashed irresistible
The Norse King's brand.
Th' isle pealed with battle-din,
Crimsoned the kings
Their glistening shields
In the blood of the throng.

Quivered the flashing swords
In the wounds gory;
Louted the halberds,
Greedy of life;
Soused the red wound-stream
'Gainst the splashed bucklers;
Fell crimson arrow-rain
On Stord's shore.

All blood-bedabbled
Surged the fierce fray;
Thundered the shield-rims
'Mid storm of war;
Pattered down point-stream
Odin's red shower.
Many fell fainting
In their life's blood.

Sat were the princes,
Drawn were their swords,
Battered their bucklers,
Armor all gashed;
Ill at ease felt the
Monarch, for he was
Bound to Valhalla.

Gondul she spoke,
Leaning on spear-shaft:—
"Grows the gods' company;
They have bid Hacon,

With a great retinue,
Home to their hall!"

Heard the fey chieftain
What said the Valkÿr—
Maids from their steeds;
Thoughtful their faces looked
As they sat helmed,
Sheltered with shields.

HACON

"Why so the contest
Deal'st thou, Geirskögul?
Worthy of victory
We from the gods!"

SKÖGUL

"We were the cause
The battle you won
And the foes fled.
Now will we speed,"
Quoth mighty Skögul,
"To heaven's green glades,
King Odin to tell
A great lord is coming,
Who longs him to see!"

"Hermod and Bragi,"
Quoth aloud Odin,
"Go meet the chieftain;
Hither is faring
A king, and a valiant one,
Lo! to my hall."

The captain he cried,
Just fresh from the fray,
All dripping with gore:—
"Very hard-hearted
Truly meseemeth
Odin to be."

ODIN

"All of my warriors
Welcome thee in!
Drink of our ale-cups,
Bane of the Jarls."

"Already you've here
Eight brothers," quoth Bragi.

HACON

"All our war-gear,"
Quoth the good King,
"Ourselves will we hold;
Our helmet and mail,
We'll guard them full well;
'Tis pleasant to handle the spear."

Then straight it appeared
How the good King had
Protected the temples,
For Hacon they bade
Be heartily welcome,
The assembly of gods.
On fortunate day
Was that monarch born,
With such a mind gifted;
His age and day
Must ever be held
In kindly remembrance.
Ere will break his chain
And rush on mankind
Fell Fenris wolf,
Ere a man so good
In his footsteps tread,
One of royal birth —
Riches depart,
And likewise friends,
The land is laid waste:
Since Hacon fared
To the heathen gods,
Sunk have many to slaves.

After the death of Hacon the Good, all the Norwegian court skalds named in the chronicles were Icelanders; so that from about the year 950 to the death of King Eric Magnusson in 1299, Icelandic skalds only were the court poets of Norway. The first Danish king mentioned as having been commemorated by an Icelandic poet (Ottar the Black) was Sweyn Forkbeard, who died in 1014; and the last, it may be added, was Waldemar II., who died in 1241. Nor should we forget that two of our English kings, Athelstan and Ethelred, were commemorated in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century by

two famous Northmen, Egil Skalagrim and Gunnlaug Serpent-tongue. "In England," says Dr. Metcalfe, basing his remarks on those of Jon Sigurdson, "the age of Northern poetry may be said to have lasted down to the Norman conquest, or about the middle of the eleventh century; in Denmark and Sweden, to the middle of the thirteenth; in Norway, till a little over the end of that century."

Finally, I may quote one interesting poem of the nature common to all the Northern races. It occurs in the Hervorar Saga, which has been attributed to the thirteenth century; but the poem in question bears so strong an old Norse impress that the German critic Müller places its composition as certainly not later than the tenth or at least the eleventh century. The story is interesting as setting forth the record of one of those Amazonian heroines who occur in every popular literature. This heroine was named Hervor. She was the daughter of a famous knight, Angantyr, who for love's sake fought a duel with the famous Hjalmar on Samsö, an island off Jutland. Though Angantyr fought with the sword Tyrfing, forged by the trolls Dvalin and Dulin, which never missed its aim, he perhaps forgot the other quality of the sword, that it always brought death to its owner. The result was that he and all his Berserkers were slain on this remote island. His daughter Hervor, when she grew up, really turned viking; "daubing her lily-white hands with pitch and tar," as the skald wrote. She became a viking in fact, and assumed the name of Herward. So in the course of time she came to the haven of Munarvoe in Samsö, where her father Angantyr lay buried in the green mound. At sunset she goes alone on shore, and there she meets a shepherd. The dialogue between them, and the weird scene of the cairns flaming into life, are graphically told, as also the appearance of Angantyr himself.

SHEPHERD

Who art all alone
To this island come?
Haste and seek some cot
For to shelter in.

HERWARD

I will never go
Shelter for to seek,
For I none do know
Of the island beards.
Tell me speedily,
'Fore you go from hence,

Whereabout's the spot
Known as Herward's cairn?

SHEPHERD

Don't about it speer,
If thou'rt truly wise.
Thou, the viking's friend,
In great peril art.
Let us speed away,
Haste with might and main:
All abroad are horrors
For the sons of men.

HERWARD

Here a brooch I'll give you
If you'll tell me true.
Vain to try to hinder
Thus the viking's friend.
No! the brightest treasure,
All the rings on earth,
Would not let or hinder
Me from my intent.

SHEPHERD

Foolish is, methinks,
He who hither fares,
All alone and friendless
In the murky night.
Flames are flickering,
Cairns are opening,
Burning earth and fen;
Let us hurry on.

HERWARD

I am not afeard
At such snorting sounds,
E'en though all the island
Bursts out in a blaze.
Do not let us two
By the champions dead
Thus be made to shiver;
Let us have discourse!

— Then the herdsman fled
To the forest near,
Frightened by the speech
Of this manly maid.
Of undaunted mettle
Fashioned, Hervor's breast
Swelled within her fiercely
At the shepherd's fright.

She now sees the cairns all alight and the howe-dwellers standing outside, but is not afraid; passes through the flame as if it were only reek, till she gets to the Berserker's howe. Then she speaks:—

HERWARD

Wake thee, Angantyr;
Hervor waketh thee.
I'm the only daughter
Of Tofa and of thee:
Give me from the howe
That sword whetted sharp,
Which for Swarfurlam
Was forged by the dwarves.

Hervard and Hjorvard,
Hran and Angantyr!
I wake you, ye buried
Under the forest roots,
With your helm and mail-sark,
With your whetted sword,
With your polished shields,
And your bloody darts.

Ye are turned indeed,
Arngrim's sons so bold,
Such redoubted champions,
To poor bits of mold,
If of Eyfur's sons,
Not one dares with me
To come and hold discourse
Here in Munarvoe.

Hervard and Hjorvard,
Hran and Angantyr!
May it be to all
Of you within your hearts

As if you were in ant-hills,
With torments dire bested,
Unless to me the sword
Ye give that Dvalin forged.
It not beseemeth Draugies
Such weapons choice to hide.

ANGANTYR

Hervor, my daughter, why
Dost thou cry out so loud?
Thou'rt hastening to destruction,
Past all redemption, maid!
'Tis mad you are become,
Bereft of sober sense;
You must be wandering, surely,
To wake up men long dead.

HERWARD

One thing tell me true,
So may Odin shield thee:
In thy ancient cairn,
Tell me, hast thou there
The sword Tyrfing hight?
Oh, you're very slow
A small boon to grant
To your single heir.

[*The cairn opens, and it seems all ablaze.*]

ANGANTYR

Hell gates have sunk down,
Opened is the cairn;
See, the island's shore
Is all bathed in flame;
All abroad are sights
Fearful to behold.
Haste thee, while there's time,
Maiden, to thy ships.

HERWARD

Were you burning bright,
Like bale-fire at night,
I'd not fear a jot;
Your fierce burning flame

Quakes not maiden's heart:
'Tis of sterner stuff,
Gibbering ghosts though she
In the doorway see.

ANGANTYR

Listen, Hervor mine!
I'll a tale unfold;
Listen, daughter wise!
I'll thy fate foretell.
Trow my words or not,
Tyrfing's fate is this:
'Twill to all thy kin
Naught but mishap bring.

HERWARD

I will sure bewitch
All these champions slain:
Ye shall fated be
Ever and aye to lie
With the Draugies dead,
Rotting in your graves.
Give me, Angantyr,
Out your cairn straightway
Sword to harness dangerous,
Young Hjalmar's bane.

ANGANTYR

Maiden, I aver you're
Not of human mold,
Roaming 'mong the cairns
In the dead of night,
With engravèd spear,
With a sword beside,
With helmet and with hauberk
My hell-door before.

HERWARD

Meseemed I altogether
Was framed in human mold
'Fore I visit paid
To your halls of death.
Hand me from the cairn

Straight the Byrnie's foe,
Smithied by the dwarves;
To hide it won't avail.

ANGANTYR

I have 'neath my shoulder
Young Hjalmar's bane;
It is all enwrapped
In a sheet of flame.
On the earth I know not
Any maid so bold
That shall dare the sword
By the hand to take.

HERWARD

Gladly I will take it,
Gladly keep it too,
That sharp-edged sword,
If I have it may.
I've no fear at all
Of the burning flame;
Straight abates the fire
When thereon I gaze.

ANGANTYR

Foolish art thou, Hervor,
Though so stout of heart,
If with open eyes
In the fire you dart.
Rather will I hand thee
Out the cairn the sword.
Maiden young, I will not
Thy request refuse.

[*The sword is cast out of the cairn.*]

HERWARD

Well and bravely done,
Say I, viking's son!
Thou hast me the sword
Handed out the tomb.
Better far, methinks,
King, this precious boon,

Than the whole of Norway
Were I to possess.

ANGANTYR

Ah! you do not know,
All too rash of speech,
Maiden void of counsel,
What is good or ill.
This sword Tyrfing will—
If you me can trow—
Will thy race hereafter
Utterly destroy.

HERWARD

Off to my sea-horses,
Off, off, and away!
Now the prince's daughter
Is all blithe of mood.
Little do I fear,
Sire of lordly strain,
What my race hereafter
Haply shall befall.

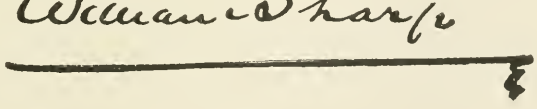
ANGANTYR

Long thou shalt possess it,
And enjoy it long;
Only keep it hidden,
Young Hjalmar's bane.
Touch not e'en its edges,
They are poisoned both;
Naught exists more baneful
Than this sword to man.

HERWARD

Dwellers in the cairns!
Dwell unscathèd on.
I'm longing to be gone,
Fast I haste away.
I myself, methought,
Hung 'twixt life and death
When the roaring flame
Girt me all around.

I may refer readers who would like to go more thoroughly into the subject of Icelandic literature to study the volumes of Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson and Mr. York Powell,—in particular the 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale; or, the Poetry of the Old Northern Tongue from the Earliest Times to the Thirteenth Century,' edited, classified, and translated, with Introduction, Excursuses, and Notes. The first of these two volumes deals with the Eddic poems and with the early Western and early historic epics, with interesting excursuses on the beliefs and worships of the ancient Northmen, and on the Northern and old Teutonic metres. The second volume is less interesting perhaps to the ordinary reader, but should certainly also be read; and also its interesting excursus on the figures and metres of the old Northern poetry, with some reference to the ancient life, thought, and belief as embodied therein. Again, the student should turn to Vigfusson's three or four volumes of Icelandic sagas, to E. Mogk's 'Chapters on Northern Literature,' and to Hermann Paul's 'Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie.' Again, there is one invaluable work of its kind,—Dr. Vigfusson's rendering of the 'Sturlunga Saga,' including the 'Islendiga Saga' (untranslated) and other works; though it is for the Prolegomena, Appendices, etc., that this recommendation is given to the non-Icelandic student. The general reader should consult Dr. Metcalfe's 'The Scandinavian and the Englishman,' with its delightful chapters on Icelandic history and literature. Among the many important and interesting articles in periodicals, I may specify in particular Mr. York Powell's account of recent research on Teutonic Mythology in the journal Folk Lore, Mr. J. H. Wisley's paper on Saga Literature in Poet Lore, Mr. W. A. Craigie's important article in Folk Lore on the oldest Icelandic folk-lore (with translations of old sagas, etc.), and Mr. York Powell's interesting account in Folk Lore of 'Saga Growth.'



KARL LEBRECHT IMMERMANN

(1796–1840)

GOETHE, as early as 1823, speaking of Immermann, praised his talents highly. "We shall see," he said, "how he develops: if he be willing to take the trouble to purify his taste and to follow as regards form those models which are recognized as the best. His originality has its value, but all too easily it may lead him astray."

When Goethe passed this cautious judgment, Immermann was in his twenty-seventh year; he had published only a few youthful dramas and a volume of poems, which had enrolled him among the Romanticists; many years of ideal striving still lay before him ere his versatile talents found their proper sphere. He spent his life in writing dramas, now for the most part forgotten; and at last won his permanent place in literature by two novels: 'Die Epigonen' (The Epigoni), and the more widely known 'Münchhausen.' The year following the publication of the latter, he died.

IMMERMANN

Immermann was born at Magdeburg on April 24th, 1796. He took up the study of law at the University of Halle; but when all Germany rose in the wars for freedom he abandoned his books and enlisted in the army. Illness prevented him at first from taking an active part in the campaign; but after the return of Napoleon from Elba, Immermann fought at the battles of Ligny and Waterloo, and under the command of Blücher entered Paris with the allied troops. He left the army with an officer's rank, and for the next two years diligently pursued his law studies at Halle. In 1817 he entered the service of the Prussian State. It was during these two years that he attended the theatrical performances of the Weimar troupe, and received those impressions which shaped his career as dramatist and dramaturgist. In his profession he distinguished himself, and in a few years became a judge on the bench of the criminal court at Magdeburg. In 1826 he was transferred to Düsseldorf, where he brought a literary element into the circle of eminent artists already gathered there. Here for the first

time his aspirations as a dramatist began to conflict with his professional duties. He obtained a release for one year, with permission to undertake the direction of the City Theatre. In spite of the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to this task, and the excellent artistic results he secured, the enterprise failed through lack of public support; but as a theatre director he had proven himself a worthy follower in the footsteps of Goethe.

Goethe's influence is frequently observable in Immermann's works. His 'Merlin,' which he has himself called "a tragedy of negation," has strong traces of the 'Faust' spirit; but it is more purely allegorical, treads the earth less firmly, and as Kuno Francke says, its keynote is one of "discord and destruction," whereas that of 'Faust' is one of "hope and endeavor." In Immermann's first romance, 'The Epigoni,' published in 1835, we have an echo of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.' It portrays certain aspects of the age, with its vices and its aspirations. It is designed to show the disastrous effects of modern civilization, with its changes in the methods of industrial production. The author declares that "with storm-like rapidity the present age is moving on towards a dry mechanism." He calls the time "an age of the afterborn" (hence the title), and adds: "Of misfortune there has been enough at all times. The curse of the present generation is to be miserable without any particular misfortune." There is a pessimistic coloring in his portrait of the time, and he never found the solution as Goethe did.

Of Immermann's numerous dramas, the most important after 'Merlin' is 'Das Trauerspiel in Tyrol' (The Tragedy in the Tyrol), published in 1828. It is the story of the heroic patriot Andreas Hofer. But the work with which in the public mind Immermann's name is most intimately associated is his second and last romance, 'Münchhausen, eine Geschichte in Arabesken' (Münchhausen, a Story in Arabesques), published in 1839. It consists of two loosely connected stories, of which the love idyl of peasant life in Westphalia with its survivals of patriarchal traditions — sometimes separately published with the title of 'The Oberhof' — is full of genuine poetic feeling and fineness of character-drawing. Here, as in 'The Epigoni,' there are master strokes of satire, and a wealth of grotesque humor which sometimes suggests the incredible tales of the hero's grandfather. This book is the author's ripest work.

Immermann married in 1839 the daughter of Chancellor Niemeyer, and it was under the inspiration of this new happiness that he undertook to give a form of his own to the love epic of 'Tristan and Isolde.' At the same time he began writing his *memorabilia*. Both works remained unfinished. Immermann died on August 25th, 1840, at Düsseldorf. He was not a seer, and so fell short of being a great

poet. The features of the age were plain to him, and he depicted them with the pen of a keen satirist; but he could not see what lay behind, nor point out the ailment which caused them to be distorted. He stood in opposition to his time; he sought his themes in remote realms. Merlin is not a modern like Faust; and Immermann was not, like Goethe, able to point the way humanity should go. But although the remote mediæval traditions which still obtain at the Oberhof lie far from the pathway of modern progress, there are a strange beauty and pathos in this delightful Westphalian idyl which render it a classic of the world's literature.

A WEDDING AND A BETROTHAL

From 'Oberhof'

During the singing the deacon ascended the pulpit, and when he happened to let his eye sweep over the congregation he had an unexpected sight. A fine gentleman from the court was standing among the peasants, whose attention he absorbed; they were continually looking up from their hymn-books and casting side glances at his decorations. The nobleman wanted to look over the hymn-book with some one or other of the peasants, that he might join in the singing; but as every one stepped aside respectfully as soon as the gentleman approached, he did not succeed, and merely caused an almost general disturbance. For no sooner did he sit down on a bench than all the peasants who were already seated slid over into the farthest corner, and fled the bench entirely when the noble gentleman slid after them. This sliding and sliding was continued to the third and even fourth bench; so that the gentleman from court, who had come to the village service with the best intentions, finally had to give up the hope of taking any part in it. He had business in the neighborhood, and would not neglect the opportunity of letting his graciousness win the hearts of these country people for the throne to which he stood so near. As soon as he heard of the peasant wedding, he therefore made up his mind to lend it his amiable presence from beginning to end.

To the deacon the sight of the nobleman, whom he knew to be from the brilliant circles of the capital, was not a welcome one. He knew to what strange customs the sermon had to conform, and he dreaded the nobleman's ridicule. His thoughts lost

A FAMILY SCENE IN THE TYROL

thereby their natural clearness, his expressions became somewhat veiled, and the more he said the further he got away from the point. His preoccupation increased when he noticed that the nobleman sent him understanding glances, and nodded his head approvingly in some places, generally where the speaker was the least satisfied with himself. He therefore cut short the separate parts of the address and hastened to get to the ceremony.

The bridal couple knelt down, and the fateful questions were put to them. But then something happened which threw the noble stranger into the most abject fear. To the right and to the left of him, in front and behind him, he saw men and women, girls and boys, drawing out stout ropes twisted of sackcloth. All had risen and were whispering to each other, and looking about, so it seemed to him, with wild malicious eyes. As it was impossible for him to guess the meaning of this preparation, he lost all self-control; and as the lashes were undoubtedly intended for some one who was to be beaten, the thought came to him that he would be the object of this general abuse. He remembered how shyly everybody had got out of his way, and he considered how rough was the character of the country people, and that the peasants, ignorant of his gracious frame of mind, had decided to get rid of the stranger who was in their way. All this passed through his mind with lightning quickness, and he did not know how to save his dignity and his body from the awful attack.

While he was still helplessly trying to make up his mind, the deacon finished the ceremony, and immediately the wildest tumult ensued. All the men and women, carrying rope lashes, rushed forward swinging their weapons, screaming in a perfect frenzy; the courtly gentleman scaled several benches with three strides and reached the pulpit, which he at once ascended, and from this elevated position he called down to the frenzied crowd below: "I advise you not to attack me! I have the kindest and most gracious feelings towards you; but every insult shown me, the King will requite as if it had been shown to himself."

But the peasants, carried away with their purpose, did not listen to this speech. They ran toward the altar, and on the way one and another got a chance beating before they reached the object for whom it was intended. This was the bridegroom. Raising his hands above his head, he did his best to break a way through the crowd, which let their lashes dance about his head and shoulders, and for that matter anywhere where there was

room to hit. Forcing a way for himself, he ran toward the church door; but before he reached it he had received at least a hundred strokes, and thus beaten black and blue he left the sanctuary on his wedding day. Everybody pursued him; the bride's father and the bride followed; the sexton immediately shut the door when the last one had departed, and went into the vestry, from which there was a special exit. The church had been emptied in a few seconds.

But the nobleman was still standing in the pulpit, and the deacon was standing at the altar bowing to the noble gentleman with a friendly smile. When the former on his Ararat had seen that the beating was not intended for him, he had let his arms sink reassured; and now that everything had become still, he asked the deacon: "But tell me for heaven's sake, sir, what meant this furious scene, and what had the poor man done to his assailants?"

"Nothing, your Excellency," answered the deacon, who in spite of the holiness of the place could scarcely keep from laughing at the sight of the little courtier in the pulpit. "This beating of the bridegroom after the ceremony is a very old custom, which the people will not abandon. The meaning, they say, is that the bridegroom shall feel how a beating hurts, that he may not abuse his wife."

"Well, well, these are indeed strange customs!" murmured his Excellency, as he descended from the pulpit. The deacon received him most courteously below, and was honored with three kisses on his flat cheek. Then the clergyman led his noble acquaintance into the vestry, that he might let him out into the open air that way. The still intimidated man said he would have to consider whether he could take part in the rest of the festivities. And on the way to the vestry the clergyman expressed his deep regret that he had not, known earlier of his Excellency's intentions, as he would then have been able to tell him of the beating custom, and thus have saved him the terror and alarm.

When they had both gone, the church was still and silent. It was a pretty little chapel, clean and not too brilliantly colored: a rich protector had done a great deal for it. The ceiling was painted blue, with golden stars; on the pulpit was ingenious wood carving; and among the tombstones of the old clergymen which covered the floor, there were even three or four made of

brass. The benches were kept clean and neat. A beautiful cloth covered the altar, above which rose a set of twisted columns painted to look like marble.

The light fell bright into the little church, the trees rustled outside, and once in a while a little draught of air making its way through a broken pane stirred the white scarf of the angel over the baptismal font, or the tinsel of the crowns which had been taken from the coffins of young girls, and which were now decorating the columns.

Bride and bridegroom were gone, the bridal procession was gone, and yet the little church was not entirely forsaken. Two young people were still there, and did not know of each other's presence; and it had happened in this way: The hunter had left the bridal couple when they entered the church, and had gone quietly up-stairs. There he sat down on a footstool unseen by the others, with his back to them and to the altar, alone with himself. He buried his face in his hands, but he could not stand this long; his face, forehead, and cheeks burned too hotly. The deep serious tones of the church hymn fell like a cooling dew upon his passion, and he thanked God that at last the highest happiness had been vouchsafed him; and with the pious words which came up to him from below he mixed his worldly lines: —

> "Whether laughing or in earnest,
> By a sweet right thou art mine."

A little child who had slipped up out of curiosity he took softly by the hand and patted. Then he thought of giving the child money, and did not do it, but took the little one in his arms and kissed its forehead. And when the child, frightened by his passionate caress, wanted to go down-stairs, he led it down gently that it should not fall. Then he returned to his seat, and heard nothing of the speech and the noise that followed; but was lost in a deep blissful dream, in which he saw his mother and his castle on the green mountain, and in the castle he saw another too.

Lisbeth had followed the bride, feeling awkward and shy in her strange costume. "Oh," she thought, "at the very time when he says of me that I am always so natural, I must go about in borrowed clothes!" She longed for her own. She heard the peasants and the townspeople whisper her name behind

her; the nobleman who met the procession at the church door looked long and critically at her through his lorgnette. She had to stand all this now, when her beauty had just been praised in song, when her heart was overflowing with joy and happiness. She entered the church half dazed, and made up her mind to stay behind when the procession went out, that she might not again be the object of the talking and the joking of which she had been conscious for the last quarter of an hour. She too heard but little of the address, although she tried to follow the words of her honored friend. And when the rings were exchanged, the indifferent faces of the bride and bridegroom gave her a peculiar feeling of mixed sadness, envy, and vexation that so heavenly a moment should pass over unfeeling souls.

Then came the tumult, and she instinctively fled behind the altar. When all was still again she took a deep breath, smoothed out her apron, pushed back a curl which had fallen over her forehead, and took new heart. She would try to get back to the Oberhof by a side path, and get rid of these tiresome clothes. She walked with short steps and lowered eyes through a side aisle to the door.

The hunter, at last awakened from his dreams, came down the stairs. He too wished to get out of the church, although he did not know whither he should then go. His heart beat high when he saw Lisbeth; she raised her eyes and stood still, shy and demure. Then silently, without looking at each other, they went toward the door and he laid his hand on the latch to open it. "It is locked!" he cried in a tone of delight, as if the greatest happiness had come to him. "We are locked into the church!"

"Locked in?" she asked, full of sweet alarm.—"Why does that frighten you: where can one be safer than in church?" he said blissfully. He laid his arm around her waist; with the other hand he took her hand, and so he led her to a seat, made her sit down, and seated himself beside her. She looked down into her lap, and let the ribbons of the many-colored bodice she wore glide through her fingers. He had leaned his head on the prayer-book rest; he looked at her askance, and touched the cap she wore as if to try the material. He heard her heart beat and saw her neck blush. "Yes, isn't it a hideous costume?" she asked, hardly audibly after a long pause. "Oh!" he cried, and tore his vest open, "I did not look at the costume!"

He took both her hands, pressed them violently to his breast, and drew her up from the bench.

"I cannot endure to sit so still! Let us look about the church," he cried. "There is not much worth seeing, I'm afraid," she answered trembling.

He walked with her over to the font, in which were still some drops of the holy water; before the wedding there had been a baptism in the church. He made her bend over it with him, and look at the water in the bottom of the font. Then he dipped his finger in and touched first her forehead, then his own.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you doing!" she exclaimed anxiously, quickly wiping off what she considered a blasphemous touch. "'Tis a second baptism I am giving," he said with a wonderful smile. "This water blesses the birth into life, and then life goes on and on — for a long, long while; that is what is called life and is no life — and then true life suddenly comes, and one ought then to be baptized anew." She felt frightened in his presence, and said falteringly, "Come, we must find a way out through the vestry." "No," he cried, "we will first look at the crown of the dead: between birth and death our life finds its light and beauty." He led her to the stateliest crown hanging on the opposite column, and on the way he murmured with a dazed look, as if intoxicated by his happiness, a sentence from Gray which had no connection with his other thoughts, and which the surroundings only suggested: —

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Did he think of the girl from whose coffin the glittering crown was taken? I know not. Tinsel and shining rings were hanging down in thin silk ribbons. He tore off two rings and whispered, "You are only poor rings, but I will raise you and consecrate you to costly gold." He put one on Lisbeth's hand before she could prevent him, and the other on his own. And he looked angry, his lips curled as if in exalted scorn; he laid his clutched hand on the back of her head as if he meant to revenge himself upon her for having captured his soul. In this young heart, love made as deep marks and furrows as a forest stream rushing down a mountain.

"Oswald!" she cried, and stepped back from him. It was the first time she had called him by his first name. "We can do that as well as the stupid peasants," he said, "and if no other rings are at hand, then we will take those that decorated the coffins, for life is stronger than death." "Now I am going," she whispered, tottering. Her breath came quickly, so that her bodice rose and fell.

But his strong arms had already enfolded her, and lifted her and carried her up before the altar. There he put her down; she lay half unconscious in his arms, and he murmured, sobbing with the suffering and passion of his love: "Lisbeth! love! my only one! Cruel one! You little thief and robber! Forgive me! Will you be mine? mine for always?"

She did not answer. Her heart beat against his; she clung close to him as if now they were but one. Her tears fell upon his breast. Then she lifted her head, and their lips met. United in this kiss, they stood a long, long time.

Then he pulled her gently down upon her knees beside him, and both of them lifted their hands to the altar in prayer. But they could only repeat, "Father, dear Father in Heaven;" and they did not tire of repeating this in voices trembling with joy. They said it as confidently as if the Father they were addressing were holding out his hand to them.

Finally they ceased their praying, and laid their faces silently against the altar cloth. Each had put an arm around the neck of the other; their cheeks glowed side by side, and their fingers played gently with each other's locks.

Thus they both knelt for a long while silently in the sanctuary. Suddenly they felt some one touch their heads; they looked up. The deacon was standing before them with radiant face, and held his hand on their heads in blessing. He had happened to step into the church from the vestry, and with great emotion had witnessed the betrothal which had taken place here after the wedding and in the very sight of God. He too was silent, but his eyes spoke. He drew the young man and the girl to his breast, and held his favorites close.

Then he led the couple into the vestry to let them out that way. And thus all three went out of the little, bright, and quiet village church.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Olga Flinch.

INDIAN LITERATURE

BY EDWARD W. HOPKINS

THE literature of India resembles all other literature of remote antiquity, in that its beginnings, both in respect of age and authorship, are hidden. But though the individual authors of the Vedic Hymns, the earliest form of Indian literature, will never be known, yet the date to which may be referred this first poetic work of the Indo-Europeans can be established approximately, by means of internal evidence, as from 1500 to 1000 B. C. Some scholars incline to think that the Hymns were composed a few centuries before this; some have even imagined that 3000 B. C. is not too early a date to give to this venerable 'Collection,' which, however, as its name and nature imply, can be assigned to no one specific time, but is the gleaning of centuries. Neither the philological data nor the changes in style render probable so great an antiquity as 3000 B. C. The consensus of opinion of competent scholars fails to uphold this extreme view, and inclines rather to believe that the Vedic Hymns were composed between 1500 and 1000 B. C.

We may think, then, of the first Indian literature as originating about this time in the northwest of India; the poets of the Hymns living for the most part on either side of the river Indus, whence they and their descendants immigrated slowly into the Punjâb. Later still, following the course of the Ganges, they planted one settlement after another along the banks of the Holy River, as they extended themselves to the southeast by means of successive victories over the wild tribes of hostile natives. It is important to bear in mind from the outset this southern trend of immigration, for it is reflected in the literature of the Aryan invaders, whose first songs sing the glory of Aryan gods and of the Aryan "white" race, as opposed to the "black" race of natives and their conquered deities. The poets that give us the first Indian literature represent a people akin to Greek, Roman, and Teuton; and like their cousins in the West, they are intensely conscious of their Aryan (that is, "noble") blood, and profoundly contemptuous of every other race. This factor must also be remembered; for it explains some very interesting features in the later literature, when Aryan blood began to be mixed with native blood and the consciousness of racial superiority became vaguer.

The extension of the warlike Aryans from the extreme northwest to about the vicinity of the modern Benares in the southeast is conterminous with the First Period of Indian literature. This period of literature — in contradistinction to the Sectarian (Buddhistic, etc.) literature on the one hand, and to Sanskrit literature in the strict sense of the term on the other — comprises the so-called 'Veda' or Vedic literature, which consists in turn of four fairly well demarcated sub-periods: first, the creative period of the Vedic Hymns; second, the ritual period of the prose Brāhmanas, which elucidate the Hymns; third, that of the Upanishads or philosophical writings, in both prose and poetry; and fourth, that of the Sūtras or manuals, which explain religious rites, and lead up to some branches of Sanskrit literature through the extension of the Sūtras' subject-matter to legal themes and to religious meditative poetry.

As might be expected from a view of the contents, the literary products of these sub-periods are of very unequal value. While the Hymns are of extraordinary interest, the Brāhmanas, composed by later generations, when the intellectual activity of the people was concerned not with productive but with explanatory work, are dull, inane, and childishly superstitious. But at the very end of this sub-period comes a revolt, and then are composed the Upanishads; compositions of great ability, and of lasting value for every student of religion and of literature. The Sūtra period, again, is an intermediate one and of only passing interest. As said above, these four sub-periods constitute the Vedic period. All that and only that which is composed in this whole period is Vedic. Every other form of Indian literature is either (1) Sanskrit; or (2) dialectic, as for instance Pāli literature, — Pāli being the dialect, neither Vedic nor Sanskrit, in which the most important Buddhistic works are composed.

It is essential to understand exactly what "Vedic" and "Sanskrit" really mean, for in the Occident the latter is often used as if it were synonymous with Indian, whereas it actually connotes only the later Indian literature; and in the West, 'Vedic' is frequently used to indicate the Vedic Hymns alone, whereas 'Veda' properly denotes Hymns, Brāhmanas, Upanishads, and Sūtras, — in short, all that literature which orthodox Hindus esteem peculiarly holy. In distinction from the sacred Vedic works, Sanskrit works — that is, works composed in the refined Sanskrit language — are compositions of men who are indeed regarded as sages, but whose works are not thought to be inspired. The general distinction, then, between Vedic and Sanskrit works is that of holy writ and profane literature; though it may be said at once that no literary compositions in India were committed to writing until long after Buddha's time, the fifth century B. C.

It is true, as has recently been shown, that the Hindus were acquainted with the art of making letters as early as the seventh century, when the Vedic period was closing. But letters at first were used only for cut inscriptions; they were not employed for written compositions. The chiseled rock was known in India ages before the palm leaf was scratched and lettered. It is almost inconceivable, yet it is a fact, that all of the immense literature prior to the time of Buddha, and even for some time after his age, was committed to memory by specialists, as different priests devoted their lives to learning and to handing on different branches of the traditional literature. How immense this literature was, and how great was the task to learn by heart even a single Collection of Hymns or a single Brāhmana, will become obvious as the literature is reviewed in detail. At present it is sufficient to call particular attention to the fact that memorizing the sacred works of antiquity was an important factor not only in determining the kind of literature that arose at different periods, but also in conditioning the genius of the people itself. For long after writing was known, it was still considered wrong to vulgarize the sacred works by committing them to visible form; and memorizing them is still the way in which they are taught to young scholars. The result has always been and still is that memory is the best cultivated part of the Hindu scholar's mind, and is most esteemed by him. The effect of this memorizing upon the literature is apparent in many ways. Logical acumen yields to traditional wisdom; discussion of historical matters is prevented; the one who best reflects the opinion of the ancients is esteemed as a greater sage than he who thinks for himself.

From these general considerations we may now turn to the detailed study of the great periods of Indian literature: the Vedic, the Sectarian, and the Sanskrit proper. To these should be added a period which can be described briefly as Modern; that is to say, the period covered by the time since the sixteenth century, during which time Indian thought has been to a marked degree under foreign influence. The literature of this last period is still Sanskrit to some extent, but many of the more important works are composed in dialect. For greater clearness of survey, a table of the periods with their subdivisions is here given. That these periods and sub-periods are not absolutely exclusive of those that precede and follow, is a matter of course. Works imitative of those of the older periods sometimes continued to be composed long after the time when arose the works on which they were modeled. But in general the successive stages of the literature are fairly well represented by the following scheme, which will serve as a guiding thread in tracing the development of the whole literature:—

First Period: Vedic Literature — (*a*) The Hymns; (*b*) Brāhmanas and Upanishads; (*c*) Sūtras. Second Period: Sectarian literature of Buddhism and other sects. Third Period: Sanskrit literature — (*a*) Epics and Purānas; (*b*) fables and the drama; (*c*) lyric poetry. Fourth Period: Modern Sanskrit and dialectic literature.

First Period: Vedic Literature — (*a*) The Hymns. Vedic — or as it is sometimes and more correctly spelled, Vaidic — is an adjective originally applied to the language and literature of the Veda; that is, the "knowledge" or "wisdom" of the ancients, as it is handed down first in the sacred Hymns, then in the works (Brāhmanas) which elucidate the Hymns, and in the writings (Upanishads) which draw philosophical theories from them, and finally in the manuals (Sūtras) which condense into aphoristic form the accumulated teaching of older generations. The Sūkta (literally *bons mots*) or Hymns, then, are the historical and logical starting-point of the whole Indian literature. They have been preserved in four different Collections or Sanhitās, known respectively as the 'Collection of Verses,' Rig-Veda Sanhitā; the 'Song-Collection,' Sāma-Veda Sanhitā; the 'Collection of Formulæ,' Yajur-Veda Sanhitā; and finally the 'Collection of (the sage) Atharvan,' Atharva-Veda Sanhitā. The first of these is the oldest and most esteemed; the last is a late Collection, — so late in fact that it was not recognized as an authoritative Collection till long after the other three, which three together are often referred to in Indian literature as the Triple Veda, with tacit exclusion of the claim of the adherents of the Atharva-Veda to recognition. Each of these Collections of Hymns has its own supplements, — viz., its own elucidatory Brāhmanas, its own philosophical Upanishads, and its own manuals, Sūtras. To the Hindu, the Collection of Hymns and these supplements together constitute any one 'Veda'; though in the Occident, as said above, we are accustomed to use the word Veda, as for instance Rig-Veda, to designate not the whole complex but the hymns alone of any one Veda, employing for the remaining parts of the complex the specific terms Brāhmana and Sūtra. The Vedic Collections demand the first place in a review of Vedic literature. The supplementary parts, Brāhmanas and Sūtras, belong, both in the case of the Rig-Veda and in the case of the other Vedas, to a later period. Of these Collections, that of the Rig-Veda, as "the oldest and the best," as the Hindus say, is by far the most important. Not only so, but the other Collections are in great measure only recastings of the earlier Rig-Veda Hymns. We shall review them severally in the order given above.

The Rig-Veda Collection consists of somewhat more than a thousand hymns, composed in various metres and by various poets and

families of poets; for the hymns themselves show by the utterance of their authors that several generations have wrought them,—or "seen" them, as is the Hindu expression to designate a revealed or inspired composition. As to the inspiration and the history of belief in it, there are many indications that the poets often laid no claim to special Divine guidance in the manufacture of their songs. They speak of "fashioning" them "as a carpenter fashions a car," of "toiling" over them; or say simply, "This song I have made like a workman working artistically." Other poets, however, do claim that they are inspired by the god they worship; and on this occasional claim, together with the naturally increasing venerableness of ancient works, rests the later hypothesis of the revealed religion contained in the old hymns.

The Rig-Veda Hymns are collected from older and more primitive family Collections into one great whole, which however, in its formal divisions, still reflects the composite family origin. Of the ten books or 'Circles'—Mandalas, as they are called—of the Rig-Veda Collection, seven are referred to distinct priestly families; and the first book of the general Collection bears no one family name simply because it is composed of little groups of hymns, groups too small to stand alone as special books. But with few exceptions, each of the groups, as in the case of the large books, is referred by tradition to a special priestly poet and his descendants. Occasionally one family Collection will contain hymns attributed to a member of an entirely different family, which has its own Circle of hymns; but in general the family lines are quite closely drawn. Again, some of the family Circles bear internal evidence of being much later than others, and in each Circle some hymns may easily be picked out as much later than others. It is therefore important to observe that with the exception of the eighth Circle (family Collection), all the family Circles are arranged in the order of their length. For instance, the Circle or Collection of the Viçvāmitra family, which stands third in the whole Collection, is just a little longer than the Circle of the Gautama family, which stands second; and so on. From the second to the eighth book, inclusive, the hymns are thus arranged by families. The arrangement according to the length of the books continues further, for the tenth or last book is the longest, and the ninth is longer than the preceding in its first form (many obviously late hymns have increased disproportionately the size of the eighth book); but in these last two books the family character ceases. The tenth book is a medley from different families, and is plainly the latest in time as well as the last in order. The ninth book is quite peculiar in that it is neither referred to any one family, nor are its hymns addressed, as is the case in all other books,

to various divinities; but it is a Collection of hymns from various sources addressed to Soma alone, the deified yellow plant from which was made the sacrosanct intoxicating liquor used by the priests in sacrifice. This general principle of placing in order the family Circles according to their respective lengths shows that the Rig-Veda Collection as a whole is a work mechanically arranged. A study of the inner construction of each family Circle confirms this. In each of these minor Collections, with the exception of the Circle of the Kanva family, to whom is attributed the eighth book of the Rig-Veda Collection, the hymns are carefully disposed, first according to the divinity extolled in each hymn, and then according to the length of the hymn in decreasing order. So thoroughly is this principle carried out that it is easy to detect interpolated hymns — of which there are quite a number — by an irregularity in length, or again by observing that the divinity extolled in any hymn stands out of place in the proper order of gods.

This last factor carries us from the outer form to the inner substance of the Hymns. If the former shows that the original editors of the Rig-Veda Collection followed a mechanical rule in shaping that Collection, the latter shows no less plainly that the Vedic Hymns are not, as was supposed until lately, childlike outpourings of spirit on the part of simple neatherds, or the expression of primitive religious thought on the part of unsophisticated believers in deified natural phenomena. It is indeed true that there are unaffectedly simple hymns to Heaven, to Dawn, to the Sun, and even one to Earth. But the number of these hymns is out of all proportion to those in which are extolled the three great priestly divinities, Fire, Indra, Soma. Furthermore, their place in each family Circle of hymns, as well as the fact that these divinities have so large a majority of all the hymns, shows that with some marked exceptions, which probably reflect in part an older circle of ideas, the purely priestly divinities were those held in highest esteem. It is not necessary, however, to assume that these gods were priestly creations. Soma was worshiped before the Hindus entered India; Fire was probably one of the earliest divinities; and though Indra has not so great an antiquity, he was yet originally a popular god of storm and tempest. But it is in the mystical interpretation of these gods in the Hymns that one may see how far removed from popular and primitive thought is the theology of the Rig-Veda. Agni (Latin *ignis*) is by no means simply the god of fire. The songs addressed to him reveal the fact that to the poets, Agni was above all the fire on the sacrificial altar. Sometimes a more philosophical point of view is taken, and then Agni is the triune god, the three in one; the god who manifests himself first in the earthly fire as it burns upon the altar, then as lightning in the

sky, and then again as the sun in heaven. So too Indra, the god of tempest, whose lightning pierces the clouds and lets out the longed-for rain when the monsoon breaks at the beginning of summer, is regarded and lauded not as a simple natural phenomenon, but as the spiritual power behind this phenomenon, mystically identical with Agni, whose form as lightning is indissolubly linked with the outward appearance of Indra. But above all, Soma the intoxicating plant — to which, as was said above, are addressed all the hymns of the ninth book, besides occasional hymns in other books — is so mystically interpreted that eventually the yellow plant is esoterically treated as an earthly form of the moon (whence Soma is sometimes called the moon-plant); and every stage in the preparation of this drink is regarded as part of a sacred ceremony, while even the press stones are deified, and the plant as liquor is spoken of in the most extravagant terms imaginable.

In sharp contrast to these, which constitute the great bulk of the Rig-Veda Collection, stand the isolated hymns in which are praised the Dawn and Heaven. Here the style changes. In the Dawn hymns is found very lovely imagery: most delicate and exquisite portrayal of the wonderful daily rise of Aurora, as she appears in red and golden light, bringing blessings to man. The hymns to Heaven, while for the most part devoid of mysticism, reflect a lofty contemplative spirit; and from a literary point of view these hymns are the finest in the whole Collection, as the Dawn hymns are the most beautiful. The number of these hymns to Dawn and Heaven is small, and, especially in the case of the hymns to Heaven, they are confined chiefly to one or two early family Circles, with some later imitations in other family Collections. These latter, however, show an increasing mysticism in their treatment of the great Heaven god. In the early hymns Heaven is not simply the sky: he is the heavenly power throned in the watery sky, whose eyes are the stars, who watches over the hosts of men and sees their actions, good and bad. In the further development of Vedic theology this god is reduced to a mere god of punishment, who sits enthroned not on the waters of the sky, but in the depths of the sea. Other hymns in the Rig-Veda Collection are addressed to inferior divinities, of which there are a multitude; while still others are purely philosophical and mystical, discussing the origin of life and of the world, and reflecting the later spirit of philosophical investigation. Most of these can be referred undoubtedly to the end of the work, as can also the few poems of the Collection on worldly subjects. They are found in the last (tenth) book, and in recent additions to the first book. The tenth book contains also some very interesting and apparently antique burial and wedding hymns; as well as other hymns addressed directly to Yama, the lord of the dead.

The metre of all the hymns is more or less alike. With occasional variations most of them are composed in octosyllabic, hendecasyllabic, or dodecasyllabic verses, grouped in stanzas of three or four verses, often with a clearly defined strophic arrangement of stanzas. Except for the avowedly mystic hymns the language is simple and clear. Each god is extolled by mentioning his great works, and his help is besought by the poet as reward for the song. The authors are chiefly priests; a few hymns, however, are composed by women, and in the case of some of the earlier hymns it may be that the poets were not priests but laymen. At this time the caste system was not thoroughly worked out, but the people were roughly divided into three classes,—the husbandmen, the fighters or king's men, and the priests.

The other Vedic Collections may be dismissed very briefly. The Sāma-Veda Collection duplicates parts of the Rig-Veda Collection; for it is simply a rearranged part of the latter, chiefly of the Soma hymns, used as a song-book for the priests. It contains altogether only a few verses not already found in the Rig-Veda Collection, and it has no interest except as a storehouse of varied readings, which in the absence of different recensions of the Rig-Veda Collection are of value, but only to the specialist. The text of the Rig-Veda Collection is handed down both in the literary form, and in a syllabic form where each syllable, without regard to metrical synthesis, is given separately, so that there is little opportunity for change in the text. The varied readings in the Sāma Collection are clearly late in most instances, and offer only such alteration of text as would make a recitative chant more adaptable to the voice in singing, or such wanton changes as replace an older unintelligible word by a newer form.

On the other hand, the Yajur-Veda Collection is of no small historical interest, although its dislocated verses are the verses of the Rig-Veda Collection arranged to be spoken by the priest who carries on the sacrifice; and this historical interest is due to the way in which these verses are interwoven with the first prose form of the literature. For here, in one of the Yajur-Veda Collections, the verses are arranged without reference to their logical sequence, and merely as they are recited as mystic formulæ, *Yajus*, at the sacrifice; while between the verses thus cited stand prose directions to the priest in regard to the order of the sacrifice, the way it should be performed, and the significance of the various acts, and a general etymological and philosophical elucidation of the text, together with explanatory legends in regard to the gods and rites treated of or referred to in the text itself. Unhappily all this prose is absolutely devoid of literary art, and the subject-matter itself is uninteresting: but the Yajur-Veda Collection is still valuable as revealing the purpose and form of

the earliest Indo-European prose; for although this Collection is probably several centuries later than the Rig-Veda Collection,—as is shown by the new and complete ritualism, by the style, language, geographical allusions, and even by the theology,—yet it is still old enough to antedate all other Indo-European prose. It may be referred to about the eighth century, and perhaps even to an earlier date. The Yajur-Veda Collection is both a Collection, and in its prose portions a Brāhmana, for it has all the characteristics of that later form of literature. There are several recensions of the text, but they differ mainly in arrangement. The chief recensions are known as the White and the Black Yajur-Veda, respectively.

The fourth Vedic Collection is referred to an ancient sage, Atharvan, and hence bears the name of the Atharva-Veda Collection. It is a late work, though some of its elements—demon-worship, etc.—are old; and it consists in general of Rig-Veda verses interspersed with new verses of benedictive or more generally of maledictive character, as well as charms, formulæ for relief from illness and avoidance of expected harm, incantations, and all the hocus-pocus of a wizard's repertoire. And this in general is its character, though it contains a few hymns of loftier tone and of some philosophical value: they are hymns which might belong to the end of the Rig-Veda, but their philosophy and theology show that they were composed even later than the latest hymns of that older Collection. This Vedic Collection is even now not recognized by some orthodox priests; and as has been said, it was long in obtaining any formal recognition from any one. It appears to have been a sort of manual for sorcerers, into whose collection of balderdash have slipped some really good hymns composed too late to be included in the Rig-Veda Collection. The style of these philosophical hymns is like that of the latest hymns of the Rig-Veda; but that of the sorcerers' incantations does not rise above the usual doggerel of degraded superstition as it is exhibited in religious formulæ.

The second sub-period (*b*) of Vedic literature embraces the elucidatory Brāhmanas and the philosophical Upanishads. The latter in their earliest form are nothing more than appendices, usually inserted at the end of the Brāhmanas, and are always regarded as subsidiary to them. The Brāhmanas are the completed form of that kind of prose literature described above as appearing first in the Yajur-Veda; viz., they are prose works explanatory of the sacrifice in every detail. This is the real object for which they were composed; and for this reason all else, even the philosophy of the Upanishads, is regarded as of secondary importance, and if admitted into a Brāhmana at all the Upanishad is relegated to a place at the end of the whole work (included in the Aranyakas, supplements to the Brāhmanas), so as

not to interfere with the explanation of the established rite, which is followed step by step by the Brāhmana. As in the prose of the Yajur-Veda, so here, the elucidation of the text includes not only textual commentary but also very valuable illustrative legends, theological discussions, the refutation of false views in regard to some detail in the arrangement of the sacrifice or with reference to the building of the altar, etc.; and in short, whatever may be useful or interesting to a priest in the execution of his daily task. The style here is insufferably bad, the content is puerile, the works are without any literary value whatever save in the Upanishads. The latter, as befits their grander theme, are often elevated and are always dignified. They are of prime historical importance, for they preserve for us the first record of the true philosophizing spirit. Their aim is always the same, the search for true being and the explanation of the early problems — what is being, what is death, what is soul, and what is heaven, or does heaven exist? The answer forms the kernel of pantheistic philosophy. The very questions raised show how far apart from each other the Upanishads and the earliest Hymns stand; but on the other hand, the Upanishads stand very near to those speculative Hymns which close the various Collections. It is possible that a few of the oldest extant Upanishads are really older than the bulk of the Brāhmanas to which they are attached; but as with other Hindu works of a popular character, the date to which any one Upanishad may be referred is extremely doubtful. The oldest composition of this sort cannot claim an antiquity much greater than the sixth century B. C. On the other hand, works bearing the same title, though only nominally connected, or not connected at all, with any Brāhmana, were composed at a much later period than this; and some of them are no better than the Sectarian tracts of the post-Renaissance period (800–1000 A. D.). The number of Brāhmanas is comparatively small. Each Veda has one or more; the two that are most important belong to the Rig-Veda and the White Yajur-Veda, and are called respectively the Aitareya and the Catapatha Brāhmanas (see below). The Upanishads run up to some two hundred in number, of which the Aitareya and the Chāndogya are perhaps the most famous and appear to be among the oldest. Some of the Upanishads are attributed to sages of the past; but like the Brāhmanas, they are in general the continued product of Vedic schools. They represent the traditional wisdom that gradually accumulated in the Carana or group of students, who collected about a teacher and who themselves in time became teachers of new pupils, each carrying on and adding to the exegesis of the holy texts.

The Sūtra sub-period (*c*) offers little of interest from a literary point of view, save in the spectacle of the gradual growth of this

peculiar phenomenon in letters. The (prose) Sūtras are literally "threads" to assist the memory; strings of rules, which in compactest form inculcate ancient rites and regulations. They usually form independent works connected with some Vedic school. The ritual Sūtras devoted to the interpretation of the sacrifice are devoid of general interest; but those that touch upon domestic rites, practices, and rules, *dharma*, are the forerunners of all legal literature in India. They are composed in prose with occasional verses; and although their epitomized form excludes them from a history of literature, as much as a school text-book would be excluded to-day, they nevertheless form an interesting historical background to the great law-books, *Dharma-çāstra*, of later times, which were developed in metrical form out of these older prose aphorisms. An instance of such a metrical Dharma-çāstra is the law code of Manu. The Sūtras are the last form of Vedic literature, and may be referred to about the sixth century B. C.; though some continued to be composed, notably in the case of domestic and legal Sūtras, till nearly the time of our era. The language is only partly Vedic, and in great measure approaches the later norm of Sanskrit.

The following list contains the most important Brāhmanas and Sūtras, according to their place within the various Vedas to which they respectively belong. Their mass is great, but their literary value is small:—

I. The Rig-Veda: This comprises—(1) The Collection of Hymns; (2) The Aitareya and Çānkāhyana (also called Kaushītaki) Brāhmanas, each of which has a Supplement or Āranyaka of the same name, together with its Upanishad; (3) The two Sūtras of Āçvalāyana, ritual and domestic respectively; and also the two similar Sūtras of Çānkhāyana. These Sūtras belong each to the Brāhmana of the same name. The Brāhmanas of the Rig-Veda are generally simple in style, and have the appearance of being among the oldest works of this sort. The Sūtras are not particularly old, and are as devoid of literary merit as are other works of this class, but they contain much interesting historical matter.

II. The Sāma-Veda: This comprises—(1) The Collection representing the ninth book of the Rig-Veda Collection; (2) The Tāndya (also called Pancavinça) Brāhmana and the Shadvinça Brāhmana. The latter, meaning "twenty-sixth book," is only an appendix to the Pancavinça Brāhmana, "of five-and-twenty books." This Brāhmana is marked by its mystic and inflated style, and is probably much later than the Brāhmanas of the Rig-Veda. The so-called Chāndogya Brāhmana is really only an Upanishad, perhaps a remnant of a Brāhmana now lost except for this philosophical supplement. Another Upanishad belonging to this Veda is the Kena, not apparently

a very old one. The Jaiminīya or Talavakāra Brāhmana, belonging here, is as yet unpublished; it is one of the least valuable of Brāhmanas. This Veda comprises also — (3) The ritual Sūtras of Maçaka and of Lātyāyana, belonging to the Pancavinça Brāhmana, and a number of domestic Sūtras, the most important being that of Gobbhila, also belonging to the Pancavinça Brāhmana. There are others of less importance attributed to no (extant) Brāhmana, but they all seem to be of late date.

III. The Yajur-Veda· This Veda is handed down in two chief recensions of Collections and Brāhmanas. The older is the Black Yajur-Veda; and here the prose explanation is intermingled with the verses to be explained. The later is the White Yajur-Veda, Vājasaneyi Sanhitā, where verses and explanation stand apart; the first being in the Sanhitā, or Collection, the second in the Brāhmana, just as in the case of the Rig-Veda and Sāma-Veda. Each of these has come down in several schools or sub-recensions, those of the Black Yajur being the Maitrāyanīya, the Ātreya, the Kāthaka, etc., those of the White Yajur being the Kānva and Mādhyamdina recensions. As is implied by the name, the Brāhmana called the Taittirīya Brāhmana belongs to the Taittirīya or Black Yajur-Veda, and is one of the oldest Brāhmanas, though not especially interesting. On the other hand, perhaps the most important of all the Brāhmanas is the Çatapatha Brāhmana of the White Yajur-Veda. This great work, apart from its professed purpose of explaining the verses of the Sanhitā as they are employed in the ritual of sacrifice, abounds in legends and in historical allusions; while its supplementary portion, Āranyaka, furnishes one of the most important Upanishads. The different strata of growth can still be traced in it, some parts being much older than others. In this regard it gives a good example of the overlapping of literary periods; since, while the original Brāhmana may be referred to the seventh or eighth centuries B. C., the later additions run over into the Sūtra period and do not appear to antedate the third century. Ritual Sūtras of this Veda are found in both recensions. Those of the Black Yajur-Veda are the Katha and Mānava Sūtras. The chief ritual Sūtra of the White Yajur-Veda is attributed to Kātyāyana. The chief domestic Sūtra is that of Pāraskara. These were probably the original teachers. From the Mānava domestic Sūtra has come the germ of the Mānava law-book, or 'Code of Manu,' the principal metrical law-book of later times (see above). Late but important is the Sūtra of Baudhāyana, belonging to the Black Yajur-Veda (Taittirīya) school.

IV. The Atharva-Veda Collection, as already stated, is largely composed of Rig-Veda verses, and in its last (twentieth) book simply duplicates Rig-Veda verses; but besides its Collection, the Atharva-

Veda includes also one Brāhmana, called the Gopatha, a number of late Upanishads, and the Vaitāna Sūtra.

Second Period: Sectarian Literature of Buddhism and other religious sects.

Buddha lived in the sixth century B. C., before the rise of Sanskrit literature in its proper sense, and at a time when Vedic literature was dragging to a lame conclusion in the weary composition of rituals and manuals. Apart from the poetic-philosophic oasis of the Upanishads, literature was become a dry desert. Everything refreshing had been brought from a home distant both in time and space. For with the close of the Brahmanic period, the Aryan tribes are found to have advanced far beyond the limits of the early Vedic period. A steady geographical descent accompanies the decline of Vedic literature, as this decline is shown in lack of vigor and originality. To the Aryan of the Rig-Veda the country south and east of the Punjâb was scarcely known. The Brahmanic period, on the other hand, shows that the seat of culture was gradually shifting down the Ganges; and an interesting legend of the time still reveals the fact that somewhere between the commencement and end of this period the district about the present Benares was becoming Brahmanized. At the end of the period it had indeed become a second home of culture, and a strong rival of the ancient "Brahman-land" in the northwest; but with this important difference,—that whereas the older habitat of Brahmanism retained its reverence for the wisdom of antiquity, the eastern district, newly Brahmanized and governed by kings often inimical to the Brahman priests, showed no such respect for Vedic learning. The Brahman priests and their learning were here not of paramount importance; thought was freer, and tradition was not *per se* authoritative.

So much is necessary on the one hand to explain the appearance of Buddhism in the east rather than in the west, and on the other hand to explain the relative orthodox character of such sectarian literature as was the result of a partial revolt in the west. In the east, in an unsympathetic environment, arose the literature of Buddhism, totally opposed in its effect to the teaching of Brahmanism. In the west however arose Jainism and its literature, which was sectarian to a certain degree, but was never so antagonistic to Brahmanism as was by necessity the literature that marks the Buddhistic revolt. These two sects dominate the literature of the period that follows the Brāhmanas, but they are contemporary with the development of the Sūtras. It is therefore just at the time when the gross ritualism of the Brahmans reaches its highest development that the more spiritual literature of the religious sects finds a fit soil; and it is while the Brahman priests continue to content themselves

with making aphoristic text-books, and utterly give up all attempt to add to the wisdom of their fathers, that the sectaries find and embrace the opportunity to grow.

Of the personal history of Buddha, and of Mahāvira his great Jain rival, this is not the place to speak in detail. The literature alone that groups itself about these two men can here be reviewed, and of the historical questions naturally prominent, only one can here be answered: viz., Do the Discourses or Sermons of Buddha really represent Buddha's own words; in reading them are we reading the literature of Buddha's time, or of a time much later: in a word, how much in Buddhistic literature is apocryphal? Probably a great many of the Discourses traditionally handed down as Buddha's are merely late compositions. But on the contrary, many of these works can be with certainty brought back so near to Buddha's own lifetime that we must unquestionably consider them as genuine, not only in spirit but often in expression, though perhaps not often in the very order of words of a whole Discourse. The works of Buddhism which have for us the greatest value are these Discourses of Buddha. There are other works of less interest which are clearly later compositions, as they describe and prescribe the life of Buddhistic monks in their great monasteries. Still other works are historical, and relate the conflicts of opinion between the monks at the different great councils of the Buddhistic church in the centuries following Buddha's death.

These Sermons, Discourses, Precepts, and Histories are handed down to us not in Sanskrit but in Pāli, the dialect native to Buddha, and which is closely related to Sanskrit or the cultivated language which had developed out of the Vedic. There is however another and later account of Buddha's life and doctrine, which is found in Sanskrit; and until recently works of this sort were the only known authority for the history of Buddhistic literature. Fortunately, the Pāli texts now publishing give us an earlier and simpler account of Buddha's life; and with great advantage to his personality, they reduce him from a superhuman creature to a noble man. These Pāli books were first found in Ceylon, and they are sometimes called the southern in distinction from the later (Sanskrit) northern records. The first of these works to be published was the 'Great History,' Mahāvansa, which was completely edited in 1837. These southern texts are in three Pitakas or Traditional Collections (literally "baskets"), which constitute together the gospel of Buddhism. The first Pitaka is called the Vinaya or "ruler" (of the Buddhistic Order). It gives the history of the order and the rules to be observed by monks and nuns. The second Pitaka contains the Suttas (Discourses or Sermons), and the elucidation of the philosophy of Buddha. The third Pitaka, called the Abhidhamma, is supplementary, and discusses more

in detail certain psychological and ethical questions connected with the philosophical system.

Each of these Pitakas is subdivided: the first, the Vinaya, into three parts, Suttavibhanga, Khandhakas, and Parivāra. The first of these divisions gives a sort of catechism (the Pātimaukha); so as to present a full exposition, *vibhanga*, of all the 227 rules, *suttas*, of the Order. This work probably dates from 400 B. C. The Khandhakas or Treatises, the second part of the Vinaya, deal with special rules and ceremonies. There are twenty of these Treatises; but their content is not particularly interesting, as they contain for the most part only regulations in regard to fasts, food, clothes, etc. The last book of the Vinaya, the Parivāra, is, as the name implies, a Supplement, a mere manual of rules. The second Pitaka (Suttapitaka) contains four great Nikāyas or Collections of Discourses. The first two of these four constitute one whole book, containing 183 Discourses of Buddha. It is curious to notice that these, like the early books of the Rig-Veda, are arranged mechanically according to length. This is by far the oldest of the Pitakas, and from a literary point of view it is the most valuable. Instead of the dry enumeration of rules, such as is found in the first Pitaka, the language, really Buddha's or imitative of his artless and forcible words, glows with fervor, but is as lofty in tone as it is simple in style. The remaining Nikāyas of this Pitaka attempt to correct the lack of logical clearness resulting from an arrangement of the Discourses according to length, and to classify the teaching of Buddha; in so doing they also give the teacher's philosophical system, as far as it may be said to be systematized. The last Pitaka, the Abhidhamma, has been published only in part (as is still the case with several of the Discourses), but enough is now known to correct the error till lately prevalent, that this Pitaka was a metaphysical work. On the contrary, it is merely a book on rules and truths of religion, and treats of ethical problems and psychological situations rather than of metaphysical subtleties.

These works comprise the whole Buddhistic Canon, with the exception of a few Collections of poems and aphorisms, which the early Buddhists themselves regarded as not canonical but as worthy of preservation; and other Collections ostensibly historical, giving the lives of good men, the previous births of Buddha himself, etc. The most famous of these is the 'Dhammapada,' 423 aphoristic ethical verses of great force and beauty. Others are called the 'Iti Vullakam' (*i. e.*, literally, the Ipse Dixit), sayings attributed to Buddha; 'Udāna,' or ecstatic exclamations of Buddha; etc. Of these additions to the Canon, none, from one point of view, is more important than the 'Birth Stories,' Jātakas, which convey a mass of popular folk-lore under the guise of describing the conditions of Buddha's earlier lives

on earth, when as a man or a beast he discoursed with other men and beasts. Undoubtedly the germ of this Collection is very old, and the work as a whole contains some of the most primitive folk-lore extant. On the other hand, many of these Jātaka stories are modern inventions, imitations of the antique. Besides the Canon and its supplementary works, the Buddhistic commentary of Buddhaghosha, in the fifth century A. D., holds the next place in the literature. The Buddhistic literature of Nepal, China, Japan, etc., lies outside the limits of a sketch of Indian literature. Of the late Sanskrit poems which represent one phase of Buddhism, the chief are the 'Lalita Vistara,' which pretends to give a history of Buddha, and the 'Lotus of the Law.' These were the first Buddhistic works known to Western scholars, and early histories depended on them; but they are poetic fictions of exaggerated style, bearing the impress in content and diction of their late authorship.

Jain Literature: At the time Buddha lived there were half a dozen well-known heterodox sects, the leaders of which, like himself, preached and taught through northern India. But only in the Jain sect of the teacher Mahāvīra did there result such crystallization of the Master's words as to produce, or at any rate to leave behind, works in literary form. Furthermore, even in the case of Mahāvīra's own sect there is no evidence to show that the literature, though large, is really very old. As has been said above, Jainism flourished in the west rather than in the east. Contiguous with the seat of old Brahmanic culture, it kept a closer correspondence with Brahmanism in many features than did Buddhism. The sterility of thought inseparable from Jain doctrine results in a sterile style. In all this literature of pseudo-history and canonical rules, Stutis, Stotras, "lauds," etc., there is nothing elevating or inspiring. In fact, the rules of the order alone and their explanation are the whole literature, except for some late metaphysical treatises and so-called historical books. The contrast of this literature with that of Buddhism will be seen in the typical extracts given below from the literature of both sects. The later literature of Jainism is to a great extent a copy of Brahmanic literary works, adapted to the sectarian faith of Mahāvīra. Thus there is a Jain Epic, and there are Jain stories, partly original but chiefly imitative of orthodox Sanskrit works. These present a curious amalgam, but are void of worth save as historical studies. This literature is written partly in a Prakrit dialect (patois), and partly in Sanskrit. Like the Buddhistic works, it is to a certain extent metrical.

Third Period: Sanskrit Literature Proper.—The literature which we have been discussing as the Second Period of Indian literature was neither Vedic nor Sanskrit in language; nor does it form, strictly speaking, an epoch in the development of Brahmanic literature. It

is a thing apart from the latter, in that Buddhism and Jainism break with tradition, and are unorthodox; whereas Brahmanic Sanskrit literature is the direct offspring of the older Vedic literature, both in language and in the respect which Sanskrit authors have for Vedic traditions. But in point of time, Buddhism and Jainism intervene between the moribund Vedic literature and the first appearance of Sanskrit literature. From the broader point of view of the whole Indian literature, they therefore actually form a distinct period by themselves; although, as has been shown, the last outcome of Vedic literature in the form of didactic manuals overlaps the period of Buddhism. Yet these manuals are not literature, but are rather the aids and helps of literature; and by the time that Buddhism reaches its height, under the patronage of King Açoka in the third century B. C., Vedic literature is virtually complete: while it is about this time that Sanskrit literature, in the form of the Epic (see below), actually begins.

Before this Sanskrit literature is taken up, however, it is necessary for us to cast a glance at some other didactic works, generally couched in aphoristic form and utterly devoid of all attempt at style, which were composed from the end of the Vedic period to the end of the Sanskrit period. It is not on account of their own literary value, for they have none, but because of their effect upon literature, that the nature of these works, also ancillary to literature, must be examined. Especially is their influence paramount in the development of Sanskrit literature; and a rapid review of these educational, philosophical, and scientific tracts — for they are nothing more — will do much to help in advance the correct understanding of the influences which were at work from the beginning upon Sanskrit. To omit any mention of these works would be like giving a history of late Greek literature without any allusion to the work of the scholars of Alexandria. Chief in importance are here the grammatical studies and philosophical essays that begin with the decline of Vedic literature. From the end of the Vedic period there were composed manuals of phonology, grammar, and etymology, together with lists of words of archaic form or peculiar meaning. In the fourth century B. C. the renowned Pānini wrote his exhaustive grammar, wherein Vedic and Sanskrit forms are carefully distinguished, and rules are given for the making of grammatical tenses and cases. In the second century B. C., Kātyāyana in his 'Vārttikas' and Patanjali in his 'Mahābhāshya' furnished commentaries to this work. These grammatical and lexicographical works led directly to formal Rhetoric, the first extant book on this subject being the Nātyaçāstra of Bharata, who lived (the date is rather uncertain) at some time between the first and sixth centuries A. D. To the latter century belongs the poet and grammarian Dandin, whose 'Kāvyādarça' or

'Rhetoric' is historically as important as is his literary work (see below). Vāmana's 'Principles of Poetry' probably belongs to the eighth century A. D., just when Sanskrit, as we shall see, becomes most artificial. Other works of this sort follow in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. From the precision of their formal rules we may see how it happened that the literary style, influenced by such teachers, gradually changed from simplicity to intricacy.

Of the many works, dating from the close of the Vedic period, on music, mathematics, astronomy, and medicine, mention can here be made only of the mathematical 'Çulva-Sūtras.' These apparently antedate Pythagoras; yet they contain the "Pythagorean" number and problem, and together with other Hindu works, they are probably the model of Pythagoras's own numerical system of philosophy.

The legal literature of India is enormous in extent; but its origin has been explained above, and the many modern codes and digests cannot be reviewed here. Sufficient to say that legal literature and Epic didactic (legal) passages present many instances of similarity, which afford some interesting historical-literary problems not yet solved.

Most important of all this subsidiary literature are the many works on philosophy. They were originally composed in aphorisms; and the original set of aphorisms with the extensive elucidations of commentators constitute a philosophical system. Of the formal systems there are six; but the explanation of philosophical questions in the loose and rambling style of the Vedic Upanishads is the earlier form of this sort of literature. How the various doctrines based on the ideas of the Upanishads are developed in Sūtras and expounded in Commentaries, is matter rather of the history of philosophy than of a history of literature. There is no Plato in India, no poet of philosophy, no scientific stylist. The only style aimed at by philosophical writers is one that shall express most in fewest words. In the ninth century A. D. lived Çankara, and his name deserves to be mentioned as the greatest of Hindu philosophical writers. But all that it is here necessary to know of this constant philosophizing — the philosophical era extends from about 500 B. C. to the end of the period of Sanskrit literature — is that its effect on literature was very great; and as all philosophy included a religious system as well, it may be said to have been doubly influential. Especially is this true in the case of the influence exerted upon the Epic, the first form of pure literature in Sanskrit, and upon the Epic's religious continuation in the later Purānas. To these, as the first works of the Third Period of Indian literature, we may now turn.

Sanskrit Literature: (*a*) Epics and Purānas. The oldest compositions in Sanskrit are — first, the Epic called the 'Bhārata,' or grandiloquently the 'Mahābhārata,' that is, the Great (Mahā) Bhārata (War);

and second, such of the Vedic Sūtras as are written almost in Sanskrit, though still retaining much of the Vedic style. Epic literature in its beginnings, however, undoubtedly goes much farther back than the oldest portion of the extant Epic. Early in the Vedic period there is mention of Tales of old, and of singers who sang the deeds of great men. Even in the Rig-Veda Collection a few hymns describing battles of the Aryans, and one describing a conversation between the nymph Urvaçī and her lover Purūravas, approach the Epic style. It is probable that the Bhārata thus reverts in its original shape to the later Vedic period; but in its present condition it has been so worked over at the hands of the priests of Vishnu and Çiva that it is matter of pure conjecture in what shape it was originally planned. Probably the oldest parts are a few scenes giving stirring events in the history of its heroes, and some of the episodes. These latter — ancient tales incorporated into the narrative — have often only a very loose connection with the main story. Further, the Epic, as it now lies before us, includes whole books of philosophical, moral, ethical, and didactic discourses, put into the mouths of the sages who appear in the course of the tale.

A curious theory, founded on this fact, has lately been put forth to the effect that the 'Mahābhārata' story is not its own excuse for being, and that the moral and legal maxims are hung upon the characters as upon lay figures, merely to make them attractive to the common people. This theory has for support the important fact that at the close of the Vedic period the old Vedic language was become well-nigh unintelligible even to the priests, and that to inculcate moral saws it was necessary to speak in a "tongue understanded of the people." And this is true of the Epic. It is written in the Sanskrit of the time, not in antiquated Vedic; and it is expressly meant to be repeated at great festivals when the "common people and women" (who were rigorously excluded from hearing even the unintelligible words of the holy Vedic texts) could hear and were commanded to hear the recital. At the same time, this theory is far too one-sided, and takes no account of the Epic character of the poem in its older portions, or of the patent improbability of the genesis thus imagined in the case of a poem so dramatic in its action. Still less does this theory agree with historical facts; for we know that the early Greek adventurers who followed Alexander distinctly state that the Hindus had poems like Homer's, narrating the great actions of their national heroes. Had these poems been chiefly moral discourses, as with regard to its bulk the 'Bhārata' is to-day, the observant Greeks would not have failed to notice the fact. On the contrary, the most probable theory in regard to the origin of the Epic is that certain national lays and tales of old, gradually collected,

formed the basis of the story; and that it was eventually enlarged and systematized by the priests in the interest of their various sects and of general morality, until it became what it is to-day, "the fifth Veda" in importance, a huge storehouse of legend and didactic composition, through which, like a scarlet thread, runs the bloody story of the Conflict between the Clans of Kurus and Pandus, which formed the original Epic story.

In its present shape the 'Mahābhārata' is about seven times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey put together, and contains some two hundred thousand verses. Apart from what we may safely regard as late didactic material, the character of this earlier Epic is heroic in distinction from the Epic next to be considered. The style is forcible, often terse and nervous, the action is well sustained, and the whole effect produced is that of a poem written to commemorate an actual conflict between members of rival clans, who lived somewhat southeast of the Punjâb, but still near the old "Brahmanland"; for the geographical central point of the events, the Troy of this Iliad, is the town on the site of which is built the modern Delhi. In the portrayal of character the Hindu poem has in fact many analogies with its Grecian counterpart. The noble devotion and chivalric character of Arjuna, the chief hero, reminds us of Hector; the wily and sinful Duryodhana is a second Ulysses; the leader of one of the great hosts marshaled for the eighteen days' war, Yudhi-sthira (literally "steady in battle"), reminds us again, not only in name but in moral weakness and in heroic bravery, of the Withstander, Agamemnon; and Krishnā, the devoted wife of Arjuna, may be compared with Andromache. But these two Epics in their events and actions have nothing more in common than all tales of war; and the old theory that because of the resemblance in character, the Hindu Epic may have been borrowed from the Greek, is now quite given up.

The 'Bhārata' war is a war between rival cousins, of the house of Bhārata, a race of heroes mentioned even in the Rig-Veda Collection. Duryodhana deprives his cousin Yudhisthira of his throne by inducing him to gamble away his fortune, kingdom, family, and self; and then banishes Yudhisthira and the latter's four brothers for twelve years, not daring to kill them because they were "beloved by the folk." The gambling was conducted in an unfair manner, and the cousins feel that their banishment was really only the result of unchivalric treachery, although pretended to be mercy in lieu of death. When the twelve years are over, they collect armies of sympathizers; and on the "Sacred Plain of the Kurus" (Kurukshetra, near Delhi, still the Holy Land of India) the great war is fought out. The good prevails, Duryodhana is slain, Yudhisthira recovers

his kingdom. All this is told so graphically and forcibly that, although incumbered as it now is with extraneous matter, the 'Mahābhārata' still has power to charm and enthrall. This Epic was probably begun in the third or fourth century B. C., and was completed with all extraneous additions soon after the Christian era.

The second great Epic of India arose not in the west like the 'Mahābhārata,' but in the east, in the neighborhood of the seat of Buddhism. It describes the Wandering of Rāma, the national hero of the East, who is ostensibly in the tale the heir-apparent of Oude; and from Rāma's wanderings (*ayana*) the poem is called the 'Rāmāyana.' In contrast with the heroic character of the 'Bhārata' tale, the 'Rāmāyana' is distinctly romantic in style, and may be compared with the Odyssey. In this much shorter story Rāma's conflict with the southern barbarians is depicted; and the chief motif is the recapture of Sītā, Rāma's wife, who during Rāma's unjust banishment by his father was carried off by the king of the southern demons, and kept in the latter's castle in Ceylon. Rāma's victorious conflict, and the bridge which his monkey battalions built for him from the mainland to the island, are still preserved in local name and legends in southern India. As the geography of this tale shows, the date to which it must be referred is much later than that of the 'Bhārata.' There are, moreover, two main points of difference between the two poems: first that of character and style already referred to; and second the fact that the 'Rāmāyana,' while undoubtedly built around old legends, is still in its complete form the work of one single man, the famous poet Vālmīki, who writes what the Hindus themselves term an "Art-poem," as distinguished from a Legend-poem, or Epic. The 'Mahābhārata,' indeed, like most Hindu works, is also referred to a sage, who in this instance bears the suspicious name of Vyāsa, "the narrator"; but the poem itself is its own evidence of the fact that no one author ever composed it in its entirety. On the other hand, Vālmīki unquestionably wrote the whole of the 'Rāmāyana' himself, and probably wrote it as an allegory; for Sītā, the heroine, means "furrow," and Rāma, the hero, stands for "plow." The poem thus depicts the advance of Aryan civilization into the wild regions of the south. Further, the style, metre, and language are both far less simple than in the case of the 'Mahābhārata.' The poem in its present shape is probably a few centuries later than the Mahābhārata, but the date cannot be determined with any exactness.

Of theories in regard to the 'Rāmāyana,' only two of the many which are current demand attention. Some scholars hold that the conflict allegorically depicted is one between Buddhists and Brahmans, and that the Odyssey is the model of the (late) 'Rāmāyana.' Neither of these theories will stand criticism. There are no striking

indications of a religious allegory, nor are there any very remarkable points of similarity between the recovery of Helen and that of Sītā. On account of its sentimental style, the 'Rāmāyana' has always been a great favorite with the Hindus, especially with those disciples of Vishnu who believe that Rāma was a human incarnation of their god. To such believers the 'Wandering of Rāma' is a veritable Bible. The 'Rāmāyana' has been imitated, abridged, copied, and altered, by other sects as well. To a certain extent this is true also of the 'Bhārata' poem, one of the characters here representing in popular belief Krishna, another incarnation of Vishnu. But the 'Rāmāyana' lends itself more easily to religious imitation, especially on the religious-erotic side, which in India constitutes a large part of modern religious literature; and for this reason, in its rôle of a biblical as well as a literary product, it has become even more popular than the 'Mahābhārata.' Its date is quite uncertain, but it may be referred perhaps to the first century B. C.

The 'Purānas': There are eighteen of these works, all ostensibly religious literature, written in the usual Epic verse (of two octosyllabic hemistichs), and modeled on the religious portion of the 'Mahābhārata.' The name Purāna means «old» (tales), and the works handed down under that name recount the deeds of deified heroes, explain religious and moral doctrine, give an account of the glories of past cycles and of what will happen in time to come; and besides narration and speculation, they incidentally inculcate moral and religious truths. Not a small portion of the 'Purānas' is dedicated, however, to purely sectarian (half orthodox) teaching; and in the case of later works of this sort it is evident that they were composed chiefly as sectarian tracts. The style is loose and rambling, the language of most of them is a slovenly Sanskrit, and the date of all of them is doubtful. They probably began in the period of the beginning of modern sectarian Brahmanism, in the first centuries after our era, about the time that the last (religious) additions to the 'Mahābhārata' were making; but the period of their composition extends up to quite modern times. The 'Agnī,' 'Mārkandeya,' and 'Vishnu' Purānas seem to be the oldest works of this class, and are the most important. Others, like the 'Linga Purāna,' extol this Çivaite phallic worship; and many of them are scarcely superior to the so-called Tantras,—tracts on obscure religious rites, which hardly deserve to be classed as literature. In the oldest use of the word, Purāna connoted cosmogonic speculation rather than tales; but this meaning applies to only a small part of the modern Purāna.

As the 'Purāna' may be regarded as a continuation of the religious side of the 'Mahābhārata,' so the 'Rāmāyana' is the model of a number of later kāvya,—*i. e.*, «art-poems» of religious-erotic character.

The best known and most important of these are attributed to Kālidāsa, India's greatest dramatic author, who probably lived about 600 A. D. These are the 'Setubandha,' the 'Raghuvança,' and the 'Kumārasambhava.' The first is in patois, and gives the history of Rāma. The last two are in artificial Sanskrit, the second giving the genealogy of Raghu and the third describing the birth of the love-god. Besides these must be mentioned four more late "art-poems": the 'Bhatti-kāvya' (describing the race of Rāma), ascribed to the lyric poet Bhartri-hari, who lived in the seventh century A. D.; the 'Kirātārjunīya' of Bhāravi, possibly of the sixth century; Māgha's poem on Çiçupāla's death (date unknown); and the 'Naishadhīya,' of the twelfth century. All of these are bombastic in style and too studied in language. From the latest period comes further the 'Nalodaya.' The episode of Nala and Damayantī is one of the artless episodes of the 'Mahābhārata'; and nothing shows more plainly the later deterioration of taste than this 'Nalodaya,' the same story told in erotic style and in language intensely artificial. The titles of these works do not always reveal their character; for instance, the 'Bhatti-kāvya' (above) is really intended to show the grammatical irregular forms in the form of a poem.

Sanskrit Literature: (*b*) Fables and Drama. Between Epic and Drama lies the class of writings represented in Europe by the works of Æsop and Babrius. In India these Beast-Fables appear very early in the Buddhist Jātakas (above). They have for us a peculiar interest, in that many scholars hold these Indian fables to be the model of the fables of Æsop, while others hold that the Hindu is the copyist. In India, the fable, though not as an independent literary product, may be traced back to the oldest Upanishads. The doctrine of reincarnation (as shown in the Jātakas) lent itself admirably to the growth of such compositions. But it is not necessary to suppose that a phenomenon so native to peasant talent should be borrowed from the Greek, or that the Greek should have borrowed the idea from the Hindu. Greek fable is at least as old as Archilochus, and Hindu fable can claim no older date. All that can be said with certainty is that the great collection of Indian fables in Five Books (whence the name, Panca-tantra) is one that has been widely read and translated in the Occident. This collection was made in the first centuries of our era. In the fifth century it was translated into Persian (Pahlavi), thence into Arabic, and in the eleventh century from Arabic into Greek. From Greek it was translated into Hebrew in the thirteenth century, thence into Latin, and finally into German in the fifteenth century, being one of the first works to be printed in Europe. The 'Hitopadeça,' or 'Friendly Instruction,' is another such collection; but it is based for the most part on the Pancatantra. As the

name of the later work implies, the sententious side is here more important: the 'moral' is put foremost, and a tale is told to illustrate it. Verse and prose alternate, as they do in our fairy stories. Another famous collection is the 'Vetāla-pancavinçati,' or 'Twenty-five Tales of a Ghost.' Still another quite modern one is called the 'Çuka-saptati,' or 'Seventy Tales of a Parrot.' These are rather inane in content; and tale is often wrapped within tale, like a puzzle, the moral being sententiously or aphoristically appended. The longest collection of this sort is the 'Kathāsaritsāgara,' or 'Ocean of Tales,' composed by Somadeva, a native of Kashmir, in the eleventh century. The erotic character of many of these fables leads at a comparatively early date to the development of genuine romances, three of which, from the sixth and seventh centuries, are still extant: the 'Daçakumāracarita' of Dandin, the 'Vāsavadattā' of Subhandhu, and the 'Kādambarī' of Bāna. The titles merely give the characters' names. These romances are rather simple love stories, not too refined in language. They may be compared with the products of late Greek literature, which in this regard also anticipates the modern novel.

The romantic development of the fable, which is often in the form of a love story, leads directly to the drama. The extant drama is no older than the extant lyric, but its origin can be traced further back. It appears to have come from a curious mixture of fable and religious rite. In the second and third centuries before Christ the common people were entertained with Yātras,—*i. e.*, a kind of mystery-play, in which the love affairs of Krishna-Vishnu (the god Vishnu in anthropomorphic form as Krishna, the Divine hero of the Mahābhārata) were represented on a stage; the action and dialogue being naturally accompanied with song and dance, for Krishna is fabled to have lived for a time as a neatherd on earth, where he sported with the music-and-dance-loving maidens who also guarded flocks near by. These idyls were exhibited as a religious performance. From this union of dance, song, and religious mystery it happens that the Hindu drama is really melodramatic opera. The piece must end well, and it is never without song and dance. There is no real tragedy. Some scholars hold that Greek comedy has influenced the Hindu stage, or even that the latter is a result of the conquest of the «barbarians.» Alexander is indeed said to have brought with him all the paraphernalia of the drama; and this fact seems to be reflected in the name of the stage curtain, the technical name of which in Sanskrit is 'Greek' (Yavanikā, *i. e.*, Ionian). But the mystery-plays seem to have had a popular origin, and dance plays and actors are mentioned in the earliest Buddhist works; so that it seems more likely that while the Greek invader perhaps taught the Hindu to better his stage effects, the latter had already developed by himself

the essentials of the drama. An analogy might be sought in the development of the English drama, the direct course of which was radically altered and improved by the introduction of classical models with the Revival of Learning. Possibly the jester, who plays quite a rôle in the extant Hindu drama, may have been borrowed from the Middle Comedy of the Greek. The various kinds of dramas are carefully distinguished by native rhetoricians; but among them all the 'Nātaka' is the only real play in a modern sense. Others are elf and genie fables, the scene of which is in the air or only half on earth, etc. The Çakuntalā of Kālidāsa, the greatest Hindu dramatist, is an instance of a Nātaka; but the same author has left another play the scene of which (see below) is chiefly in the region of cloud nymphs, and is quite removed from any appearance of reality. The Hindu drama may have any number of acts, from one to ten; there is no limit to the number of actors, and the unities of time and space are freely violated. The language of the dramas is Sanskrit (which in the earlier plays is comparatively simple in structure) and Prakrit patois, which is reserved for women and men of low caste. In the later drama the Sanskrit becomes very artificial, and the long complicated sentences seem to be contrived with special reference to the delight of sophisticated auditors in unraveling the meaning concealed in the puzzle of words.

The most renowned of the early dramatists are Kālidāsa, mentioned above, Çūdraka (see below), and Bhavabhūti. The first of these lived at the time when the great emperor Vikramāditya had succeeded in routing the barbarian hosts that followed in the wake of Alexander's conquest, and for centuries overwhelmed northern India with rapine and ruin. It was the time also when Buddhism, which had done much to retard the genius of Brahmanism, was slowly fading out. Then, with the revival of Brahmanic faith and literature, and above all under the patronage of the great emperor who for the first time gave assured safety and peace to the distracted land, arose all at once a rejuvenated literature, Brahmanic but not priestly, rather cosmopolitan, so to speak,—a veritable Renaissance, as it has aptly been termed by Max Müller. Literature, which at the hands of priests, its only remaining guardians, had been content with adding moral and religious chapters to the Epic, took a new departure. The old style was not imitated by the new authors, who represent the sacerdotal caste no more. In a word, this Renaissance betokens the new life which came from literature passing from priestly hands into the hands of cultivated laymen assured of protection, patronage, and praise. Hence it happens that not only drama and lyric, but also philosophy and science, all flourish at this epoch, and the greatest poets and scientists adorn the court of

Vikramāditya, the Hindu Augustus, who in the first half of the sixth century A. D. created an empire, and «bejeweled his throne» (as the Hindus say) with littérateurs. «Vikramāditya's gems» to this day designates the little group of authors and scientists who lived at that time, the best period of classical Sanskrit. Most famous among these was the dramatic and lyric poet Kālidāsa; the astronomer Varāhamihira, whose 'Brihat-samhitā' is still a mine of curious facts and contains all the astronomical «science» of the time; the redoubtable Amarasinha, one of the greatest lexicographers of the world; the learned Vararuci, the model grammarian; and many others whose purely learned books must be excluded from 'best literature,' but whose works, in their variety and comprehensiveness, show how wonderful a change had come over the literature.

To Kālidāsa three (extant) dramas are attributed; and since his name stands at the head of this literature, it seems best to analyze one or two of his plays as examples of Hindu dramatic art. It must however be observed that Çūdraka, though admitted to be contemporary with Kālidāsa, is thought by some to be an older poet because of his style in the composition of the Mricchakatikā or 'Toy Cart' (literally 'Clay Cart'), which seems to be one of the earliest dramas. In distinction from the delicacy of Kālidāsa, Çūdraka is especially famous for dramatic force and humor, so that he has been called the most Shakesperean of Hindu dramatists. The author is a king, unless, as some scholars opine, King Çūdraka covered with his own name the authorship of a piece that was really written by one of his subjects,—not an uncommon procedure in India. The poet Dandin (see above) seems most likely to have been the author of the 'Toy Cart,' as Çūdraka is otherwise a name unknown in literature, and Dandin's style closely resembles that of the unknown 'Hindu Shakespeare.' The chief persons of this play, which has ten acts, are a poor merchant and a rich woman of the bayadère class; there are a number of relations of the merchant, a jester, and a mass of subsidiary characters. The plot is the love of the rich courtesan for the poor merchant, whose noble character elevates her until she attains her dearest wishes and is made his wife. The courtesan's attempts to aid her destitute but worthy lover, her gradual growth in appreciation of his character, her resolve to become morally worthy of him, the tricks and misfortunes which thwart her, and finally the means whereby the knot of difficulty is untied, are all described with dramatic wit and power. The name of the drama is taken from a slight incident in it. The merchant's little boy, weeping because his toy cart, owing to his father's poverty, is made only of clay, is overheard by the bayadère, who fills the cart with jewels and bids him buy one of gold, like that of his rich neighbor's son.

Kālidāsa has less drastic wit than the author of the 'Toy Cart,' but he is a finer poet. His three dramas, 'Çakuntalā,' 'Vikramorvaçī,' and 'Mālavikāgnimitra,' show throughout the same beauties and the same defects: delicacy of imagination, great power of description, cleverness in character-study, and yet a certain lack of strength, of the redundant force which with so sure a hand sweeps the 'Toy Cart' to its end through the maze of difficulties invented to impede it, and at the same time overflows with apparently careless jest, with something of the rollicking fun that marks the genius of Aristophanes. Of Kālidāsa's three dramas, the first two represent the fable in dramatic form. 'Çakuntalā' is the best known in Europe, as it is the most famous in India, and was fitly one of the first works to be translated by early European scholars. Goethe has praised it as the perfection of poetry; and it may be added that Kālidāsa's genius is somewhat akin to Goethe's own, as has frequently been observed by German scholars. Both the 'Çakuntalā' and the 'Vikramorvaçī,' it is interesting to see, are dramatic developments of old Vedic and Epic legends. The style, like the language, is simple; the movement rapid; and the lyric songs, which are an important factor in the drama, are composed with the 'sweetness' for which the author is famous.

In the 'Çakuntalā' the plot is extremely simple. In the first act the king secretly falls in love with Çakuntalā, the daughter of a hermit, and she with him. This sentimental scene is followed by one of burlesque humor, wherein the king's jester complains of the passion for hunting which leads the king to frequent places where there is nothing fit to eat. Çakuntalā's lovesick plaint, overheard by the king, who thereupon declares himself and becomes her accepted lover, forms the substance of the next act. The fourth tells that a priest, whose dignity was offended by Çakuntalā's indifference to him, curses her so that all lovers shall forget her; a curse subsequently modified to mean that they shall forget her till they see a ring he gives to her. The fifth act relates how Çakuntalā travels to court and appears before the king, who cannot remember their intimate relation, but is much moved by the sight of her. She seeks for the ring, but it is lost! Pathos reigns in this scene. The sixth act again introduces the antithetic element of burlesque to modify the sentimental effect produced in the last. Policemen hustle a fisherman upon the stage, declaring that he has a ring of priceless value, which he must have stolen. The seventh and eighth acts show how the fisherman's ring (cut out of a fish which had swallowed it as Çakuntalā dropped it in the water) gives the king recollection, and how he finds Çakuntalā, who disappeared before the mystery of the ring was cleared up and went grieving back to her father's hut. This whole

story is taken from the 'Mahābhārata,' embellished with dramatic incidents.

The tale of the second drama goes even further back, and relates the loves of Urvaçī and Purūravas, who (see above) are known as lovers in the Rig-Veda collection. Urvaçī is the Psyche and Purūravas is the Eros of India. This drama has only five acts, or rather scenes, and may be called in part an elf drama. Urvaçī is a cloud nymph, and she disappears from heaven, having been captured by a monster. The first scene shows her attendant nymphs bewailing her loss, and relates how the earthly king Purūravas rescues her and falls in love with her. The king's jealous queen makes the next scene. The third scene is very curious. Urvaçī, having been rescued, and being the fairest of all nymphs, is chosen (in heaven) as the proper person to represent a goddess in a mystery-play given to entertain the gods. At a certain point in the play she should say "I love Purushottama" (the god); but instead of this, owing to the love which has grown up in her for Purūravas, she makes a mistake and says "I love Purūravas." A Divine seer, who has coached her for the part, is doubly furious, both because she has made such a mess of her part, and that a nymph of heaven should love a mortal. He curses her to lose her place in heaven. God Indra modifies the curse to be this,—that she shall be with her lover on earth till he sees her child, when she may (or must) return to heaven. The fourth act is almost wholly lyric. Urvaçī is on earth with Purūravas, but she steps into a holy grove into which no woman may enter, and thereupon is changed into a vine. The king seeks her, asking in lyric strain of bird, bee, and flower, whither his love is gone. She is finally found by means of a wonder-stone which has power to unite people. The fifth act gives a pretty psychological situation. Urvaçī's expected child has been born, but she has carefully concealed it lest the fact that Purūravas sees it should banish her. He however sees the boy by accident. Then comes the conflict of sentiment: the joy of the father in the son, the grief of the husband in the loss of his wife. But the Hindu drama must leave no sadness. The gods change the curse again. Urvaçī may remain on earth till her husband's death.

The outline of these two plays gives a notion of the substance if not the beauty of Hindu dramatic art. Kālidāsa's third drama is the love story of Mālavikā and Agnimitra, and is more complex than the other legendary dramas. The third great dramatist belongs to the eighth century. This is the Southerner, Bhavabhūti, who excels in the grandeur rather than in the delicacy of his descriptions. He also has left three great dramas: 'Mālatīmādhava,' or the tale of (the heroine) Mālatī's and (the hero) Mādhava's love; 'Mahāvīracarita,'

and 'Uttararāmacarita.' The first is deservedly the most famous, and has been called the 'Romeo and Juliet' of India. It is a love drama in ten acts. The two young people love each other, and their parents have agreed on the match. But political influence makes them change their intentions. The lovers are separated and are formally promised to other suitors by their parents, who dare not disobey the king's express wish in this regard. Then a savage priest appears, who steals away Mālatī and is about to sacrifice her on the altar of the terrible goddess Durgā, Çiva's wife. Mādhava saves her and slays the priest. All is about to end happily when a comical Shakespearean sub-motif is introduced. Mādhava's friends in sport substitute at the wedding a young man dressed as a girl, for Mālatī. Mālatī, stolen again, is however finally found, and the drama ends well, as usual. Conspicuous is the agency of Buddhist nuns in helping the young people, and equally conspicuous is the diabolical character of the Brahmanic priest.

Between Bhavabhūti and Kālidāsa comes the author of a little drama called the 'Ratnāvalī,' ascribed to the King Çrīharsha, but probably written by one of his subjects — either Bāna, author of the 'Kādambarī' (see above), or Dhāvaka. It was written in the seventh century, as nearly as can be determined, and to its author are also attributed the 'Nāgananda' and 'Priyadarçikā.' But though these fill satisfactorily the blank between the sixth and eighth centuries, the product of this time is distinctly inferior to that which immediately precedes and follows, and Bhavabhūti is the next literary follower of his older rival. In the following centuries, drama succeeded drama with greater rapidity, and a large number of late inferior dramatic compositions are extant. Among these one of the best is 'Mudrārākshasa' or 'King's Guardian of the Seal'; a play that reminds us of 'Richelieu,' and is notable as being wholly a political drama. It is forcibly and dramatically written, and some of the scenes are of great power and intense interest. It is doubtful when its author, Viçākhadatta, lived — in the eighth or in the eleventh century. An admirable drama by Kshemīçvara (uncertain date), entitled 'Canda-Kauçika' or the 'Wrath of Kauçika,' should also be mentioned as well worthy of study. Among lesser lights of later times the best known dramatists are Bhatta, of the tenth century, whose play called 'Venīsanhāra' or 'Binding of the Braid' is based on an Epic incident; and Rājaçekhara, of the ninth century, who has left four rather indifferent dramas.

Sanskrit Literature: (*c*) Lyric. It may be said that even in the Rig-Veda Collection there is a lyric strain, perceptible not only in the praises of the gods but also in one or two of the triumphant battle hymns. At a later period the language of religious ecstasy in the Upanishads, though framed in the simple octosyllabic verse, also rises

not infrequently to lyric heights; and this is especially true of some of the short religious effusions to be found in Buddhistic literature. But formal lyric, with its varied metre, its wild and pathetic strains, appears first at the period of the Renaissance (see above). Here too Kālidāsa's name heads the list, not only in virtue of the lyric parts of his dramas, but because of his lyric poetry *per se*. His two lyric poems are models for after time. One of these describes in order the seasons, and hence is called 'Ritu-sanhāra' or 'Union of Seasons.'* In varied note the poet gives us pictures of each of the seasons: the summer heat, the joyful rains, the fresh autumn, the winter, the "cool" season, and last the spring. Each is delineated with true touches, which show that nothing escapes the fine observation of the great poet. The effect of each season upon the mood of man and beast is beautifully described. No land ever offered more superb contrasts to the artist; and each feature is represented not only with accuracy, but with such facile ease in the varied metres employed, that to translate without the rhythmic flow is to lose more here than in the case of any foreign lyric, not excepting that of Pindar. All lyric depends for its beauty largely upon the rhythm, but in the case of Kālidāsa no English version can satisfy at all; for the complex metre cannot be imitated, and even if it could, the dexterous fitting of plant names to the metrical flow of words, which gives exquisite effect in the original, would be completely lost. Kālidāsa's other lyric, the 'Meghadūta' or 'Cloud Messenger,' is quite well known in Europe through the medium of many English and German translations. This pictures a lover sending a message by a cloud to his beloved. Pathos, longing, despair, hope, all the passions of the lover, are here rendered into verse in metre which, like that of the 'Ritu-sanhāra,' defies imitation. The poem is of course erotic, but it is filled with passages illustrating the fineness and delicacy of the lyric master. The later poets were apt to imitate and exceed the model in the erotic features, while they were left far behind in point of style and execution.

Only a few of these later bards deserve special attention. As in the case of the drama, much was subsequently written but little was written well. Of these inferior works, however, the twenty-two strophes called 'Ghatakarpana' deserve to be spoken of because the author lived at so early a date, being probably almost a contemporary of Kālidāsa himself; while the 'Pancāçikā' of the eleventh century may be cited as an example of the later erotic poems. The author of the latter, probably Bilhana, describes in passionate language the

* See the translation of 'Grishma' from this poem under Sir Edwin Arnold, Vol. ii. of this work.

delight of a fortunate lover in the embrace of his mistress. No detail of love's enjoyment is omitted, and the fifty strophes are quite untranslatable in their indecency.

But long lyric effusions do not show the peculiar genius of the Hindu lyric in its later development. In artificial language, where every syllable is pregnant with meaning, the Hindu delights in giving a complete idyl in as few verses as possible. Thus we have an enormous mass of little poems, each without introduction or end, describing a situation. This is often a lover's complaint, but as often it is a meditative expression of some moral or even physical truth. In short, in this lyric, which closes the development of native literature, we have a reversion to the aphoristic sententious style which marked the close of the Vedic period; only in the latter the didactic matter was the one thing considered, while in the sentimental aphoristic lyric, style and language were even more considered than was the truth or fancy to be expressed. Even in the Epic, some of the aphoristic verses are almost lyrical in this sense; and in the fables, there is much that aspires to beauty in expression as well as to truth in what is said.

Chief master of this sort of lyric, so well beloved and so often imitated by Heine, is Bhartrihari. He was philosopher and poet, and lived in the seventh century. According to tradition he was a Buddhist monk, who, as was permitted to the monks, joined the order seven times and seven times left it, being influenced beyond his own control by desire for religion and in turn by love of the world. It is said that he was so well aware of his weakness that when he was a monk he always kept a horse ready harnessed, in order that if he should feel overpowered by sinful desires, he might have the means to escape and gratify them without delay. He wrote three 'Çataka,' literally Centuries, of little lyrics (the 'Çringāraçataka'). They are marked by *esprit*, humor, and delicate sentiment. Another such collection, the 'Çringāratilaka,' is ascribed to Kālidāsa, but the authorship is not beyond doubt. A 'Century' of lyrics was also composed by Amaru ('Amaruçataka'), who is regarded as the greatest master in depicting love scenes and in understanding women. Love is here, as it usually is in this literature, rather coarse passion like that of Sappho; but we have no right to demand modern refinement from the ancients, and we are only surprised to find it in Kālidāsa. Still another book of Centuries is written in a Prakrit patois. It is that of Hāla, called simply his 'Seven Centuries' ('Saptaçataka'). The erotic nature of the poems interchanges with what, in view of the patois, is called by German critics *volkspoesie;* but there is probably as little of the real folk here as in Theocritus. There are however in Hāla, descriptions of nature which show a fine touch. The erotic

lyric of India closes with a wonderful production of almost modern times, the 'Gītagovinda' of Jayadeva, a Bengal poet of the twelfth century. This is a lyric-dramatic effusion describing the love of the god Krishna-Vishnu for his mistress Rādhā. It is an ode, and was intended to be sung to music. The name comes from *govinda* (neatherd, *i. e.*, Krishna, see above) and *gīta*, song. As a literary product this work may be defined as a sort of mystery-play, in point of language refined to excess, but in the unbridled excess of its description quite equal to Bilhana's Pancāçikā (see above). The intent of the poem withal is quite religious. It is the model of modern devotional-erotic poetry, which, in its strange mixture of worship and obscenity, reminds one of Dionysiac rites.

Fourth Period: Modern Sanskrit and Dialectic Literature.— For fully a hundred years before and for five hundred years after the Christian era, India was overrun by northern barbarians. For the next five hundred years the land enjoyed comparative security from the Mohammedans. The Muslim indeed invaded India as early as the eighth century, but Hindu rule was not overthrown till the latter half of the tenth century. The next five hundred years, from the crowning of Mahmud the devastator of India in 997, to the middle of the sixteenth century, was a period of rapine and ruin. Under Akbar, the Great Mogul, who reigned from 1556 to 1605, the land had peace; but literary originality was totally destroyed by this very security of the time. Persian, Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan lived amicably together, discussing religion, philosophy, and literature at Akbar's court. Moreover, the Portuguese landed in India in the fifteenth century and the English in 1600. From this time on, therefore, Indian literature loses its old character. The first extant works of this period, chiefly religious, are a reflex of the confluence of Hindu and Mohammedan thought. Nor are they untouched by Christian doctrine. As early as the seventh century Christians were welcomed by a northern king, and the late Purānas have many traits taken directly from the New Testament. But the terrible oppression of the Mohammedan from about the years 1000 to 1500 leaves even the centuries preceding Akbar's reign almost bare of original productions. To the eleventh and twelfth centuries belong fable, drama, and lyric, in steadily decreasing amount and value (see above); but the crushed genius of the Hindus after this seems to be content with the manufacture of commentaries and of religious works (the animus of the latter being a fierce sectarianism), till the catholicity of Akbar's reign produces the refined and philosophic religious works of modern times. The narrow and devoutly furious sectarian tracts are known as Tantras (*i. e.*, books or Bibles). They describe minutely the obscure rites of the lower religious orders. Other works of this class are called

Āgamas, or "Traditional works," which scarcely differ from the late sectarian Purānas. Most of these late Purānas claim for themselves a great antiquity; but none is probably older than the ninth century, and many of them are as late as the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. Beside these devotional works stands a mass of late Smriti or "Tradition"; generally in the form of a miscellaneous assortment of rules, called a law-book, but partaking largely of the character of a Purāna. The formal 'History of Sects' forms one of the literary features of this time. In the ninth century appears the first of these, by Ānanda Giri, a pupil of Çankara. In the fourteenth century another was composed by Mādhava Acārya. This may be designated also as the greatest period of commentators. In the seventh century, during the period following on the Renaissance (see above), the ancient Brahmanism was re-established ritually by Kumārila. Later scholars contented themselves with writing commentaries on the Vedic texts. Best known of these is Sāyana, who in the fourteenth century re-edited with his exhaustive commentary the Rig-Veda Collection and other early texts.

The sectaries did, however, produce some original matter. Notably is this the case with the Rāma-Vishnu sects; that is, the sects that believe in Rāma (rather than in Krishna) as an incarnation of Vishnu. These sects, or at least their leaders, are in general more philosophical than are the Krishna sects. Thus in the twelfth century Rāmānuja, the next able philosopher after Çankara (above), founded a new sect; and this sect possesses the most important Sanskrit poem of modern times, the 'Ramcaritmanas' of Tulasīdāsa, who is generally acknowledged to be the strongest modern Hindu poet. He lived in the sixteenth century, and his 'Ramcaritmanas' is a sort of modern 'Rāmāyana,' a New Testament to that older Bible of the Rāma sect. The Krishna sect has on the other hand, as its older Bible, a religious chapter of the 'Mahābhārata' (called the 'Bhagavat Gīta' or Divine Song); but for a New Testament it has only the trashy 'Bhāgavata Purāna.'

Commentaries not only on Vedic texts but on modern sects also characterize this period. Thus in the sixteenth century a 'Life of Krishna,' virtually a commentary on the doctrines of his sect, was written by Vallabha, one of the few Krishnaite scholars. But modern religious literature is usually a plain combination of Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Christianity; notably so in the compositions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but not less surely so in every work since the sixteenth. Thus the famous 'Ādi-granth' or 'Original Bible' of the Sikhs is a sixteenth-century composite of Mohammedan and Hindu thought; although Kabīr and Nānak, the first leaders of this sect, who lived in the fifteenth century, actually

broke with both these State religions, and formed what they claimed was a "new" faith. The same again is true in regard to the Bible of the Dādū Pānthīs of the seventeenth century: while Rāmmohun Roy (born in 1772) and the numerous leaders of Samājas "Congregations," who followed him, have done nothing more than make latter-day Upanishads based on eclectic Christian doctrine superadded to more native teaching — a curious amalgam, which represents very well the parasitic character of modern religious literature in India. Some of this is in Sanskrit, some in Tamīl (the language of the Southern Dravidians), and some in local Hindu patois. Of these, the sacred Kural of Tiruvalluvar, and the Prem Sāgar or 'Ocean of Love,' are typical examples. In general, besides such religious works, Tamīl literature is composed either of reproduced Sanskrit works or of folk tales, and may therefore be omitted from the "best literature" of India, inasmuch as it lacks either originality or the qualities that constitute the right to be called fine literature. A good deal of folk poetry and folk stories, both in Tamīl and in Hindu patois, has been published, but the value of this literature is not great. Even bucolic "Epics" have been discovered, and one missionary has actually found an Epic among the wild tribes! But the ballads are too rude and the stories are too stupid to be classed as literature. They are the oral, long-winded, tiresome productions common to all peasants from Greenland to India, interesting only to the student of folk-lore, and valuable merely as showing how small is the literary merit that lies in the unaided (more particularly in the not touched up) genius of the common people.

In the domain of the late literature which is impregnated with foreign ideas, one passes beyond the true province of Indian literature. No less does one exceed the limit of Sanskrit literature in speaking of modern works written in Sanskrit. Sanskrit is still written and spoken, but so is Latin; and Sanskrit literature stops with the aftergrowth of the Renaissance just as truly as Latin literature ceases with the silver age. The Sanskrit writings of the last few centuries are to Sanskrit literature what the Latin of the Middle Ages is to Latin literature. The age when Sanskrit was a people's language is long since past; and even in the later drama it is probable that the artificial Sanskrit employed is a true index of its decline as a spoken tongue, and that in ordinary conversation even the Brahmans used the colloquial patois of their respective homes. In one of these dramas it is said that there is nothing more ridiculous than a man singing pianissimo and a woman speaking Sanskrit; while, as we have seen, even the early drama made all low-caste men and women converse in patois. In the Epic there is no indication that the characters used any other language than Sanskrit. It is there

considered a mark of cultivation to be able to "speak in patois," as if this were an accomplishment. Pānini's explicit rules for "dialects," and the fact that the earlier Buddhistic works are preserved not in Sanskrit but in Pāli, show that Sanskrit was a local language to a great extent, and that, as the exponent of the Brahmanic faith, it was probably more or less a revived language even at the period of the Renaissance. In the northwest, Sanskrit was probably spoken at the same time that it was unused in other districts; and as the various patois gradually encroached upon it, it became, as its name denotes, the "cultivated" or "refined" language, in contradistinction to Prākrit, the "natural" language or local patois.

In closing this outline of Indian literature, it will not be amiss to point out, if only for convenience in remembering its long course of three thousand years, the semi-millennium groups into which it naturally falls in respect of time. In the sense of original Hindu compositions, Indian literature extends from about 1500 B. C. to 1500 A. D. The first five hundred years go to the completion of the Rig-Veda Collection. Then follow about five hundred years of Vedic decline, additions, elucidations, the Ritual period. A religious and sectarian literary awakening succeeds this epoch. It is typified by the first Upanishads and by the growth of Buddhism; while Vedic literature expires in Sūtras, a period of five hundred years, from about B. C. 500 to our era. Another era of five hundred years covers a time of political ruin at the hands of barbarians and decadent Buddhism, from our era to 500 A. D. Then in the sixth century comes the literary awakening, the Renaissance, the effect of which in the growth of art endures till, about 1000 A. D., the Mohammedan again brings ruin to India. The decline of this art follows during five hundred years more in the works of inferior poets and the rise of commentators. After 1500 A. D. the literature is no longer "Indian."

E. W. Hopkins.

HYMNS OF THE RIG-VEDA

First Hymn Addressed to Agni, the Sacrificial Fire

I worship Agni, who is the priest of the house, the divine priest of the sacrifice, and the priest of oblations. He gives wealth.

He is the god Agni, who was adored by the ancient Seers, and he is fit to be worshiped by those [that live] to-day. May he conduct the gods to us. By means of Agni one can acquire

wealth, prosperity from day to day, and the glory of excellent heroes. O Agni, whatever be the rite that thou surroundest on every side, that sacrifice reaches the gods. May the Agni who gives oblations, who is the wisest priest, the true one, the most famous, may this god in company with all the other gods approach to us. Thou doest good to every one that worships thee, O Agni, and this is thy real virtue. Unto thee, O Agni, day by day, at evening and at morning, we come with prayer bringing obeisance to thee — to thee, who art the lord of sacrifice and the brilliant protector of the rite, who art magnified in thine own dwelling. Be thou easy of access to us and lead us on to happiness, as if thou wert father and we thy sons.

Hymn to the Deified Moon-Plant Soma

Thou, O Soma, art the wisest in understanding; thou guidest us by the straightest pathway; and it is through thy direction that our wise fathers got happiness among the gods. Thou didst become wisest in wisdom, O Soma; most skillful in skill. Thou obtainest all things; thou art a bull in strength and in greatness; thou art splendid in thy splendor, O thou that seest man. The laws of the god of heaven are thine; high and deep are thy places, O Soma, thou art bright as the sun; thou deservest our worship. Whatever places thou hast, whether in earth or in heaven, whether in the mountains, the plants, or the waters, do thou in all of these meet our oblations, and accept them, King Soma, being kindly disposed and not hurtful to us. Thou, O Soma, art the true lord, thou art the king, thou art the slayer of the demon who withholds the rain; thou art the strength that gives success. . . . Thou bestowest bliss upon old and young; and to the pious thou givest power to live. Guard us, then, O Soma, upon all sides, guard us from him that sins; may no harm touch the one who is thy friend. Be our benefactor, and help us to all the enjoyments wherever thou canst aid thy worshiper. Accept this our sacrifice, and this our song; be well pleased with us, and come to us; do us good, O Soma. We magnify thee in song, we who are clever in words. Be merciful and come to us.

Vedic Hymn to Indra, the Storm God

Indra hath grown great, he hath grown great for heroic deeds. He alone is without age, he alone hath riches to give. Indra hath extended himself beyond earth and heaven; the half of him is equal to both the worlds. So great is he, so high is his godly nature. There is none that can impair what he hath established. He is a Sun, conspicuous day by day, and being wisely strong he divides his wide dominions. To-day, even now, thou hewest a pathway for the rivers. The hills bow down [before thee] as were they friends; the wide spaces of the universe are knit together by thee. 'Tis true that no other is like unto Indra; nor is any god or mortal more venerable. Thou didst slay the great snake that hemmed in the rain; thou didst let out the waters to the ocean. Thou didst free the waters, opening wide the doors; thou didst break the stronghold of the mountains. Thou hast become the king of all that moves, bringing to light the sun, the dawn, and heaven.

Vedic Hymn to Dawn

Aloft the lights of Dawn, gleaming for beauty, have risen splendid as waves of water. Ushas [Aurora] makes fair the paths, she makes all things accessible. She is good, munificent, and kindly disposed. Thou art lovely in appearance; thou shinest through the wide spaces; up to heaven fly thy fiery glowing beams. Thou revealest thy bosom, adorning thyself, O Dawn, and gleamest bright in thy greatness. The red clouds bear her along, her the blessed one, who extendeth far and wide. She compels the darkness as a hero armed with arrows routs his foes. Thy ways are fair, thy paths upon the mountains. Thou goest in calm across the waters, self-shining one. O thou, whose paths are wide, thou lofty daughter of the sky, bring to us wealth and nourishment. Bring sustenance, O Dawn, who dost bring us good as thou willst. Though thou art indeed the daughter of the sky, yet dost thou come to us bright and early every morning, when we pray to thee [to come]. At thy clear dawning the birds fly from their nests; and [from their homes come] men who seek for food. And even when a man stays at home, thou bringest him much good, if he worships thee.

Vedic Hymn to the Sun

Aloft the beams of light bear now this all-wise shining god, so that every one may see the Sun. Yonder stars, with the night, withdraw, as were they thieves, before the Sun, who seeth all. His beams of light have been beheld afar, among all creatures, rays of light as brilliant as altar fires. Impetuously swift, O Sun, beheld of all, maker of light, art thou. Thou illuminest all the gleaming sky. Thou risest up before the people of the shining gods, before men also, before all, to be seen as pure light; to be thy eye, O pure bright Heaven, wherewith thou gazest down on busy man among all creatures. Thou goest across the broad spaces of the sky, measuring out the days with thy beams, O Sun, and watching pass the generations of men. Seven are the steeds that bear thee on thy car, O thou god whose hair is flame, shining god, O Sun seen afar. Now the Sun has yoked his seven fair steeds, daughters of his car, and with these, his own steeds yoked only by him, he comes hither.

Vedic Hymn to Heaven (Varuna)

Although we who are thy people, O Heaven, thou resplendent god, injure thy laws day by day, yet do thou not give us over to death, nor to the blow of angry foe. By means of a song we free thy thought for mercy as a charioteer [frees] a steed that is bound. . . . He knows the path of the birds that fly in air; he knows the ships upon the sea; and he knows also, he, the god of unvarying order, the twelve months and the little [intercalated] month. He knoweth also the path of the wind, the high, the mighty [wind]; and he knows [the gods] who sit above [the wind]. Varuna, the god of unvarying order, the very wise one, sits down in his home to be the lord of all. Thence he looks down upon all things that are concealed, and considers what has been done and what is still to be done. May he, the wise son of [the goddess] Boundlessness [infinity?] make our cattle-pasture good every day, and prolong our lives. Varuna is clothed in a garment of gold and jewels. Round about him sit his spies, for he is a god whom no injurer can injure, no cheater among the people can cheat, and no plotter can plot against. He hath gained glory unequaled among [other] men and also among us. My thoughts go out to him afar, as go the

eager cows that seek the meadow-grass, and I long to see the wide-eyed god. Now that I bring the sweet offering thou lovest, let us converse together again, while thou like a priest dost partake of it. Behold I see the god, the wide-eyed god, I see his chariot on the earth! He hath accepted my song with joy. Hear this my call, O Varuna. Be merciful to-day to me. I long for thee, desiring thy help. Thou, O wise one, art the king of sky and earth alike, thou art the lord of all. Being such a god, do thou upon thy way give ear to us, and loose from us the bonds [of sickness], [every bond] upper, middle, and lower, in order that we may live.

Vedic Hymn to Earth

Thou, O broad extended earth, dost in truth endure even the [lightning], the render of thy hills. Thou, O mighty mountainous one, quickenest with might all created things. The Hymns that accompany the light [of dawn] praise thee, far-going goddess. Thou sendest the gushing rain like eager steeds. Thou holdest up mightily the forest trees when the rains come from the clouds and from the far-gleaming lighting of Dyaus [Zeus].

A LATE VEDIC HYMN TO STARLIT NIGHT

Night comes, the shining goddess, who now looks out afar with many eyes and puts on all her beauties. She, the immortal shining goddess, hath filled the depths and heights alike, and driven away darkness with the light [of the moon and stars]. She comes to me, she, the well-adorned one, a darkness now made sightly. O Sunlight, pay thy debt, and depart [as night in the morning departs]. The bright one is coming. She puts aside her sister [the bright sunset light], and darkness departs. Even such [a kind friend] art thou to us. At thy appearing we go to rest as birds fly home to the tree. To rest come the throngs of men; to rest, the beasts; to rest, the birds; and even the greedy eagles rest. Keep off from us the she-wolf and the wolf. Keep off the thief, O billowy Night, and be our savior now. O Night, as a conqueror brings a herd of cattle, so do I bring [as a sacrifice] this Hymn to thee. Daughter of Heaven, accept it!

VEDIC HYMN TO THE TWIN HORSEMEN, THE AÇVINS (DIOSKUROI)

Before the Dawn her sister, the Night, withdraws. The black one now leaves a pathway for the ruddy one. Ye Horsemen, who have kine and horses [to give], we invoke you. Keep far from us your arrows by day and by night. Come now hither and meet the mortal who worships you. Bring him good things upon your chariot. Keep off from us destroying sickness. Protect us, O sweetest pair, both by day and night. May the joy-desiring virile steeds bring your chariot with Dawn's first approach; that chariot of which the reins are rays of light, and there is wealth upon it. Come with the steeds which observe the order of the seasons. Approach, O lords of heroes, O true ones, upon your car which has three seats and is full of riches, which goes upon a golden path. Let this car of yours, bringing us food, come to us. Ye freed Cyavāna from his old age; ye gave a swift steed to Pedu; ye rescued Atri from the anguish of darkness; ye set down, released from his fetters, Jāhusha. The prayer is said, O Horsemen; the song is withered. Accept the skillful poem, O manly heroes. These prayers have now ascended to you, they belong to you. O all ye gods, protect us evermore with blessings.

A LATE VEDIC HYMN TO VĀTA, THE WIND

Now the greatness of Vāta's chariot! It goes breaking and thundering with noise. It touches the sky and rushes across the earth, making clouds, rearing up the dust. Then all the forms of Vāta [different winds] rush together. They come to him like women coming to a rendezvous. United with them, going on the same chariot, is borne the god, the king of all created things. He sleeps not when he goes on his pathway, wandering through the air. He is the friend of the [Divine] Waters. He is first-born and holy. Where was he created, whence did he arise? Vāta is the spirit [breath] of the gods; he is the source of created things. He goes where he will. His sound is heard but not his form. This Vāta let us duly honor with our oblations.

BURIAL HYMN (TO YAMA AND THE DEAD)

To Yama

Revere with oblations King Yama, who once went over the great mountains and spied out a path for many, him, the son of the gleaming sky, him who collects men. Yama was the first to find us a way. . . .

To the Dead

Go forth, go forth on the old paths, where are gone our old fathers; and thou shalt see both joyous kings, Yama and Heaven. Unite thyself with the fathers, get satisfaction of all thy desires, in the highest heaven. . . . Yama will give to this spirit a resting-place. Run past on a good path the two dogs, the four-eyed [dogs], the spotted [dogs that guard the path]. Depart unto the fathers who rejoice with Yama.

A LATE VEDIC PHILOSOPHICAL HYMN

In the beginning arose the Golden Germ. As soon as he was born he became the lord of all. He established earth and heaven. To what god shall we offer sacrifice? He who gives breath and strength, whose command the shining gods obey — to what god shall we offer sacrifice? He whose shadow is life and death — to what god shall we offer sacrifice? . . . When first the great waters went everywhere, holding the Germ [of life], and generating light, then arose from them the one Spirit [breath] of the gods. . . . May he who is the begetter of earth, the holy one who begot heaven, injure us not. Lord of all beings, thou alone embracest all things. To this god, to the Lord of all beings, let us offer sacrifice.

A LATE VEDIC HYMN OF CREATION

There was then neither being nor not-being. There was no air, no sky. What hid it? Where was it and in whose protection was it? Was it water or deep darkness? There was neither death nor immortality. There was no difference between

night and day. That One breathed. Other than the One, above the One, nothing existed. Darkness was concealed in darkness in the beginning. Undifferentiated water was all this universe. Through desire, the primal seed of mind, creation arose. After this came the gods.

A LATE VEDIC MYSTIC HYMN TO VĀC (SPEECH, LOGOS)

I WANDER with the tempest-gods, with the light-gods, with all the gods. I support the Sun, Heaven, Indra, Agni, and the Twin Horsemen. . . . To him that worships me, to him that offers me the *soma* sacrifice, I give wealth. I am the queen, the best of those that deserve sacrifice. . . . The gods have established me in many places. . . . I am that by means of which one eats, breathes, sees, and hears. Him that I love I make strong, to be priest, seer, and wise. 'Tis I bend the bow of the destroyer Rudra, to hit the unbeliever. I prepare war for the people. I am entered into earth and heaven. I beget upon the height the father of the Universe. My place is in the waters, in the sea; thence I extend myself among all creatures, and touch heaven with my crown. Like Wind I blow, encompassing all creatures. Above heaven and above earth am I; so great am I grown in majesty.

Translations of E. W. H.

AN INCANTATION

From the ‹Atharva-Veda›

THE sin-hated, god-born plant, which frees from the curse as the waters wash out a spot, has washed away all curses, the curse of my rival and of my sister. I have put under my feet the curse of the Brahman. . . . With this plant protect my wife, protect my child, protect our property. . . . May the curse [of my rival] return to the curser. . . . I smite the ribs of the foe that has the evil eye.

Translation of E. W. H.

LEGEND OF THE FLOOD

From the 'Çatapatha Brāhmana'

In the morning they brought water to Manu to wash with, even as to-day they bring it to wash hands with. While he was washing, a fish came into his hands. The fish said, "Keep me and I will save thee."—"From what wilt thou save me?"—"A flood will sweep away all creatures on earth. From that will I save thee."—"How am I to keep thee?"—"As long as we are small," it said, "we are subject to destruction. Fish eats fish. Thou shalt keep me first in a jar. When I outgrow that, thou shalt dig a hole and keep me in it. When I outgrow that, thou shalt take me down to the sea, for then I shall be beyond destruction." It soon became a *jhasha* [a great horned fish], for this is the largest fish; and then it said, "The flood will come in such a year. Look out for me, and build a ship. When the flood rises, enter into the ship, and I will save thee." After he had kept it, he took it to the sea. And the same year as the fish had said, he looked out for the fish and built a ship. And when the flood rose he entered into the ship. Then the fish swam up, and Manu tied the ship's rope to the horn of the fish; and thus he sailed up swiftly to the Northern Mountain. "I have saved thee," it said: "fasten the ship to a tree. But let not the water leave thee stranded while thou art on the mountain-top. Descend slowly as the water goes down." So he descended slowly; and that descent from the Northern Mountain is still called Manu's Descent. The flood then swept off all the creatures of the earth, and Manu remained here alone.

Translation of E. W. H.

DIALOGUE OF YĀJÑAVALKYA AND MĀITREYĪ

From the 'Upanishads'

Yājñavalkya had two wives, Māitreyī and Kātyāyanī. Now Māitreyī was versed in holy knowledge [*brahma*], but Kātyāyanī had only such knowledge as women have. But when Yājñavalkya was about to go away into the forest [to become a hermit], he said, "Māitreyī, I am going away from this place. Behold, I will make a settlement between thee and that Kātyāyanī." Then said Māitreyī, "Lord, if this whole earth

filled with wealth were mine, how then? should I be immortal by reason of this wealth?" "Nay," said Yājñavalkya: "even as is the life of the rich would be thy life; by reason of wealth one has no hope of immortality." Then said Māitreyī, "With what I cannot be immortal, what can I do with that? Whatever my Lord knows, even that tell me." And Yājñavalkya said, "Dear to me thou art, indeed, and fondly speakest. Therefore I will explain to thee, and do thou regard me as I explain." And he said:—"Not for the husband's sake is a husband dear, but for the ego's sake is the husband dear; not for the wife's sake is a wife dear, but for the ego's sake is a wife dear; not for the sons' sake are sons dear, but for the ego's sake are sons dear; not for wealth's sake is wealth dear, but for the ego's sake is wealth dear; not for the sake of the Brahman caste is the Brahman caste dear, but for the sake of the ego is the Brahman caste dear; not for the sake of the Warrior caste is the Warrior caste dear, but for love of the ego is the Warrior caste dear; not for the sake of the worlds are worlds dear, but for the sake of the ego are worlds dear; not for the sake of gods are gods dear, but for the ego's sake are gods dear; not for the sake of *bhūts* [spirits] are *bhūts* dear, but for the ego's sake are *bhūts* dear; not for the sake of anything is anything dear, but for love of one's self [ego] is anything [everything] dear; the ego must be seen, heard, apprehended, regarded, Māitreyī, for with the seeing, hearing, apprehending, and regarding of the ego the All is known. . . . Even as smoke pours out of a fire lighted with damp kindling-wood, even so out of the Great Being is blown out all that which is,—Rig-Veda, Yajur-Veda, Sāma-Veda, Atharva- [Angiras] Veda, Stories, Tales, Sciences, Upanishads, food, drink, sacrifices; all creatures that exist are blown [breathed] out of this one [Great Spirit] alone. As in the ocean all the waters have their meeting-place; as the skin is the meeting-place of all touches; the tongue, of all tastes; the nose, of all smells; the mind, of all precepts; the heart, of all knowledges; . . . as salt cast into water is dissolved so that one cannot seize it, but wherever one tastes it is salty,—so this Great Being, endless, limitless, is a mass of knowledge. It arises out of the elements and then disappears in them. After death there is no more consciousness. I have spoken." Thus said Yājñavalkya. Then said Māitreyī, "Truly my Lord has bewildered me in saying that after death there is no more consciousness." And

Yājñavalkya said:—"I say nothing bewildering, but what suffices for understanding. For where there is as it were duality [*dvāitam*], there one sees, smells, hears, addresses, notices, knows another; but when all the universe has become mere ego, with what should one smell, see, hear, address, notice, know any one [else]? How can one know him through whom he knows this all, how can he know the knower [as something different]? The ego is to be described by negations alone, the incomprehensible, imperishable, unattached, unfettered; the ego neither suffers nor fails. Thus, Māitreyī, hast thou been instructed. So much for immortality." And having spoken thus, Yājñavalkya went away [into the forest].

Translation of E. W. H.

THE WISDOM OF DEATH

From the 'Katha Upanishad'

DEATH spoke, and said:—Pleasure is one thing; happiness another: both with different cords bind a man. He that chooses happiness [instead of pleasure] attains bliss. He that chooses pleasure loses his aim. There is no future for the fool who seeks pleasure, who is befooled by love of wealth. "This is the world, there is no other." If one thinks thus, he comes again and again into my power. He who by union with the Spirit [all-soul] comprehends God, who is hard to know, who is concealed, the Old One, he, the wise man, leaves behind him joy and sorrow. The Spirit is finer than fine, greater than great, concealed in the inner part of all beings. He who has no more wishes and is free from care, he sees the greatness of the Spirit, by the mercy of the Creator. This Spirit [all-soul] cannot be grasped by means of the Brāhmanas, nor by means of reason, nor by means of deep study. He whom the Spirit chooses for his own, only he can comprehend the Spirit. This Spirit is hidden in all beings. He does not appear, but he is recognized by the high and fine intuition of the wise. Stand up! awake! Be watchful and attain royal blessings. Narrow is the path, so say the wise, narrow and sharp as a razor's edge. . . . When all desires of the heart shall cease, then man becomes immortal; then he attains to union with absolute being.

Translation of E. W. H.

SPECIMEN OF THE [DOGMATIC] JAIN LITERATURE

The Five Vows [of the Jain Ascetic]

From the 'Ācārānga-Sūtra'

I renounce all killing of living beings, whether small or great, whether movable or immovable. I will neither myself kill living beings nor cause others to do so, nor consent to it. As long as I live I confess and blame, repent and exempt myself of these sins in the thrice threefold way: in mind, speech, and body. (2) I renounce all vices of lying speech arising from anger or greed or fear or mirth. I confess [etc., as in the first vow]. (3) I renounce all taking of everything not given, either in a village, a town, or a wood, either of little or much, or small or great, of living or lifeless things. I shall neither myself take what is not given nor cause others to take it, nor consent to their taking it. As long as I live I confess [etc., as in the first vow]. (4) I renounce all sexual pleasures, either with gods, men, or animals. I shall not myself give way to sensuality, nor cause others [etc., as above]. (5) I renounce all attachments, whether little or much, small or great, living or lifeless. I will neither myself form such attachments, nor cause others to do so, nor consent to their doing so [etc.].

Translation of Jacobi.

CITATIONS FRON BUDDHISTIC LITERATURE

From the 'Dhammapada'

All that we have is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage; but if a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him. Earnestness is the path that leads to escape from death; thoughtlessness is the path that leads to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already. Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish.

There is no suffering for him who has finished his journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides and thrown off the fetters.

Some people are born again; evil-doers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all worldly desires attain Nirvāna.

He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings that also long for happiness, will not find happiness after death.

Looking for the maker of this tabernacle I shall have to run through a course of many births, so long as I do not find; and painful is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered; thy mind, approaching Nirvāna, has attained to extinction of all desires.

Better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of entering the stream of holiness.

Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the Buddhas.

Let us live happily, not hating them that hate us. Let us live happily, though we call nothing our own. We shall be like bright gods, feeding on happiness.

From lust comes grief, from lust comes fear: he that is free from lust knows neither grief nor fear.

The best of ways is the eightfold [path]; this is the way, there is no other, that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this way! Everything else is the deceit of Death. You yourself must make the effort. Buddhas are only preachers. The thoughtful who enter the way are freed from the bondage of Death.

Translation of Max Müller.

Conversation of the Herdsman Dhaniya and Buddha

I have boiled the rice, I have milked the kine,—so said the herdsman Dhaniya,—I am living with my comrades near the banks of the [great] Mahī river; the house is roofed, the fire is lit—then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I am free from anger, free from stubbornness,—so said the Blessed One,—I am abiding for one night near the banks of

the [great] Mahī river; my house has no cover, the fire [of passion] is extinguished — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Here are no gadflies,— so said the herdsman Dhaniya,— the cows are roaming in meadows full of grass, and they can endure the rain — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have made a well-built raft,— so said the Blessed One,— I have crossed over, I have reached the further bank, I have overcome the torrent [of passions]; I need the raft no more — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

My wife is obedient, she is not wanton,— so said the herdsman Dhaniya,— she has lived with me long and is winning; no wickedness have I heard of her — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

My mind is obedient, delivered [from evil],— so said the Blessed One,— it has been cultivated long and is well subdued; there is no longer anything wicked in me — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I support myself by my own earnings,— so said the herdsman Dhaniya,— and my children are around me and healthy; I hear no wickedness of them — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I am the servant of none,— so said the Blessed One,— with what I have gained I wander about in all the world; I have no need to serve — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have cows, I have calves,— so said the herdsman Dhaniya, — cows in calf and heifers also; and I have a bull as lord over the cows — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have no cows, I have no calves,— so said the Blessed One, — no cows in calf, and no heifers; and I have no bull as a lord over the cows — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

The stakes are driven in and cannot be shaken,— so said the herdsman Dhaniya,— the ropes are made of holy-grass, new and well made; the cows will not be able to break them — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Like a bull I have rent the bonds,— so said the Blessed One, — like an elephant I have broken through the ropes, I shall not be born again — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Then the rain poured down and filled both sea and land. And hearing the sky raining, Dhaniya said: Not small to us the gain in that we have seen the Blessed Lord; in thee we take refuge, thou endowed with [wisdom's] eye; be thou our master, O great sage! My wife and myself are obedient to thee. If we

lead a pure life we shall overcome birth and death, and put an end to pain.

He that has sons has delight in sons,—so said the Evil One,—he that has cows has delight in cows, for substance is the delight of man; but he that has no substance has no delight.

He that has sons has care with his sons,—so said the Blessed One,—he that has cows has likewise care with his cows, for substance is [the cause of] care; but he that has no substance has no care.

Translation of Fausböll.

The Death of Buddha

Now the venerable Ānanda [Buddha's beloved disciple] went into the cloister building, and stood leaning against the lintel of the door and weeping at the thought—"Alas! I remain still but a learner, one who has yet to work out his own perfection. And the Master is about to pass away from me—he who is so kind." Then the Blessed One called the brethren and said, "Where then, brethren, is Ānanda?" "The venerable Ānanda [they replied] has gone into the cloister building and stands leaning against the lintel of the door, weeping." . . . And the Blessed One called a certain brother, and said, "Go now, brother, and call Ānanda in my name and say, 'Brother Ānanda, thy Master calls for thee.'" "Even so, Lord," said that brother; and he went up to where Ānanda was, and said to the venerable Ānanda, "Brother Ānanda, thy Master calls for thee." "It is well, brother," said the venerable Ānanda; and he went to the place where Buddha was. And when he was come thither he bowed down before the Blessed One, and took his seat on one side.

Then the Blessed One said to the venerable Ānanda, as he sat there by his side: "Enough, Ānanda; let not thyself be troubled; weep not. Have I not told thee already that we must divide ourselves from all that is nearest and dearest? How can it be possible that a being born to die should not die? For a long time, Ānanda, hast thou been very near to me by acts of love that is kind and good and never varies, and is beyond all measure. [This Buddha repeats three times.] Thou hast done well. Be earnest in effort. Thou too shalt soon be free." . . . When he had thus spoken, the venerable Ānanda said to the

Blessed One: "Let not the Blessed One die in this little wattle and daub town, a town in the midst of the jungle, in this branch township. For, Lord, there are other great cities, such as Benares [and others]. Let the Blessed One die in one of them."

[This request is refused by Buddha. Ānanda then goes to the town and tells the citizens that Buddha is dying.] Now when they had heard this saying, they, with their young men and maidens and wives, were grieved and sad and afflicted at heart. And some of them wept, disheveling their hair, and stretched forth their arms and wept, fell prostrate on the ground and rolled to and fro, in anguish at the thought, "Too soon will the Blessed One die! Too soon will the Happy One pass away! Full soon will the light of the world vanish away!" . . . When Buddha was alone again with his disciples, then the Blessed One addressed the brethren and said: "It may be, brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some brother as to the Buddha, the truth, the path or the way. Inquire, brethren, freely. Do not have to reproach yourselves afterwards with this thought: 'Our Teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to inquire of the Blessed One when we were face to face with him.'" And when he had thus spoken they sat silent. Then [after repeating these words and receiving no reply] the Blessed One addressed the brethren and said, "It may be that you put no questions out of reverence for the Teacher. Let one friend communicate with another." And when he had thus spoken the brethren sat silent. And the venerable Ānanda said, "How wonderful a thing, Lord, and how marvelous! Verily, in this whole assembly there is not one brother who has doubt or misgiving as to Buddha, the truth, the path or the way." Then Buddha said, "It is out of the fullness of thy faith that thou hast spoken, Ānanda. But I know it for certain." . . . Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, saying, "Behold, brethren, I exhort you saying, Transitory are all component things; toil without ceasing." And these were the last words of Buddha.

Translation of Professor Rhys Davids.

EPIC LITERATURE

Arjuna's Journey to Heaven

From the 'Mahābhārata'

As he went up in the chariot of Indra, which no mortal can see, he beheld many wonders in heaven. There neither the sun shines, nor the moon, nor is there any light of fire, but self-illuminated is all, through the power of goodness. The stars, which appear small as lamps from the earth on account of the great distance, are in reality great bodies. These, the great souls of departed saints, look ever down on earth, and are full of beauty, shining each in its own place and with its own glory. Saints, and heroes who died in battle, wise kings, and hermits, were there, visible by thousands, angels by thousands, heavenly singers, like to the sun in glory. And there he saw the water nymphs, half-gods, and other heavenly beings, all self-luminous. And as he saw them, Arjuna questioned the charioteer of Indra's chariot and asked who these glorious creatures might be. Him answered Mātali, Indra's charioteer: "These are the spirits of them that have done noble deeds. As stars thou hast seen them when thou wast upon the earth."

After the Translation of Bopp.

The Fatal Gambling

Condensed from the 'Mahābhārata'

Then came together into the gaming-hall the wicked Duryodhana with his brothers, and Yudhisthira with his brothers. And round about the hall the elders sat on costly benches and watched the play. But when they were about to begin, then said the wicked Duryodhana to Yudhisthira, "Behold the gage shall be mine, but my uncle Çakuni shall cast the dice." Then answered Yudhisthira and said, "Unheard of is such a play as this, that one should offer the stake and another should cast the dice. Is there then treachery here? But if thou wilt, play so." Then Duryodhana laughed and said, "Who speaks of treachery? My uncle plays for me." Now Çakuni was a gamester and deceitful, and he played dice without honor. But Duryodhana began the play, and challenged Yudhisthira, "Here is a pearl of great price. This is my stake. What wilt thou place against it?" And Yudhisthira said, "I have a chariot and steeds, and the chariot is golden and the steeds are above price. This is

my stake." And the dice rolled on the board, and Duryodhana, mocking, said, "Thou hast lost." And Yudhisthira answered calmly, "A treasury of gems have I; they are stored in jars at home. This is now my stake." And the dice rolled, and Duryodhana mocked and said, "Thou hast lost." Then said Yudhisthira, "A kingdom have I: this is my stake." And Duryodhana mocked as the dice rolled, and he said, "Thou hast lost thy kingdom, great king: what stake is now thine?" And Yudhisthira said, "Here are my brothers—" But Bhīma [the second brother] roared with rage as he heard this, and would have torn Duryodhana limb from limb. But Arjuna rebuked his brother and said, "Is not our father dead, and Yudhisthira our eldest brother? Is he not then the same as our father? And shall a father not stake his son?" Then Bhīma became ashamed. And the dice rolled and Yudhisthira lost, and Duryodhana laughed and said, "What more?" And Yudhisthira said, "I play myself as stake." And they all sat about with white faces and looked on. And Yudhisthira lost. Then Duryodhana said, "The great king has staked his own self and lost. What more will the great king stake?" But Yudhisthira said, "I have nothing more." Then Duryodhana said, "Nay, great king, thou hast much still. For thou hast thy wife. I challenge thee again." Then Yudhisthira groaned in his heart, but because of his knightly vow he could not turn aside when he was challenged, and yet he could not bring it over his heart to play his wife, who was Krishnā, the fairest of all women. And he sat silent, saying unto himself, "She is the fairest of women, fair as the autumn lotus, and best beloved of all women. Slender is her waist, dark are her eyes, and fragrant as the woods of autumn is her hair; and she is best beloved of all women." . . . But he looked upon Duryodhana and said, "Be she the stake." And all men held their breath and gazed with great eyes while the dice rolled and Krishnā was the stake. Then Duryodhana, watching the dice as they rolled from the hand of crafty Çakuni, laughed and said, "Now hath the great king lost all—his treasure, his brother, his kingdom, his self, and even his wife Krishnā, the best beloved of women. Let some one bind these slaves and lead them away, but bring Krishnā to this hall." And all the elders wept as they heard, and cried "Shame," but Yudhisthira and Arjuna sat silent. Then they put chains upon Yudhisthira and his brothers, and sent for Krishnā.

Translated by E. W. H.

SPECIMEN OF THE DIDACTIC POETRY OF THE MAHĀBHĀRATA

The Divine Song (Pantheism)

The god Krishna-Vishnu speaks

Know that that is indestructible in which the body rests. The bodies [incarnations] of God are temporal, but God is eternal. Whosoever thinks that he can slay or be slain is not wise. He, the universal God, is not born at any time, nor does he ever die; nor will he ever cease to be. Unborn, everlasting, eternal, He, the Ancient one [as the soul of man], is not slain when the body is slain. As one puts away an old garment and puts on another that is new, so he the embodied [Spirit] puts away the old body and assumes one that is new. Everlasting, omnipresent, firm and unchanging is He, the Eternal. "Indiscernible" is he called; he is inconceivable; unchangeable. . . . Some are pleased with Vedic words and think that there is nothing else; their souls are full of desires, and they fancy that to go to heaven is the chief thing. But in doing well, not in the fruit thereof, is virtue. Do thy appointed work, fear not, care not for rewards. . . . Many are my [apparent] births, and I know them all. Unborn in reality, Lord of all, I take to myself phenomena, and by the illusion of the Spirit I appear to be born. I create myself [as man-god] whenever wrong predominates over right. For righteousness' sake then am I born on earth again. Whosoever believes in this birth of mine, and in this work of mine, he, when he has abandoned his body, enters no sad second birth but enters Me. Many there are who, from Me arising, on Me relying, purified by the penance of knowledge, with all affections, fear, and anger overcome, enter into my being. As they draw near to Me, so I serve them. Men in all ways follow my path. Know Me as the maker of men, know Me as the unending and not the maker of any. . . . Sacrifices are of many kinds, but he that sacrifices with wisdom offers the best sacrifice. He that hath faith hath [requisite] wisdom; he that hath wisdom hath peace. He that hath no wisdom and no faith, whose soul is one of doubt, is destroyed. . . . But the good man, even if he be not wise, does not go to destruction like a cloud that is rent. For he enters heaven as a doer of good, nor does he pass again [by transmigration] into an evil state, but into a better

than he knew before, where he again strives for perfection; and this he reaches after many births. . . . As material [phenomena] I am eightfold,—earth, water, fire, air, space, mind, understanding, self-consciousness [a category of the Sānkhya philosophy]; but this is the lower I. Learn Me in my higher nature. My higher nature is psychic; by it the world is supported, for I am creator and destroyer of the world. None other is higher than I. On Me the universe is woven, like pearls upon a thread. Taste am I, light am I of moon and sun; I am the mystic syllable *Aum*, I am sound in space, manliness in man, the light of the light, the smell of the fragrant, life and heat, the eternal seed of all beings; the understanding of them that have understanding, the glory of them that have glory. I am the force of the strong, and I am love, yet am I free of love and passion. Know all beings to be from Me alone, whatever be their qualities. I am not in them; but they are in Me. The world knows Me not, for hard to overcome is the illusion which envelops Me. They that are not wise worship many gods, but whatsoever be the god he worships I steady his faith, for in worshiping his god he worships Me. It is by Me that his desires are fulfilled though he worships another. . . . Even they that sacrifice to other gods really sacrifice to me. I am the Universal Father, the goal, the wisdom of the ancient Vedas, the home, the refuge, and the friend of man. I am immortality and death; being and not-being; the sacrifice, and he that sacrifices. I am the beginning, the middle, and the end. I am Vishnu among sun-gods; the moon among the stars; Indra among [Vedic] gods; the Sāman [song] among the Vedas. . . . I am the love that begets. I am the highest science among all sciences; I am the [holy] Ganges among rivers; I am the Word of the speakers; I am the letter A among the letters. I am death and I am life. I am glory, fortune, speech, memory, wisdom; the punishment of the punisher, the polity of the sagacious. I am silence. I am knowledge. There is no end to my divine appearances.

Translation of E. W. H.

SPECIMEN OF THE RĀMĀYANA

How Viçvamitra, the King, Became a Priest

Viçvāmitra, of the knightly caste, practiced austerities for a long time in order to become a priest. Silent for several thousand years, true to his vow, he practiced unequaled self-torture. As the years passed he became like a tree; wrath affected him not, he completed his vow. When thus he had completed his vow he began [for the first time] to eat. Indra the god, disguised as a man, asked him for food, and Viçvāmitra the great saint gave him all of it. He kept also the vow of silence, suppressing his breath, and at last so great was his power that smoke and fire came from him who breathed not, so that the three worlds were frightened. Then the saints in heaven spoke to the Creator and said, "Viçvāmitra, tempted to love and to anger, hath not yielded: he has no defect; he is a perfect ascetic. He demands a boon, and if he does not obtain it he will soon destroy all creation. Save the gods' realm, which the Great Seer, through the power of his asceticism, will soon destroy, and grant him his wish." So the boon was granted by the All-father, and to Viçvāmitra, who was one of the knightly caste, was granted the great boon that he should be counted a Brahman.

After the Translation of Bopp.

SPECIMEN OF FABLE LITERATURE

The Ass and the Jackal

From the 'Pancatantra'

Once an ass struck up friendship with a jackal. They broke through the hedge of a cucumber garden, and ate what they liked in company together. On one night the ass spoke proudly and said, "Behold, son of my sister, how clear and fine the night is! therefore I will sing a song." But the jackal said, "My dear fellow, what is the use of this noise? Thieves and lovers should work secretly. Besides, thy musical powers are weak. The watchman will find us and kill us. Let us rather eat the cucumbers." "Alas," said the ass, "thou livest rudely in the forest and knowest not the magic power of music." And he sang of music's charm. "True," said the jackal, "but thou dost not understand music. It will end in killing us." "What!" cried the ass, "dost thou think I do not understand music? Listen, then,

and I will show thee that I know: there are seven notes, three octaves, twenty-one 'intermediates' [etc., etc.]. Thou seest that I understand music. Why wilt thou prevent me from singing?" "Sing, then," said the jackal, "but wait till I get nearer to the gate." Then the ass began to bray most fearfully. The watchman, who had been asleep, came rushing up and beat the ass and hung a wooden drag about his neck; but the jackal escaped. And when the watchman had gone away again, the jackal cried from afar to the ass and said, "Uncle, thou wouldst not quit. Now thou wearest a new jewel as reward for thy song."

After the Translation of Benfey.

SPECIMEN OF DRAMA

Scene from the 'Mricchakatikā'

[The King's brother-in-law Sansthānaka from his garden wall sees a chariot coming, in which is the rich bayadère.]

Sansthānaka — Charioteer, charioteer! slave! are you there?

Charioteer — Yes.

Sansthānaka — Is the car there?

Charioteer — Yes.

Sansthānaka — Are the car-oxen there?

Charioteer — Yes.

Sansthānaka — Are you there too?

Charioteer [*laughing*] — Yes, great sir, I too am here.

Sansthānaka — Then drive the car in here.

Charioteer — How can I?

Sansthānaka — Through this gap, where the wall has fallen.

Charioteer — Great sir, the oxen will be killed, the car will be broken, and I, your servant, shall perish.

Sansthānaka — Hey? Remember that I am the King's brother-in-law. If the oxen are killed, I will buy more; if the car is broken, I will have another made; if you perish, I will get another Charioteer. . . . But do me a favor.

Charioteer — Willingly, if it does not involve a sin.

Sansthānaka — Clever man! Not a taint of sin.

Charioteer — Speak, then.

Sansthānaka — Kill this woman.

Charioteer — If I should kill this innocent woman, this ornament of the town, on what boat can I pass over the stream that leads to heaven?

Sansthānaka — I will furnish you a boat. And you must consider that no one will see you in this garden if you kill her. . . .

[The Charioteer refuses. Sansthānaka changes his tune.]

Sansthānaka — My son, my servant, I will give you golden bracelets.

Charioteer — And I will put them on.

Sansthānaka — I will have a chair of gold made for you.

Charioteer — And I will sit on it.

Sansthānaka — I will give you the leavings of my dinner.

Charioteer — And I will swallow them.

Sansthānaka — I will set you over all my servants.

Charioteer — And I will be a lord.

Sansthānaka — Very well, then, regard my words.

Charioteer — Great sir, I will do anything — only not sin.

Sansthānaka — Not a taint of sin.

Charioteer — Speak then, great sir.

Sansthānaka — Kill this woman.

Charioteer — Be merciful, great sir: I have brought her here by accident.

Sansthānaka — Slave! have I no power over you?

Charioteer — You have power over my body, great sir, but not over my good conduct. Be merciful, I am frightened to death.

Sansthānaka — What are you afraid of, if you are my servant?

Charioteer — Of the next world, great sir.

After the Translation of Böhtlingk.

EXTRACT FROM KĀLIDĀSA'S 'ÇAKUNTALĀ'

[The King sees Çakuntalā for the first time, clad in homespun, and speaks.]

THAT coarse ascetic garb, which, knotted firmly on the shoulder, covers her full bosom, doth cast a darkness upon her beauteous form, even as a dry leaf darkens an opening bud.

The lotus is lovely, even if it grows in a swamp. The spots on the moon only brighten the light of its beauty. Even so in homespun garb yon slender maiden appears all the fairer.

Though she speaks not to me, yet doth she listen when I speak. Though she turns not her face toward me, yet doth her eye seek me alone.

After the Translation of Meier.

SONG FROM THE LYRIC ACT OF THE 'VIKRAMORVAÇĪ'

Little bird, fair bird, give me my beloved again. Thou hast taken her beauty away. Thou hast seen her; the beauty thou wearest is hers.

Or has she turned into yon laughing brook? For its wavelets are her arching brows; the bright birds that swim on it are her girdle; its foam is her fluttering garment; and its tripping dancing gait is that of my beloved. Surely she has become yon brook.

After the Translation of Hoefer.

SPECIMENS OF LYRIC POETRY

From Kālidāsa's 'Cloud Messenger'

In the twisting stream I see the play of thy eyebrows; in the eye of the doe I see thy glance; in the peacock's tail the luxury of thy hair. In the moon I see the beauty of thy face, and in the *priyāngu* I see thy slender limbs. But ah! thy likeness united all in one place I see nowhere! I paint thee oft as angry, red colors on smooth stones, and would paint my own face near to thine. But the tear rises in my eye and darkness covers my sight. Even here [in the attempt to paint us united] our evil fate keeps us apart! When the gods of the forest see me, how I stretch out my arms to thee to draw thee to my breast,—then, I think, from their eyes will come the tears, which like large pearls glitter on the fresh buds.

After the Translation of Max Müller.

From Kālidāsa's 'Union of Seasons':* The Summer

Now the thirsty gazelle hastens after water, its palate dry, glowing with the mighty heat, when like a herd of elephants the clouds appear. The snake which, warmed by the sun's rays, once stretched himself in the burning hot sand, now hissing turns and seeks the shade. The lion, with thirsty throat, hunts the elephant no more. Courage fails him, his tongue trembles. . . . Forest fires have destroyed the young grass, the gust of the wind drives fiercely the dry leaves. The waters are dried

*For a translation in verse of this and the following selection, see Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Grishma,' Vol. ii. of this work.

up in every pool. In sighs ceases the song of the birds, as they cluster upon the trees decked only with faded leaves. The weary monkeys crawl slowly on the hill. The buffaloes wander about seeking for water. . . . But he that lives by the lotus-pond drinks the fragrance of the flowers, wets with cool streams the floors of the house, and by moonlight sports with his beloved in song and jest; he forgets the heat of summer.

From Kālidāsa's 'Union of Seasons': The Spring

The springtime-god, the god of love, comes, beloved, to wound the hearts of happy men; the god who has made the bees his bowstring, and mango blossoms his arrows. The maiden loves, the light breeze blows fragrantly, the trees are in bloom, and the lotus adorns the pool. Peaceful is the night and refreshing is the day. How lovely is all in spring! When the lakes are bright with jewels [blossoms], and like the moon in splendor shines every band of maidens; when mango-trees wave amid flowers, then comes the joy of spring. The fair girls wander out, at the call of the love-god, with garlands on the breast, with cool sandals on the feet, and their breath fragrant with *betel*. Fearless they go, and *karnikāra* flowers make their earrings, while *açoka* buds are nestling in their dark locks; and the jasmine lies upon their heads. The heart of the young man is filled with joy, as the *atimuktas* open their fragrant buds, and the drunken bees kiss the shining flowers, while delicately back and forth sway the tendrils of every plant touched by the light zephyrs. But he that is repulsed by his love is pierced in his heart as by an arrow.

After the Translation of Bohlen.

Other of Kālidāsa's Lyric

Thine eyes are blue lotus flowers; thy teeth, white jasmine; thy face is like a lotus flower. So thy body must be made of the leaves of most delicate flowers: how comes it then that god hath given thee a heart of stone?

My love is a hunter, who comes proudly hither. Her eyebrows are the huntsman's bended bow; her glances are the huntsman's piercing darts. They surely and swiftly smite my heart, which is the wounded gazelle.

From Bhartrihari's Lyric

She whom I love loves another, and the other again loves another, while another is pleased with me. Ah! the tricks of the god of love!

After the Translation of Bohlen.

Where thou art not and the light of thine eyes, there to me is darkness; even by the brightness of the taper's light, all to me is dark. Even by the quiet glow of the hearth-fire, all to me is dark. Though the moon and the stars shine together, yet all is dark to me. The light of the sun is able only to distress me. Where thou, my doe, and thine eyes are not, there all is dark to me.

The god of love sits fishing on the ocean of the world, and on the end of his hook he has hung a woman. When the little human fishes come they are not on their guard. Quickly he catches them and broils them in love's fire.

After the Translation of Schroeder.

From Amaru's Lyric

The young wife raises her face from the pillow and gazes long upon the face of her husband, who pretends to be sleeping still. Over and over again she kisses his face without shame. But as she sees him stir, her face droops with bashfulness, till it is raised and kissed by her laughing beloved.

The wife of him that is gone upon a journey looks down the road upon which he will return, far as the eye can see; till as the day ends and darkness comes and the path can be seen no more, she turns to enter the house. But in that moment she thinks, "Even now he will be coming," and quickly turns her head and looks again.

The Bee's Dream

"Night will quickly pass, fair will be the dawn; the sun will rise in beauty and the glorious lilies will unfold themselves." While a bee, sleeping in a flower, thus dreamed, came, alas! an elephant and crushed it as it lay.

After the Translation of Böhtlingk.

Other Lyric Pieces

I have seen thy form, and behold, even the jasmine seems coarse.

The moon in the spotless sky wanders, like a white flamingo in its silver beauty. No cloud troubles the clearness, the air is divinely pure. The star-flowers of the sky sparkle, shining through all space.

After the Translation of Schroeder.

SPECIMENS OF THE RELIGIOUS-EROTIC LYRIC OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

From the 'Gītagovinda'

[Rādhā's friend tells her how god Krishna sports with the herds-girls.]

In the breath of spring, Rādhā, with body fair as flowers of spring, seeking Krishna everywhere, was thus addressed by her friend:—"Under a garland of fragrant flowers, a garland which the bees surround, Krishna now in spring is playing, happy spring; and dances with the maidens at a time not sweet to those whose love is gone. Where lamentations arise from women whose lovers are away; where the young *tamals* are drunken with sweet flowers, and the *kinçuka* buds, the lovely, are gleaming; where are golden *keçaras* like to the sceptre of the love-god; and the *pātali* buds are filled with bees like the quiver of Eros. There is Krishna playing, and dances with the maidens. Krishna in the crowd of maidens jests with them that jest with him. Clothed in a yellow garment, crowned with flowers, anointed with sandal paste, rings in his ears, smiling amid the merry throng, he sports, all in the joy of spring; while, with swelling breasts, embracing Krishna, one of the maidens sings to him, and another whispers something in his ear and swiftly kisses the beloved one. One he embraces, and one he kisses, and one he presses upon his heart, looks at one with a smile, and lists to the words of another."

Rādhā's Jealous Lament

From the same

Drunk with joy on the breast of Krishna, while on her bosom the jewel trembles, sweetly with Krishna united, sports one who seems to me blest. Her moon-like face surrounded with fair locks, drinking his lips till weary with drinking, sweetly with Krishna united, sports one who seems to me blest. Smiling and reddening with the glance of the beloved, quivering with the rapture of love, sports one who seems to me blest [etc.].

After the Translation of Rückert.

SPECIMEN OF THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF THE MODERN SECTS

From the Bible of the Dadu Panthis, Sixteenth Century

He is my God who maketh all things perfect. O foolish one, God is not far from you. He is near you. God's power is always with you. Whatever is to be, is God's will. What will be, will be. Therefore long not for grief or joy, because by seeking the one you may find the other. All things are sweet to them that love God. I am satisfied with this, that happiness is in proportion to devotion. O God, thou who art truth, grant me contentment, love, devotion, and faith. Sit ye with humility at the feet of God and rid yourselves of the sickness of your bodies. From the wickedness of the body there is much to fear, because all sins enter into it. Therefore let your dwelling be with the fearless, and direct yourselves toward the light of God. For there neither poison nor sword has power to destroy, and sin cannot enter.

Translation of Wilson.

Note.— For other selections of Indian literature see individual authors and works. A bibliography will include Colebrooke, 'Essays,' re-edited by Cowell and Whitney; Max Müller, 'Ancient Sanskrit Literature'; Whitney, 'Oriental and Linguistic Studies'; Weber, 'Vorlesungen ueber Indische Literaturgeschichte' (English translation, as 'Indian Literature,' published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); Von Schroeder, 'Indiens Literatur und Cultur'; Muir, 'Original Sanskrit Texts'; Grassmann, 'Der Rig-Veda' (German translation); Kaegi,

'Der Rig-Veda' (translated into English by Arrowsmith); the 'Sacred Books of the East' (contain translations from the 'Çatapatha Brāhmana,' Upanishads, law-books, etc.); Gough, 'Philosophy of the Upanishads'; Jacobi, 'Kalpa-Sūtra'; Oldenberg, 'Buddha'; T. W. Rhys Davids, 'Manual of Buddhism,' 'Hibbert Lectures,' and 'Buddhism,' also 'Buddhist Suttas' translated by Oldenberg and Davids in the 'Sacred Books of the East'; Williams, 'Indian Wisdom'; Protap C. Roy, 'Translation of Mahābhārata' (publishing in India); Jacobi, 'Rāmāyana'; Wilson, 'Analysis of Purānas' (Selected Essays); Wilson, 'Hindu Drama'; Williams, 'Sakuntalā'; Wilson, 'Meghadūta'; Brunnhofer, 'Geist der Indischen Lyrik.' There is no special work on modern Indian literature; but the essays of Wilson and Williams may be consulted, and much in regard to dialectic and folk-lore literature will be found in the Indian Antiquary, a journal published in India. All the most important works on Indian literature till the time of the Renaissance, and all the works on the religious literature after this date, will be found in the Bibliography at the end of the 'Religions of India' ('Handbooks on the History of Religions').

JEAN INGELOW

(1830–1897)

With the volume of 'Poems' published in 1863 Jean Ingelow became well known in America, as she had long been at home. Although her poems and stories had been appearing from time to time since 1850, the public knew little of the author's life. She saw no reason why her literary work should entail publicity, and tried hard to maintain her privacy. But as facts were difficult to discover, an imaginary Jean Ingelow was invented to gratify curiosity, until she came forward in self-defense.

Jean Ingelow

Jean Ingelow was born in 1830 at Boston, Lincolnshire, England, where her father was a banker. Her childhood was quiet and happy under the care of a bright-natured Scotch mother, and she early showed an optimistic capacity for simple enjoyment. The little girl who gathered her apronful of stones from the path, to drop them again farther on, because the poor pebbles must be so tired of lying in one spot and staring up into the sky, already felt the imaginative sympathy with all things which is evident in the woman's poems.

Her first book, 'A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings,' was published anonymously in 1850; and was followed the next year by 'Allerton and Dreux,' a story in verse. In these as in her later work she shows her gift for portraying the homely simplicity of life, with its latent charm and beauty. Naturally her poetry-loving spirit fell under the influence of the contemporary poets who were stirring English hearts, and she sometimes reflects Tennyson and Mrs. Browning. But she is too individual and spontaneous to remain an imitator, and both in theme and handling of metres she shows unusual freedom. The 'Story of Doom' and other religious and didactic poems are sometimes tedious; but the purely emotional lyrics, such as 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,' the 'Songs of Seven,' 'Divided,' are noteworthy for the musical lilt which made them cling to the memory, and for a warmth of sentiment which touched the popular heart.

Jean Ingelow loved children; and with 'Mopsa the Fairy,' that delightful succession of breezy impossibilities, and many other tales, she has won the love of young readers.

Her first serious effort in fiction was 'Studies for Stories' (1864),—carefully developed character sketches. Since then she has published several novels, which have been widely read, although they are less satisfactory than her verse. 'Sarah de Berenger' and 'Don John' show how ingeniously she can weave a plot. 'Off the Skelligs,' and its sequel, 'Fated to be Free,' derive their chief interest from careful character analysis. But the arrangement of material lacks proportion; and in her effort to be true to life, she overcrowds her scenes with children and other people who are merely incidental to the plot, and have no sufficient reason for being.

She died July 19th, 1897.

DIVIDED

I

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of fox-glove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God he knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faëry bells;
Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III

A dappled sky, a world of meadows:
Circling above us the black rooks fly
Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry.

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! We sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow in sooth that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider —
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell!"
"I may not cross" — and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning;
Come ere it darkens;" — "Ah no! ah no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching —
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
Passionate words as of one beseeching —
The loud beck drowns them; we walk, and weep.

V

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered;
Round valleys like nests, all ferny-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;

A flashing edge for the milk-white river;
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede.
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim,—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly;
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

SAND MARTINS

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate;
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll;
In each a mother-martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter! hasty, glad, and gay,
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell:
"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?"—
"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

And hearkening, I was sure their little ones
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made
Concerning hot sea-bights and tropic suns,
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed;

And visions of the sky as of a cup
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand,
And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,
And blank stone faces marvelously bland.

"When should the young be fledged, and with them hie
Where costly day drops down in crimson light?
(Fortunate countries of the firefly
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

"And the immortal moon takes turn with them.)
When should they pass again by that red land,
Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand?

"When should they dip their breasts again and play
In slumbrous azure pools clear as the air,
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,
Stalking amid the lotus blossoms fair?

"Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,
While cassias blossom in the zone of calms,
And so betake them to a south sea-bight
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-palms

"Whose roots are in the spray? Oh, haply there
Some dawn, white-wingèd they might chance to find
A frigate standing in to make more fair
The loneliness unaltered of mankind.

"A frigate come to water: nuts would fall,
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed strand,
While northern talk would ring, and therewithal
The martins would desire the cool north land.

"And all would be as it had been before:
Again at eve there would be news to tell;
Who passed should hear them chant it o'er and o'er,
'Gossip, how wags the world?'—'Well, gossip, well.'"

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

(1571)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower;
The ringers ran by two, by three:
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth
Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song:—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of 'Enderby.'

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The 'Brides of Mavis Enderby.'

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.

They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of 'Enderby'!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pyrate galleys warping down,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left,—"Ho Enderby!"
They rang 'The Brides of Enderby'!

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

COLD AND QUIET

COLD, my dear,—cold and quiet.
In their cups on yonder lea,
Cowslips fold the brown bee's diet;
So the moss enfoldeth thee.
"Plant me, plant me, O love, a lily flower—
Plant at my head, I pray you, a green tree;
And when our children sleep," she sighed, "at the dusk hour,
And when the lily blossoms, O come out to me!"

Lost, my dear? Lost! nay, deepest
Love is that which loseth least;

"Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
. . . here's two bonny boys"

From a painting by B. Plockhurst

Through the night-time while thou sleepest,
Still I watch the shrouded east.
Near thee, near thee, my wife that aye liveth,
"Lost" is no word for such a love as mine;
Love from her past to me a present giveth,
And love itself doth comfort, making pain divine.

Rest, my dear, rest. Fair showeth
That which was, and not in vain
Sacred have I kept, God knoweth,
Love's last words atween us twain.
"Hold by our past, my only love, my lover;
Fall not, but rise, O love, by loss of me!"
Boughs from our garden, white with bloom hang over.
Love, now the children slumber, I come out to thee.

LETTICE WHITE

From 'Supper at the Mill'

MY NEIGHBOR White — we met to-day —
He always had a cheerful way,
As if he breathed at ease;
My neighbor White lives down the glade,
And I live higher, in the shade
Of my old walnut-trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
To feed them all, to clothe them all,
Must surely tax his wit:
I see his thatch when I look out;
His branching roses creep about,
And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves,
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
And milky filberts hoard;
And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skillful hands
Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
She makes her labor light;

So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
O, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Lettice White!

'Tis hard to feel one's self a fool!
With that same lass I went to school—
I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I—I never cared to look
Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there,
Sweet eyes, behind those lashes fair
That will not raise their rim:
If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
Why then, the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had,
And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
"He beats the country round!

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
Weak praise, but fondly sung!
"O mother! scholars sometimes fail—
And what can foot and leg avail
To him that wants a tongue?"

When by her ironing-board I sit,
Her little sisters round me flit,
And bring me forth their store;
Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples, bright of hue
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair;
All shaded by her flaxen hair
The blushes come and go:
I look, and I no more can speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine-leaves from her thatch
Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
The shyly uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight
When we two were apart.
Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
"Maiden, thou hast my heart."

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White:
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing-board!

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN

(1789–1862)

INGEMANN was born in his father's parsonage on the little island of Falster, Denmark, the 28th of May, 1789. He was the youngest of nine children, an impressionable, sensitive child, craving and needing the love lavished on him in his home. A happy childhood, passed in beautiful country surroundings in close touch with nature, developed in him a winning sympathetic temperament, a sometimes almost womanly tenderness. Harshness or misunderstanding wounded him deeply, and left, as he himself said, "a shadow which even the most radiant light of love and joy have found it difficult to efface." The intensity of the child's feelings showed itself in his love for every living thing. When he was given a present of a bird he "trembled with excitement; as he put out his hands for it he screamed with joy; when he held the bird in his hand he dreamt of his happiness; and his first thought when he awoke in the morning was the happy certainty, 'I have my bird!' He never found another expression which more truly and strongly painted his joy at having consciously awakened to the highest happiness of his life than the childish words, 'I have my bird.'"

INGEMANN

With a temperament like this, and growing into manhood at a time when romanticism found its first and full expression in Oehlenschläger's tragedies, in the poetry of Heiberg, Hauch, and Hertz, it is no wonder that Ingemann found it impossible to finish his law course, and gave himself up unreservedly to his literary work. His father had died when the boy was about ten years old, his mother died before his University course was finished, he himself was not strong in his early youth: his first collection of poems, published 1811, is touched with the consequent depression, which found voice in dreamy love and religious devotion. About this time he became engaged to his future wife, Lucie Marie Mandix. In 1813 he published 'Procne,' in 1814 'The Black Knights,' and in 1815 the tragedy

'Blanca,' which took all sensitive hearts by storm. Heiberg, who had a strong sense of humor, found the sentiment of 'Blanca' dangerously near sentimentality, and made many a good joke over it.

In 1818 the government granted Ingemann a traveling stipend; and during the year he spent abroad he seems to have awakened to a fresher, fuller life and a more healthily balanced state of mind, through which his warm heart suffered no loss, for he wrote home in an outburst of enthusiasm: "God be praised that there is so much I love." A collection of 'Stories and Fairy Tales' (1820) showed great intellectual development in him, and a decided talent as story-teller; 'Magnetism in the Barber Shop' (1821), a comedy after the manner of Holberg, is among his best works.

He was made lecturer on the Danish language and literature at the Academy of Sorö in 1822, and married that same year after an eleven-years' engagement. In the quiet little academic town, with its many historic memories of the past when Denmark was in the flush of its power, Ingemann's impressionable temperament found its right material. During the next twelve years he worked incessantly on his historic poems and novels, the latter of which have given him his importance in Danish literature. 'Waldemar the Victorious' (1826), 'Erik Menved's Childhood' (1828), 'King Erik and the Outlaws' (1833), 'Prince Otto of Denmark and his Time' (1835), are strong books.

Some of the historians shook their heads at this manner of turning history into romance, but to Ingemann it was no product of the imagination; he wished them taken in full earnest, and he wrote them in a natural, easy style, giving himself up altogether to what he considered undoubtedly the life of the person he was depicting. While he was planning one of these novels he wrote, "I wish I were head over ears in the writing of it; only so am I happy." To him his room stood full of knights and noble ladies who wished to speak with him, and he gives himself fully to them, living with them, loving them, hating them, absorbed in the smallest details of their lives. And the fact that behind the mighty armors of his brave knights, and the sumptuous court gowns of his beautiful ladies, we always recognize the author's own childlike smile, makes them perhaps all the more sympathetic and dear to us. In much the same spirit he wrote his 'Evening and Morning Songs,' most of them embodied in the Danish collection of church hymns. They were the simple, natural expression of the thoughts that might come to any child in the early morning and evening hours, and there is hardly a Danish child in city or country to whom they are not among the earliest ineffaceable memories.

After the death of Oehlenschläger (1850) Ingemann was decidedly the favorite of the people, although none was more conscious than he

that the place of the great departed could not be filled. In 1852 he published 'The Village Children,' a novel in four parts. During the last ten years of his life he wrote almost exclusively religious poetry.

Those that made a pilgrimage to Sorö to see him generally found him in his study, a large room on the ground floor opening directly out into the garden; among the portraits on the wall were De la Motte Fouqué (to whom he bore a strong intellectual resemblance), Hoffmann, Schiller, etc. The host himself was of average height; a cheerful genial man with a humorous twinkle in his eye, generally puffing his study-pipe with evident enjoyment.

Ingemann is of course repeatedly called "the Danish Walter Scott"; but unlike Scott, he always laid the weight on the leading historic character of his novels. If Ingemann's novels should be weighed in the scales of history and literature and found too light, they will nevertheless always possess great importance as landmarks in the progress of Danish culture.

CARL OF RISÉ AND THE KOHLMAN

From 'Waldemar the Victorious'

It was a clear starlight winter's night, when Carl of Risé stopped his foaming steed at the foot of the Kohl. He had asked in a neighboring village whether they knew the knight Thord Knudsön, who also went by the name of Thord Knudsön the peasant; but no one seemed to know him, and Carl began to fear he was dead. When at length he asked with anxiety whether any one had ever known the Kohlman, or whether it was long since he was dead, the peasants stared at him with surprise, and crossed themselves as they pointed to the top of the mountain. "That fellow will never die," they said: "he is either a goblin or a wizard, and dwells in an enchanted tower on the top of the Kohl. It was a godless deed," they said, "to come near him, especially at night, when he was wont to hold talk with witches and all the devils in hell." Carl found that no money could prevail on any of his informants to act the part of guide; he therefore pursued the way which the peasants had with some difficulty been persuaded to point out, alone.

He soon came in sight of the dark round rock, which rose proud and majestic out of the ocean. He could not proceed further on horseback, and looked in vain for a tree or bush to

which he might tie his charger; at last he spied a post on a heathery hill near the shore, to which he rode up and fastened him. As Carl hastened up the steep he looked back at his horse, and felt as though he had separated from a trusty companion; and now for the first time it occurred to him that the post to which he had tied his horse must have been a gibbet, for he fancied he saw on the top of it a fleshless skull. An involuntary shudder thrilled him, and he proceeded, now with slackened pace, up the steep ascent towards a dark mass of stone, which on his nearer approach he found to be a round tower, built of fragments of the rock. "That must be the Seer's dwelling," said he, and called to mind the tower of Sœbygaard, and the figure which he had seen gathering up papers from the flames. This figure he had long identified in his own mind with the Bjergmand, who had appeared to him at Father Saxo's grave; and he doubted not that this mysterious man was also the famous Seer of the Kohl. He was now about to visit the singular being by whom he had been menaced both awake and in his dreams; and all the tales he had ever heard of wizards and enchanters now revived in his memory. "Not for all the riches in the world would I go on this errand for any other," said he to himself. "Yes, for my Rigmor," he added; and as he uttered this beloved name a sudden ray of hope flashed across his soul, and all his anxiety vanished. "If she yet live," he burst forth, "may not this wonderful man be able to relieve my agony? He may tell me where she is, and what I ought to do."

Carl redoubled his speed, and presently stood before a small strongly secured door in the north side of the tower. He took his sword, and knocked with the hilt against it. The sound was echoed in the still night, but it was long before he saw any sign of the tower being the abode of the living. At length he heard a hoarse voice from above his head, which seemed to come from an aperture in the wall. "Who art thou, presumptuous man?" croaked forth the voice. "What wouldst thou here, where death sits on the threshold and hell gapes for its prey?"

"Open the door, Sir Thord Knudsön; open the door, Sir Knight," said Carl. "I am a messenger from King Waldemar the Victorious." "At last, at last," said the hoarse voice. "Thou comest late, Carl of Risé: the star is extinguished in the lion's eye; the name of Waldemar the Victorious and his fortunes have vanished like a meteor, and dimmed the Northern crown."

"Open the door, wise master Thord," said Carl. "I have a secret message for you from my lord the King, and must speak with you in private."

"When I see the North Star over thine head must I open to thee," said the voice: "but if thou wilt hearken to my counsel, Carl of Risé, hie thee hence: thou art come in an evil hour. Death stands at thy side, and seeks his prey under my roof. He asks not if we be old or young."

The hoarse voice was hushed, and Carl presently heard a shrill female voice apparently in dispute with the old man in the tower; and after a burst of wild laughter the same voice began to sing a song, which froze the blood in the veins of the pious knight. Carl understood only some few fearful words; but the wild heart-rending tones seemed to come from a despairing and distracted spirit, bidding defiance to Heaven and the Eternal Judge. Carl now looked up at the sky, and perceived the North Star directly over the tower. He seized his sword again, and knocked with all his might against the door.

"I come, I come," said the hoarse voice from above. "Thou constrainest me, mighty Star!"

It was not long ere Carl heard the rattling of bolts and bars, and the door was opened.

"Enter then, presumptuous knight: thy follower hath passed my threshold; it is now thine own fault if thou come not alive out of these walls."

Carl entered the gloomy dwelling with his sword in his hand, and hastily crossed himself as he beheld the terrific form which, clad in the black Bjergmand's dress, stood with a lighted horn lantern in his hand on the steps of the tower. He seemed to have outlived a century of years, and had a long white beard which descended far below his belt. His face was withered and wrinkled and of an earth-gray color, like dusty oak bark. His eyes were blear and dim, and his back was bent like a bow. In this attitude his form appeared almost dwarfish; but could he have unbent his back, he must have been almost taller than the stately knight before him. His long arms reached nearly to the ground; he wore on his head a round leather hat without a brim. His leathern apron reached nearly to his feet; and at the thong by which it was tied round the waist, hung a small unlighted lantern. In his right hand he held a crutch or staff which was thickly inscribed with runic letters and unknown characters.

"Follow me," said the Bjergmand, beginning to ascend the narrow winding stair. Carl followed him with a beating heart. After mounting sixty steps they stopped before a door; the Bjergmand pushed it open with his staff, and they entered a spacious vaulted chamber, paneled with wood, and having four large shutters placed opposite the four points of the compass. The chamber was in other respects fitted up almost precisely like the observatory at Sœbygaard. There was a fireplace, before which were many singularly shaped vessels and empty flasks; some large metal pipes near the shutters; and in the middle of the floor a large chair before a stone table, on which lay a heap of singed parchments inscribed with red letters. The old man seated himself quietly in his chair without seeming to notice his guest, and held a large polished lens up to his dim eyes, while he turned over the papers and drew the iron lamp nearer.

Carl did not venture to disturb him, but occupied himself in the mean time in observing the objects around. A large heap of stones and raw metal which lay on the hearth seemed to indicate that the old man did not wear his Bjergmand's habit in vain: but Carl's eye rested not long on the shining treasure; he turned from them to look for the woman whose shrill voice and wild song had just before filled him with horror. At length he observed a recess in the paneling; and peering forth from it, a deadly pale and wrinkled female face, propped upon two shrunken arms and half hidden by black tangled locks, with flashing eyes and an insane smile.

Carl involuntarily stepped back a few paces; but instantly recovered himself, and contemplated with deep interest the traces of beauty and feminine grace which still lingered on that unhappy countenance, and which the more he examined the more he seemed to identify with the features of the once beautiful Lady Helena. "It is she!" said he to himself, looking at her with heartfelt compassion. She nodded to him with a ghastly smile, while a tear trickled down her furrowed cheek; but she neither altered her posture nor uttered a word. She seemed from time to time to cast a timid and anxious glance at the old Bjergmand, but presently again fixed her gleaming eyes on the knight; and her keen despairing look filled him with the same horror which her piercing tones had before awakened.

At last the Bjergmand rose and took up the lantern which stood at his feet. He made a sign to Carl to follow him, and opened a secret door in the wall, which discovered a stair leading

apparently to the top of the tower. As Carl quitted the chamber he cast a glance towards the recess, and saw such an expression of frantic joy on the countenance of the unhappy Helena, that he breathed more freely when his long-armed conductor shut the door, and drew a massy iron bolt on the outside.

When they had mounted a few steps, Carl heard the sound of shrill laughter below, and the same fearful song which had before horrified him. The old man seemed not to heed it, but calmly ascended the stair, which wound narrower and narrower toward the top. At last they stood on the top of the tower, on a narrow open platform without a railing, with the bright starry heavens above their heads, and on almost every side within two steps of the dizzy abyss beneath; for the tower was perched on the summit of the rock, and seemed to rise with it in a perpendicular line above the sea. A mist came over Carl's eyes, and he was forced to lean on his sword to prevent himself from falling over the precipice. He endeavored to overcome his dizziness by fixing his eyes steadily on his companion. The Seer unbent his back, rose to a great height before the eyes of Carl, and looked on him with a wild and threatening aspect. "Here we are alone," said he, looking fixedly on the knight. "Here am I the strongest, however old I may be. Tell me here, between the heaven and yon abyss, what wouldst thou know?"

Carl summoned up all his strength, and was prepared to defend his life to the last, and contest the platform with the dark giant the instant he approached too near with his long arms; but the Seer stirred not, and seemed desirous to give him time for recollection. Carl then called to mind his King's behest, and forgot his own dangerous position. He leaned yet more heavily on his sword, and asked whether the Seer knew what his sovereign was thinking of, the day he fell into a revery with his foot in the stirrup; and if he did, what he said thereto?

The old man was silent, and contemplated the heavens for a considerable time. His dim eyes at last lighted up with singular fire, and he half spoke, half chanted:—

"Thy Liege and Sovereign thought upon
The fate his children would befall,
When he himself was dead and gone!
Then tell him this for truth: They all
Shall civil strife and carnage see;
But each at last shall crownèd be!"

Carl treasured up every word in his memory which concerned the welfare of his King and country, without being able however to comprehend how this answer could console the King, for it seemed to him rather to contain an evil prophecy.

"Wouldst thou know more?" asked the Seer. "Make haste, then, for an evil star is above our heads."

"Alas! Rigmor, Rigmor," said Carl with a sigh; and inquired of the old man in his own name if he knew where his wife was, and if he could tell him (without having recourse to any sinful arts) whether he should ever again behold her in this world.

"Goest thou hence alive," muttered the old man, "thou wilt soon know where she is; but if love be not mightier than hate thou wilt know it to thy cost."

Carl pondered over these mysterious words, and tried to find comfort in them for the disquietude of his heart. The old man was about to say more, but at this moment a piercing shriek was heard within the tower, and the Seer turned pale. "The lamp!" he shouted; "make way:" and he rushed down to the winding stairs, pushing Carl aside with such force that he lost his balance on the platform and fell with his head resting on the edge of the tower. Carl looked down upon the unfathomable abyss beneath; but fortunately was able to recover himself and creep back on his hands and knees to the staircase, and in a moment overtook the old man. When the secret door was thrown open a bright flame burst forth; the panels and shutters were burning, and a faded female form was seated on the stone table amidst the smoldering papers, shouting and singing as she watched the progress of the flames. Carl seized her in his arms, and rushed with her through fire and smoke down to the last flight of stairs; while the old man thought only of rescuing his papers and instruments from the flames. Carl reached the last step of the stair, succeeded in drawing the bolt from the door, and made his escape from the tower without sustaining any injury; but the unhappy Lady Helena lay scorched and half dead in his arms.

"Waldemar, Waldemar!" she groaned. "Thou hast cost me my soul's salvation."

Carl laid her on the ground, and would have endeavored to rescue, if possible, the unfortunate Seer: but he saw with horror that the flames now burst forth from every side of the tower, and that the old man was standing on the platform with a bundle of burning papers, which he scattered around him on the

air, while he muttered incantations and wielded his staff as if he thought he could control the flames; but they presently reached him: he plunged in desperation into the burning tower and disappeared.

"Burn, burn, thou black Satan! I burn already," cried the dying Helena. "I shall no more disturb the peace of King Waldemar till Doomsday. I am the Queen of the Black Seer. I must plunge with him into the gulf. Ha! the millstone, the millstone! it will hang around my neck to all eternity. Where are now thy queens, Waldemar? alas! Dagmar, Dagmar, pray for me: proud Beengièrd strangles me with her bloody kerchief." After uttering these broken and fearful sentences, the miserable Helena wrung her hands in agony and expired. Carl uttered a hasty prayer, then looked up at the burning tower; the flame had shot over its summit, and a black form was thrown down at his feet. It was the unhappy Seer, whose corse lay crushed and burned among the stones.

MORNING SONG

THEY'RE gazing at each other, the flowers fair and small,
The blithesome birds unto their mates are talking;
Now open wide their eyes earth's children all;
And, house on back, the snail goes walking.

The tiniest worm is minded by God the maker here;
He feeds the birds and decks the lily flower:
But children holds he dearest of the dear;
On weeping eyes God's blessings shower.

God's Son was once a little one, on manger straw he lay,
His cradle here on earth stood, fashioned meanly;
God promises the children heavenly play
And blooms in meadows queenly.

God's Son holds us so dear, great child-friend is his name:
He bears the bairns to God, his arms supporting;
Though conquering sea and sky what time he came,
Babes at his breast were sporting.

O Thou who blessest us and didst caress the small,
Some morn in Paradise we shall behold thee;
Thou raisest up our eyes to God,—let all
Praises and prayers enfold thee!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Richard Burton.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783–1859)

BY EDWIN W. MORSE

To Washington Irving belongs the title of the Founder of American Literature. Born while the British troops were still in possession of his native city, New York, and overtaken by death a year before Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, he represents a span of life from Revolutionary days to a period well remembered by men now of middle age. Before his day American literature was theological and political,—the outgrowth of the great questions of Church and State which the settlement of the colonies and the rupture with the mother country gave rise to. The only considerable venture in *belles-lettres* had been made by Charles Brockden Brown, whose romances published in the turn of the century were highly praised in their day, but are now unread.

Irving loved literature for its own sake, and not as a means to the attainment of some social, moral, or political end; and this trait differentiates him sharply from his predecessors. When he began to write, the field of letters was unoccupied. His first book had been published eight years when Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' appeared in the North American Review; and it was three years later before Cooper's first novel, 'Precaution,' was published. His position in American literature is thus unique, and will always remain so.

The qualities which were most characteristic of his work were sentiment and humor; and these acquired a high literary value through the graceful, varied, and finished form in which they were cast. The source of the keen literary sense that revealed itself in him in early life, and that was highly developed even before he attained his majority, is not easily traced. It was however a powerful impulse, and persisted in shaping his character and in controlling his destiny, despite his half-hearted efforts to acquire a taste for the law, and later for commercial pursuits. To its influence moreover is attributable his aloofness from the political and other public life of his time, which seems somewhat singular in a man of his imaginative, emotional temperament, when one remembers the stormy period in which his youth and early manhood were passed. When he was beguiled

against his inclination to take some part in local politics, he spent the first day, true to his real nature, in hunting for "whim, character, and absurdity" in the crowd in which he found himself. From this early time onward, whatever was eccentric or strongly individual in human nature had a remarkable fascination for his alert, observing mind. Apparently however the politics of the day did not yield the material that he sought, nor were the associations of political life agreeable to one of his fastidious tastes. For after a brief experience he writes: "Truly this saving one's country is a nauseous piece of business; and if patriotism is such a dirty virtue — prythee, no more of it." This sentiment had its spring in no lack of loyalty to his country, but rather in his physical repugnance to the unwashed political "workers" of his day and to familiar intercourse with them.

Irving's detachment from the public affairs of his time was further illustrated in a somewhat amusing manner during his first visit to Europe. When he reached France, Napoleon's conquest of Italy and his assumption of the title of Emperor were on every tongue. Contemporary greatness, however, which subsequent events were to bring to a much more striking perspective than was within the scope of his vision at this time, had no attraction for the young American traveler. His sole anxiety was to see, not Napoleon, but the tomb of Laura at Avignon; and great was his disappointment to find that the monument had been destroyed in the Revolution. "Never," he breaks out, "did the Revolution and its authors and its consequences receive a more hearty and sincere execration than at that moment. Throughout the whole of my journey I had found reason to exclaim against it, for depriving me of some valuable curiosity or celebrated monument; but this was the severest disappointment it had yet occasioned." This purely literary view of the greatest event of modern times is significant of Irving's attitude of mind towards the political and social forces which were changing the boundaries of kingdoms and revolutionizing society. He had reached his majority; but the literary associations of the Old World were of infinitely more moment to him than the overthrow of kings and the warrings of nations.

A partial, but only a partial, explanation of this literary sense which young Irving possessed can be found in his ancestry. It did not, one may be sure, come from the side of his father, who was a worthy Scotchman of good family, a native of one of the Orkney Islands. William Irving had passed his life on or near the sea, and was a petty officer on an armed packet when he met in Falmouth the girl who was to become his wife and the author's mother. Mrs. Irving was a woman of much beauty and of a lovely disposition, and she exerted a great influence upon the character of the son. The

desire to wander far afield which pursued Irving through a large part of his life may also be traced, it seems to me, to the parent stock, which must have been saturated with the adventurous spirit of a seafaring life. This impulse made itself felt when Irving was very young; for in the account which the author of the 'Sketch Book' gives of himself, he admits that he "began his travels when a mere child, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of his native city, to the frequent alarm of his parents and the emolument of the town crier." As Irving was born on April 3d, 1783, his parents having been residents of New York for about twenty years, we may believe that these youthful escapades took place when the boy was perhaps six or eight years old; say a year or two after Washington began his first term as President. The lad possessed from an early age, in addition to this roving tendency, a romantic, emotional, imaginative temperament, which invested with a special interest for him every spot in or near his native town that had become celebrated through fable or by a tragedy in real life.

The New York through which the lad, brimful of gay spirits and of boundless curiosity, wandered, was a town devoted exclusively to commerce, of fewer than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It was confined within narrow limits. An excursion from the Irving home in William Street, about half-way between Fulton and John Streets, to what is now Chambers Street, must have brought the venturesome youth into the fields and among country houses. The educational facilities of the town were meagre, and young Irving had little taste for study. Rather than go to school, he preferred to loiter around the wharves and dream of the far distant lands whence the ships with their odorous cargoes had come; while in the evening he would steal away to the theatre in company with a companion of about his own age, James K. Paulding, with whom some years later he was to make his first literary venture. He liked to read books of voyages and romances, like 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Sindbad,' much better than the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which his father, then a deacon in the Presbyterian church, gave him for his Sunday perusal. Two of his brothers — he was the youngest of a family of eight boys — had been sent to Columbia College, but Washington was not a student. Text-books were repugnant to him; and lacking the faculty of application and concentration, he never made much headway with routine studies, although he acquired a little knowledge of Latin in addition to the ordinary branches of learning. He was "a saunterer and a dreamer," did not like to study, and had no ambition to go to college.

As the years were slipping by, and as it was plainly necessary for him to prepare himself for some work in life, young Irving entered a law office. But the dry routine of reading law proved to be very

distasteful to him, and he soon drifted into general literature, in the reading of which he atoned in large part for the deficiencies of his early schooling. His indolence was partly due to temperament, and partly no doubt to physical causes. For his health was not robust. A weakness of the lungs showed itself, and gave him a good excuse to get away from books and into the open air, and to indulge his liking for travel and exploration. He had already wandered, gun in hand, along the shores of the Hudson and through the woods of Westchester County, becoming well acquainted with the natural beauties of the Sleepy Hollow country, which he was later to people with legendary figures. He had also made a voyage up the Hudson, and had journeyed through the valley of the Mohawk. The pulmonary trouble which made it necessary for him to take a more extended outing made itself felt while he was dawdling over his law-books in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman; and in the next two years — this was between 1802 and 1804 — he made several adventurous journeys to the north, going so far on one occasion as Montreal.

It was during this period of Irving's life, when he was approaching his majority, that another important aspect of his character — the social, which was to influence his entire career and to leave its color indelibly stamped upon his writings — made itself apparent. From an early age the social instinct was strong in him. As he grew older he developed "a boundless capacity for good-fellowship," as one of his contemporaries testifies. This liking for his fellow-man had for its foundation a warm-hearted, sympathetic, generous nature, a rich vein of humor, perfect ease of manner and great readiness as a talker, and an optimistic philosophy of life. These amiable traits made him many friends in the towns which he visited outside of New York in this period of his life, and throw a flood of light upon the warm friendships which he made in England and elsewhere in later years. It is easy to believe that these qualities of mind and heart were due in large part to the influence of his mother, the gentleness and sweetness of whose nature must have had a deep effect upon the impressionable son. And to the same tender influence is probably due the devotion, almost idolatrous, which Irving showed both in his writings and in his social relations throughout his life to womankind. By temperament extremely susceptible to the attractions of the sex, he was always their ardent admirer and chivalric defender. The untimely death of the girl whom we may well believe to have been the embodiment of his loftiest ideals, the second daughter of the Mr. Hoffman under whom he had read law, imparted a tinge of melancholy to his emotional temperament, and remained with him as a sad memory throughout his life. This overwhelming disappointment, and the necessity which arose some years later that he should assume the

responsibility of supporting his brothers, made marriage an impossibility for him.

This tragedy, however, had not overshadowed his life when in 1804 Irving made his first journey to Europe, in search of the health which he had not been able to find in northern New York and in Canada. He had just passed his twenty-first birthday; and despite his poor health, he was all eagerness to see the famous places which his reading had made familiar to his lively imagination. The reality exceeded his anticipations. His health was restored by the voyage, and he gave himself up to sight-seeing and to making friends. He loitered here and there: in Italy, where he met Allston, who nearly persuaded him to become a painter; in Paris, where he frequented the theatres; and in London, where he saw John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. He studied little but observed much, gathering materials perhaps subconsciously from the associations historic and legendary connected with this old and infinitely rich civilization, to be worked later into delightful stories and sketches. He was forming his taste too on the best models, and was thus laying a broad foundation for his literary career, although he had as yet written nothing.

After two enjoyable years abroad, Irving returned in 1806 to New York, and soon began to feel his way into the world of letters through the pages of Salmagundi, a periodical which he wrote in conjunction with the friend of his youth, James K. Paulding. These papers on society and its "whim-whams," or fads as we should say, have only a slight interest to-day as a reflection of the manners of the time; but to Irving's contemporaries the vivacity and spirit with which they were written, and the thread of humor which ran through them, were sources of much entertainment and amusement. With the Knickerbocker 'History of New York,' however,—which was published in 1809, the year in which Madison succeeded Jefferson to the Presidency,—Irving acquired wide-spread celebrity. This book was the first real piece of literature which America had produced, and it served to introduce its author into a still wider and more influential circle of friends in the literary and art world when he made his second visit to England in 1815. His constitutional indolence, his distrust of his capacity, and the distractions of society, interfered to prevent him, after his first success, from accepting literature as his vocation. Finally he entered into the business which his brothers had been carrying on with indifferent results, although his distaste for commercial affairs was unconcealed. At last the necessity arose that he should go to England, in order if possible to place the affairs of the firm—the Irvings were importers of hardware—on a sounder basis. The fortunate—no other word in view of the event seems so appropriate—failure of the firm, a few years after his arrival in

England, compelled him to cast about in search of some means of repairing the broken fortunes of the family; and he naturally turned again to letters.

This decision was the turning-point in Irving's career. He forthwith began the preparation of the several numbers of the 'Sketch Book'; the popularity of which, when they were published in 1819 and 1820, decided him to make literature his life work. The financial returns from these ventures were more than he had dreamed of, and with the offers which poured in upon him from English publishers, gave him a feeling of independence and security for the future. From this time on he produced books with rapidity. 'Bracebridge Hall' and the 'Tales of a Traveller' appeared in 1822 and in 1824 respectively. A residence of several years in Spain resulted in the production of the 'Life of Columbus' (1828), the 'Conquest of Granada' (1829), and the 'Alhambra' tales and sketches. On his return to the United States in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he was welcomed at a public dinner at which his praises were sung in every key. He had won from England respect for American literature, and no honors were too great for his fellow-countrymen to bestow upon him.

In the ten years between 1832 and 1842 Irving bought and developed the property on the east bank of the Hudson, north of Tarrytown and overlooking the Tappan Zee, to which he gave the name of Sunnyside. He traveled some in the far West, and published 'A Tour on the Prairies' (1835), 'Astoria' (1836), and the 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville' (1837). For the four years from 1842 to 1846 he was United States Minister to Spain; a post for which he was especially well fitted, and to which he was appointed as a sort of national recognition of his services to the cause of letters. While he was in Madrid he was planning and arranging the material for the early volumes of his 'Life of Washington'; the first volume of which did not appear, however, until 1855. His 'Life of Goldsmith' was published in 1849, 'Mahomet and his Successors' in the winter of the same year, 'Wolfert's Roost' in 1854, and the fifth and final volume of his 'Washington' only a short time before his death at Sunnyside on November 28th, 1859.

Irving's literary activity thus extended over exactly half a century. The books which he published in that period fall naturally into four groups, each of which reflects his explorations, observations, and meditations in some special field. The first of these groups is made up of the experimental Salmagundi papers, the Knickerbocker 'History,' the 'Sketch Book,' 'Bracebridge Hall,' and 'Tales of a Traveller'; all of which were published while the author was between twenty-six and forty-one years of age. They were the fruit of his

"SUNNYSIDE"
HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING
TARRYTOWN-ON-THE-HUDSON

interest, first in the Dutch history and legends that gave a quaint charm to Old New York, and to the customs and manners of the early settlers in the valley of the Hudson; and second in the romantic and picturesque aspects of foreign life which had stirred his fancy and imagination during his two sojourns abroad. Although they were not published in book form until many years later, the sketches and tales gathered under the title of 'Wolfert's Roost' belong to the same time and to the same group. The second group consists of the volumes which were the outgrowth of Irving's residence in Spain, and of his admiration for the daring and adventurous life of the early Spanish voyagers, and for the splendid story, so brilliant with Oriental pageantry and with barbaric color, of the Moorish invasion and occupancy of Spain. The third group includes the three books in which Irving pictured with a vivid realism, with an accurate knowledge, and with a narrative style that gave to two at least of these volumes the fascination of romance, the perils and hardships which the explorers, fur-traders, hunters, and trappers of the Northwest endured in the early years of the present century. Finally, the last group embraces the historical and biographical works of the author's last years.

Of all these books, the one that is the boldest in conception and that shows the most virility is the first one that Irving published,— the Knickerbocker 'History of New York.' Born of an audacity that is the privilege of youth, this 'History' was the product of a mind untrammeled by literary traditions, and bent only upon giving the freest play to its fanciful idea of the grotesquely humorous possibilities of the Dutch character and temperament when confronted with problems of State. In freshness, vigor, and buoyancy the narrative is without a parallel in our literature. It is literally saturated with the spirit of broad comedy, the effect of which is immeasurably heightened by the air of historical gravity with which the narrative is presented. The character studies are full of individuality, and are drawn with a mock seriousness and with a minuteness that give them all the qualities of actual historical portraits; while the incidents are pictured with a vividness that invests them with an atmosphere of reality, from the influence of which the sympathetic reader escapes with difficulty. I know of no piece of broad, sustained humor in English or in American literature which is the equal of the narrative of the capture of Fort Casimir,—an episode in the description of which the Homeric manner is adopted with grandiloquent effect. A phrase may be found here and there in the book which is out of harmony with the taste of our day; but ninety years make considerable difference in such matters, and all must admit that these seventeenth-century touches are not unnatural in a youth whose early

reading had carried him in many directions in search of the novel and eccentric in life and letters. Taken as a whole the book is a masterpiece, revealing a limitless fund of humor, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a deep love of mankind, and governed throughout by a fine sense of the literary possibilities and limitations of historical burlesque.

In any book which might be made up of Irving's legends of the Hudson, and of his stories on other American themes, the precedence would be given without protest from any quarter, I think, to the tender, pathetic, sweetly humorous story of 'Rip Van Winkle.' The change of style that one perceives in these stories and in the tales of Spanish, French, and English life, as compared with that in the Knickerbocker 'History,' is marked. If there is a loss of youthful vigor and enthusiasm, there is a decided gain in grace of form, in simplicity, in delicacy and tenderness of feeling, and in refinement of humor. These are the qualities which give a permanent value to writing and make it literature. They suffuse 'Rip Van Winkle' and the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow' with an undying charm, and lift these legends to a higher plane than that occupied by the Knickerbocker 'History.' In them Irving gave the fullest and freest play to his artistic nature. The tales from over seas in this first group of his books reflect the "charms of storied and poetical association" which his active fancy pictured when he escaped from the "commonplace realities of the present," and lost himself among the "shadowy grandeurs of the past." He brought too an appreciative mind to the contemplation of the quiet beauty of English country life. It was always, however, the human element in the scene that was of interest to him; and this, I think, is one of the principal reasons why so much of his work has retained its vitality through three-quarters of a century.

It is not surprising — to take up the second group of Irving's books — that a man of his poetic temperament found Spain "a country where the most miserable inn is as full of adventure as an enchanted castle." It was the historical associations, however, which especially appealed to him, and to the inspiration of which we are indebted for some of his most brilliant pages. The glories of old Spain in the days of the Moslem invader and in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the adventurous spirit of the Spanish sailors was at its height, and when great enterprises inflamed men's minds with the lust for conquest and power and riches,— these were the themes that kindled his sympathetic imagination. To these influences was due the 'Life of Columbus,' — which may seem somewhat antiquated in form to a generation accustomed to the modern style of biography, but which is nevertheless a very solid piece of historical

"Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

(*Joseph Jefferson in the character of Rip*)

writing, calm, clear, judicious, and trustworthy,—together with the collection of legends and historical narratives growing out of the Moorish conquest. In the 'Conquest of Granada' and in the 'Alhambra' tales, Irving's style, affected no doubt by the variety and richness of the color of the scenes which he is depicting, is a little lacking at times in the fine reticence which distinguishes his best work; but the fact remains that his picture of this chapter of Spanish history was of such a character as to discourage any successor from attempting to deal with the same topic.

Two of the three books descriptive of the wild life of the Northwest, 'Astoria' and the 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville,' were based upon documents placed at Irving's disposal by John Jacob Astor, supplemented by oral narratives, and by the author's recollections of his own experiences during the journey which he made on the prairies after his second return from Europe. In addition to the deep interest attaching to the tragic story of the suffering and dangers encountered by the overland party which Mr. Astor dispatched to establish a fur-trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River, the 'Astoria' is filled with graphic character sketches of the hardy adventurers who gathered in those days at the frontier settlements, —men of varied nationalities and of eccentric and picturesque individualities, all of whom are as actual in Irving's pages as if they had been studied from the life. It may be nothing more than a fancy, but I like to think that this incursion into the trackless regions of the Northwest, in company with the primitive types of the explorer, the hunter, and the trapper, reflects a natural reaction of Irving's mind after so long a sojourn in the highly cultivated society of Europe, and a yearning on his part to find rest and refreshment by getting as close as possible in his work to Mother Nature.

Of the three biographies which were the last product of his pen, the 'Life of Goldsmith' is noteworthy as having more of the charm of his earlier manner than the others have. He was in peculiar sympathy with the subject of this volume, and told the story of his life with an insight which no later biographer has brought to the task. The 'Mahomet and his Successors' is an honest, straightforward, conscientious piece of work, but did not add anything to the author's reputation. He expended an enormous amount of time and labor on the 'Life of Washington,' but the work was too large and too exacting for a man of his age to undertake. There are passages in it that for incisiveness of characterization and for finish of form are the equal of anything that he produced in the days when his intellectual vigor was unimpaired; but the reader cannot escape the feeling that the author's grasp of the materials relating to the subject was feeble, and that his heart was not in his work. It dragged terribly, he tells

us, in the writing; and it drags too in the reading. Nor does it seem likely that even if the task had been undertaken twenty years earlier, the theme would have been altogether a congenial one. Washington, in the perspective from which Irving viewed him,—and one must remember that the lad was six years old when Washington took the oath of office as President, and may have witnessed that ceremony almost from his father's doorstep,—was a very real man who had solved a very real problem. There was no atmosphere surrounding him that corresponded to the romantic glamour which transfigured the personality of Columbus, or to the literary associations which were linked with Goldsmith's name; and Irving required some such stimulus to the imagination in order to enable him to do his best work.

Irving, finally, was the first American man of letters whose writings contained the vital spark. No one would venture to say that he possessed a creative imagination of the highest order, such as Hawthorne for example was gifted with. The tragedy of life, the more strenuous problems that arise to torment mankind, had no attraction for him. But he had nevertheless imagination of a rare sort, and the creative faculty was his also. Were this not so, his books would have been forgotten long ago. Neither his play of fancy, nor his delicious sense of humor, nor the singular felicity of his style, could have saved his writings from oblivion if he had not possessed, in addition to these qualities, a profound knowledge of the romance and comedy of life, and the power, which is vouchsafed to few, to surround his characters and his scenes with some of the mellow glow of his own sweet and gentle spirit.

Edwin W. Morse.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF KNICKERBOCKER LIFE

From 'A History of New York: By Diedrich Knickerbocker'

THE houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street,—as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top

of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife,—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water: insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights,—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom,—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace,—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the

flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white,—nay, even the very cat and dog,—enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated around the genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish; in much the same

manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts or olykoeks,—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup: and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth; an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah Mynheer*, or *Yah yah Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them: behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present. If our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity, prevalent among its inhabitants, which were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write.

Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness. Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee: but then they made up in the number, which generally equaled that of the gentlemen's small-clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These in fact were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stowed away such things as they wished to have at hand—by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed: and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of

Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner; but we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pin-cushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass and even silver chains,—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats: it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady in those times waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object; and a voluminous damsel arrayed in a dozen of petticoats was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller; this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which no doubt entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as

absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtschatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies therefore were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of Dame Nature in water-colors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females,—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded in most particulars with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair: they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of; neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen were unknown in New Amsterdam: every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawnings of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt; skulked about docks and market-places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses,—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days. His dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made perhaps by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons; half

a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure, his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage, and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eelskin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart: not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress; and rarely failed in the process of time to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace; the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street-walkers or vagabond boys,—those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach; for what had that virtue to fear which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull-hides of the invincible Ajax?

Ah! blissful and never-to-be-forgotten age! when everything was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again: when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water; when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon; and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam, could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let

no man congratulate himself when he beholds the child of his bosom or the city of his birth increasing in magnitude and importance: let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and this excellent little history of Manna-hata convince him of the calamities of the other.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Found among the Papers of the Late Diedrich Knickerbocker

From 'The Sketch Book'

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
—Castle of Indolence.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was

prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is that the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual revery. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and cŏllating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the

rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative,— to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history,— that is to say, some thirty years since,— a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge

ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose; so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out: an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day like the hum of a beehive: interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command; or peradventure by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects: on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling that winced at the least flourish of the rod was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread,—for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burthen and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms: helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from the pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot, for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where in his own mind he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious

way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough; and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood: being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and indeed inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance therefore is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or peradventure the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the church-yard between services on Sundays!—gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond: while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life also he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was moreover esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition; for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's 'History of New England Witchcraft,' in which by the way he most firmly and potently believed.

He was in fact an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination:

the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses; and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting-stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where of course no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look

over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these however were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils: and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches

over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth now and then troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart,—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in its belly and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and peradventure a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee — or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers, the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter ranged on a long dresser dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey, just from the loom; ears of Indian corn and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers: and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room; and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass and walls of adamant to the castle-keep where the lady of his heart was confined: all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments: and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade of the name of Abraham — or according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom — Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and with the ascendency which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with

a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night,—a sure sign that his master. was courting, or as it is termed, "sparking," within,—all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend; and considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had however a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding but tough: though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover Achilles. Ichabod therefore made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his

pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones: and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore,—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him. He had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system: it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play

off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough-riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of his formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod in pensive mood sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted; for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping

at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, —bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best — and indeed only — suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper; and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had in fact been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed

as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue-jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered and garnished with honey or treacle by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones however was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil; a creature like himself full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was in fact noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the

state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender olykoek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet-cakes and short-cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream: all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story.

Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty. He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron; and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every

movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window: gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who with old Van Tassel sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawling out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had therefore been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and in the indistinctness of his recollection to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom

but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages; for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region: it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and as usual were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country: and it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the church-yard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon this grass-grown yard, where the

sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered.

The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark,—the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe,—sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains; and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter

and fainter until they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high-road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong; for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen.—Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then too the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight.

He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was moreover approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump: he summoned up however all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old

animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forwards snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove on the margin of the brook he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up therefore a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger however quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his

parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down-hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond, swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle: but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a

silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side: and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust; and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge; beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

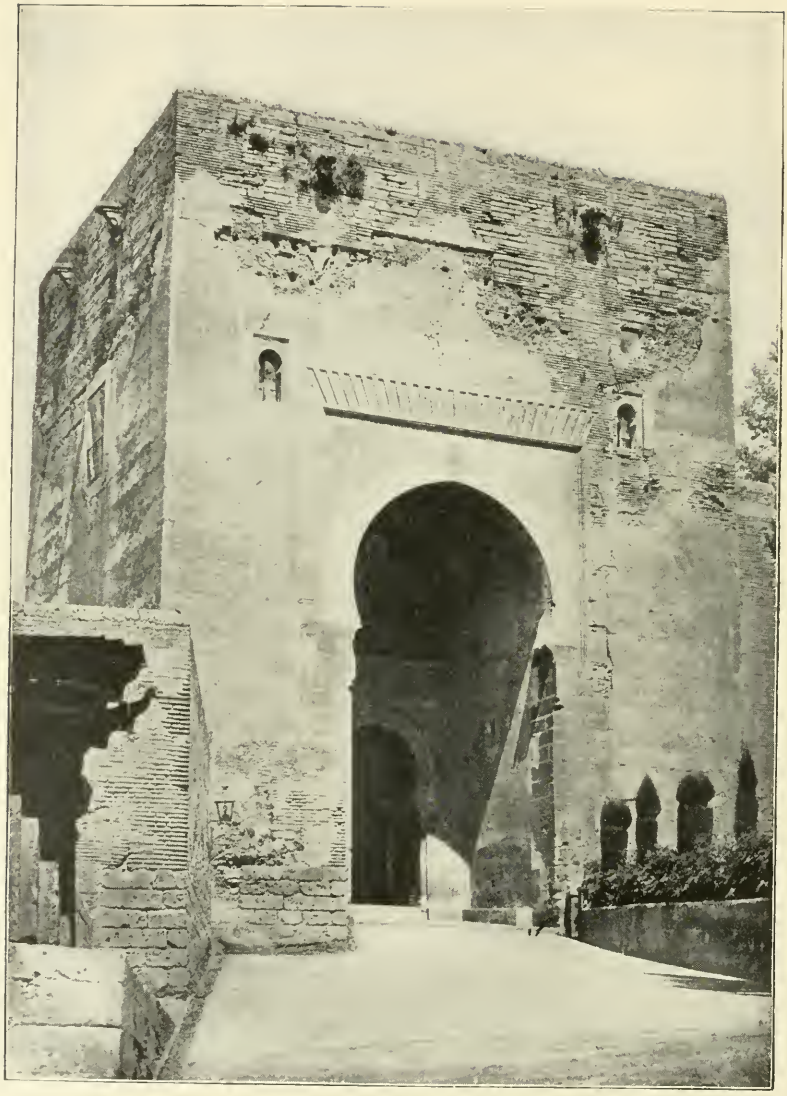
The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's-ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's 'History of Witchcraft,' a New England

Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap, much scribbled and blotted by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed — and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before — he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the church-yard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited



THE GATE OF JUSTICE

(*Alhambra*)

away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plow-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

A MOORISH PALACE

From 'The Alhambra'

The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress; the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spire of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountain.

In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful Queen Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. . . .

Leaving our posada of La Espada, we traversed the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. From thence we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what was the great Bazaar in the time of the Moors, where the small shops and narrow alleys still retain their Oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which

reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the *Calle*, or street, of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to a mansion gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

At the gate were two or three ragged and superannuated soldiers dozing on a stone bench, the successors of the Zegris and the Abencerrages; while a tall meagre varlet, whose rusty brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine, and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. . .

We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue and various foot-paths winding through it, bordered with stone seats and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right on the opposite side of the ravine we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos or Vermilion Towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra. Some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids; one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes; a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures.

The great vestibule or porch of the gate is formed by an immense Arabian arch of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is engraven in like manner a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. . . .

After passing through the Barbican we ascended a narrow lane winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors for the supply of the fortress. Here also is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water,—another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended it is said to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion; and passing by it, we entered a simple unostentatious portal opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

The transition was almost magical; it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. It is called the Court of the Alberca. In the centre was an immense basin or fish-pool, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold-fish and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great tower of Comares.

From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When we look upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the

quiet though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveler. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court, a portal richly adorned opens into a lofty hall paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above, and a free circulation of air. The lower part of the walls is incrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs; the upper part is faced with the fine stucco work invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates cast in molds and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of having been laboriously sculptured by the hand into light relievos and fanciful arabesques, intermingled with texts of the Koran and poetical inscriptions in Arabian and Celtic characters. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices paneled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant and enduring colors. On each side of the wall are recesses for ottomans and arches. Above an inner porch is a balcony which communicated with the women's apartment. The latticed balconies still remain from whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below. . . .

From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or great fish-pool; crossing which we proceeded to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hillside which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs; thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed, and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceilings of cedar-wood, almost lost in obscurity from its height, still gleam with rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows, cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega. I might go on to describe the other delightful apartments of this side of the palace: the Tocador or toilet of

the queen, an open belvedere on the summit of the tower, where the Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain and the prospect of the surrounding paradise; the secluded little patio or garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain, its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges; the cool halls and grottoes of the baths, where the glare and heat of day are tempered into a self-mysterious light and a pervading freshness: but I appear to dwell minutely on these scenes. My object is merely to give the reader a general introduction into an abode where, if disposed, he may linger and loiter with me through the remainder of this work, gradually becoming familiar with all its beauties.

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and pastures, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra. . . .

The peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favorable to this phantasmagoria of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers, yet see—not one of those slender columns has been displaced; not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist.

I write in the midst of these mementos of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew

upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around. Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and then, surging upwards, darts away twittering over the roof; the busy bee toils humming among the flower-beds, and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem, loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He however who would behold this scene under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls: then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here were performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host,—that mixture of mitred prelate, and shorn monk, and steel-clad knight, and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned Te Deum.

The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares.

THE STAGE-COACH

From 'The Sketch Book'

Omne bene
Sine pœnâ
Tempus est ludendi
Venit hora
Absque morâ
Libros deponendi.

—Old Holiday School Song.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded both inside and out with passengers, who by their talk seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six-weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed: but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take! there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom whenever an opportunity presented they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business; but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here perhaps it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole, the present most probably of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to

another. When off the box his hands are thrust into the pockets of his greatcoat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn sounded at the entrance of a village produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half blushing, half laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side, of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown-paper cap laboring at the bellows leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country; for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly with their bright-red berries began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations. "Now, capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cares on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of Holly and Ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home; and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery looking for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands;

both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when like them I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses; and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico; and I saw my little comrades with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired for the hundredth time that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner.

A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, whilst others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards, under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of midwinter:—

> "Now trees their leafy hats do bare
> To reverence Winter's silver hair;
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale now and a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal fire,
> Are things this season doth require."

JORGE ISAAKS

(1843–1895)

IN 1890 there appeared in English dress the South-American romance entitled 'María.' Author and work were alike unknown, but the book attained an instant and wide-spread popularity. Until then the English-speaking people of the north had not heard of a story which for a quarter of a century had been a chief favorite among their Spanish-speaking neighbors at the south. Indeed, the literature of South America has until recently been neglected almost as much in Spain as in England and in the United States; and yet it is a fact that American literature was born at the south, and spoke the Spanish tongue. The first book printed in the New World was printed in Spanish, in the year 1537, antedating by more than a century the 'Bay Psalm Book.' More than one hundred books had been printed in Spanish before 1600, and a long line of poets extending down to the present day testifies to the vigor of the literary traditions. Thomas A. Janvier quotes an American merchant as saying that "At Bogotá the people think a great deal more of literary pursuits than of manufacturing."

It was at Bogotá that Jorge Isaaks began his literary career. His father was an English Jew who married a woman of Spanish blood, and Isaaks was born in the town of Cali in the State of Cauca: but he was taken to Bogotá when still a lad, and it became his home for life; the Bogotanos claim him with justice as their own. There in 1864 he published his first literary venture, a volume of verses. His second work appeared three years later; this was 'María,' and it found its way at once into the hearts of all the Spanish-speaking people.

'María' is a tale of domestic life in Colombia, told with the convincing simplicity of a consummate artist. A vein of true and tender sentiment runs through the story, which lends it an idyllic charm; but it is free from the unreality and sentimentality of Châteaubriand's 'Atala' and St. Pierre's 'Paul and Virginia,' with which it has been compared. Those romances move in idealized realms both as to scenery and character; this portrays with absolute faithfulness the actual life of to-day in a well-to-do Colombian home. This convincing fidelity of treatment gives the work a character that is almost autobiographic. The plot is simple, and its pivot is love. The young

hero loves his father's ward María; his studies necessitate long absences from home; during one of these María dies. This is all. The story moves gently through emotional experiences, and the agony of the final separation through death is portrayed with a touch at once powerful and tender. It is in the episodes that the local color of South-American life is to be found. Prieto has called 'María' "a reliquary of pure sentiment," and through the translation of Mr. Rollo Ogden it has become a part of our own literature.

THE JAGUAR HUNT

From 'María': Translation of Rollo Ogden. Copyright 1890, by Harper & Brothers

THE following morning at daybreak I took the mountain road, accompanied by Juan Ángel, who was loaded down with presents sent by my mother to Luisa and the girls. Mayo followed us: his faithfulness was too much for his prudence, for he had received many injuries in expeditions of this sort, and was far too old to go upon them.

Once across the bridge, we met José and his nephew Braulio, who were coming to find me. The former at once broached to me his plan for the hunt, which was to try for a shot at a famous jaguar of the neighborhood that had killed some of his lambs. He had followed the creature's trail, and had discovered one of his lairs at the head-waters of the river, more than half a league above his cabin.

Juan Ángel was in a cold sweat on hearing these details, and putting down on the fallen leaves the hamper which he was carrying, looked at us with staring eyes as if he were hearing of a plan to commit a murder.

José kept on talking of his scheme of attack:—

"You may cut off my ears if he gets away. Now we'll see if that boastful Lucas is only the braggart they say. Tiburcio I'll answer for. Have you got large bullets?"

"Yes," I replied, "and my long rifle."

"This will be a great day for Braulio. He wants very much to see you shoot; for I have told him that you and I consider shots very poor that do not hit a bear square between the eyes."

He laughed boisterously, clapping his nephew on the shoulder.

"Well, let's be off," he continued; "but let the boy carry this garden-stuff to the Señora, and I'll go back." He caught up Juan

Ángel's hamper, saying, "Are these sweetmeats that María is sending for her cousin?"

"That's something my mother is sending Luisa."

"But what can be the matter with the girl? I saw her go by yesterday looking out of sorts. She was as white as a Castile rose-bud."

"She's well again."

"Here, you young nigger, what are you doing here?" said José to Juan Ángel. "Be off with that bag, and come back quickly, for it won't be safe for you to pass by here alone after a while. Not a word of this down at the house."

"Mind you come back!" I shouted to him after he had crossed the bridge. He disappeared in the reeds like a frightened partridge.

Braulio was of about my age. Two months before, he had come from Antioquía to live with his uncle, and was already madly in love with his cousin Tránsito. The nephew's face had all of that nobility which made that of the older man so interesting; but the most striking thing in it was a beautiful mouth, not bearded as yet, whose feminine smile was in strong contrast with the manly energy expressed in the other features. Of a gentle and yielding nature, he was an indefatigable worker, a real treasure for José, and just the husband for Tránsito.

Luisa and the girls came out to welcome me at the door of the cabin, smiling and affectionate as ever. Frequent sight of me in the last few months had made the girls less timid with me. José himself in our hunting expeditions — that is, upon the field of battle — exercised a paternal authority over me; but this disappeared when he entered his house, as if our true and simple friendship were a secret.

"At last! at last!" said Luisa, taking me by the arm to lead me into the humble parlor. "It's all of seven days! We have counted them one by one."

The girls looked at me with mischievous smiles.

"Dear me," exclaimed Luisa, observing me more closely, "how pale you are! That won't do. If you would only come oftener it would fatten you up like anything."

"And you, what do you think of me?" asked I of the girls.

"Why," replied Tránsito, "what must we think of you if by staying off there studying —"

"We have had such lovely things for you," interrupted Lucía. "We let the first melon of the new crop spoil, waiting for you;

and last Thursday, thinking you were coming, we had such delicious cream for you — "

"What a cunning flatterer she is!" said José. "Ah, Luisa," he added, "there's good judgment for you! we don't understand such things. But he had a good reason for not coming," he went on in a serious tone, "a good reason; and as you are soon going to invite him to spend a whole day with us — isn't it so, Braulio?"

"Yes, yes; please let us talk about that. When will that great day come, Señora Luisa? when will it, Tránsito?"

She turned scarlet, and would not have lifted her eyes to look at her betrothed for all the gold in the world.

"It will be a good while yet," answered Luisa. "Don't you see that we must first get your little house whitewashed, and the doors hung? It will be the day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, for she is Tránsito's patron saint."

"And when is that?"

"Don't you know? Why, the twelfth of December. Haven't these children told you that they want you to be their groomsman?"

"No; and I shall not pardon Tránsito for her delay in giving me such good news."

"Well, I told Braulio that he ought to tell you, for my father used to say that was the way."

"I thank you for choosing me more than you can imagine; and when the time comes I'll serve as godfather too."

Braulio cast a tender glance at his affianced, but she hastily went out, in her embarrassment taking Lucía with her to prepare the breakfast.

My meals in José's house were not like the one I described before: I was now but as one of the family; and without any table service excepting the one knife and fork which were always given to me, took my portion of beans, corn-meal mush, milk, and goat's-flesh from Luisa's hands, seated just as José and Braulio were, on a bench made of roots of the giant reed. Not without difficulty could I make them treat me in this way.

Once at sunset, years afterwards, journeying through the mountains of José's country, I saw happy laborers reach the cabin where I used to enjoy hospitality. After grace was said by the aged head of the family, they waited around the fireside for the supper which the dear old mother passed to them; one

plate sufficed for every married couple; the children frisked about the room. And I could not bear to look upon the patriarchal scene, which reminded me of the last happy days of my youth.

The breakfast was hearty as usual, seasoned with a conversation which revealed the eagerness of José and Braulio to begin the hunt. It must have been ten o'clock when all at last were ready, Lucas carrying the hamper which Luisa had made ready for us; and after José's repeated coming and going, to collect and put in his great otter-skin pouch bunches of wadding and a variety of other things which had been forgotten, we set out.

There were five hunters,—the mulatto Tiburcio, a peon from the Chagra *hacienda*, Lucas, José, Braulio, and I. We all had rifles; though those carried by Tiburcio and Lucas were flintlocks—most excellent, of course, according to their owners. José and Braulio carried lances also, with the blades very carefully set in the handles.

Not a single available dog stayed at home; leashed two and two they swelled our expedition, whining with pleasure. Even the pet of Marta the cook, Palomo, whom the very hares knew to be stone-blind, offered his neck to be counted among the able-bodied dogs; but José sent him away with a *zumba!* followed by some mortifying reproaches.

Luisa and the girls stayed behind; rather anxious, especially Tránsito, who well knew that her betrothed was going to run the greatest risk, since his fitness for the most dangerous post was indisputable.

Pursuing a narrow and difficult path, we began to go up the north bank of the river. Its sloping channel—if such could be called the wooded bottom of the gorge, spotted with rocks upon whose summits, as upon the roof of a house, grew curled ferns and reeds with flowering climbing plants twisted about them—was obstructed at intervals with enormous bowlders, between which the current rushed swiftly, whitened with whirlpools and fantastic shapes of foam.

We had gone a little more than half a league when José, pausing by the mouth of a broad chasm, dry and walled in by high cliffs, scrutinized some badly gnawed bones scattered over the sand; they were those of the lamb which had been thrown out the day before as bait to the fierce animal. With Braulio in advance, José and I went into the chasm up which the tracks

led. Braulio after going on about a hundred yards paused, and without looking at us, motioned to us to stop. He listened to the murmurs of the forest; filled his chest with all the air it could possibly contain; looked up at the high arch formed above us by the cedars, and then went on with slow and noiseless steps. After a moment he paused again, went through a careful examination as before, and pointing out to us the scratches on the trunk of a tree growing out of the bottom of the chasm, said to us, after a fresh study of the tracks: "He went up here. It's easy to see he's full of meat and drink."

The chasm came to an end twenty yards farther on in a sharp wall, over the shoulder of which, we inferred from the hollowed place at its foot, the torrents poured in the rainy season. Against my advice we went back again to the river, and kept on up its course. In a little while Braulio found the tracks of the jaguar on the shingle, this time going down to the edge of the water. We must find out if the beast had gone across the river; or if as was most probable, hindered by the current (here very heavy and swift), he had kept on up the river along the bank where we were. Braulio strapped his rifle to his back, and waded across the stream; he had attached a rope to his belt, and José held the end of it so as to prevent a false step from causing his nephew to plunge over the cascade just at hand. We maintained a profound silence, repressing the impatient whining of the dogs.

"Not a track here," said Braulio, after examining the sand and the thicket. Just then he stood up, about to return to us, and poising himself on the top of a rock, motioned us to be quiet. He seized his rifle, threw it to his shoulder, aimed as if to shoot at something among the rocks at our side, leaned lightly forward, cool and quiet, and fired.

"There he is!" he shouted, pointing to the bushes growing among the rocks, into which we could not see; then he leaped down to the water's edge and added:—

"Keep the rope taut! Let the dogs go up there!"

The dogs seemed to understand what had happened. Scarcely had we loosed them when they disappeared in the gorges at our right, while José was helping Braulio across the river.

"Keep quiet!" said Braulio as soon as he gained the bank; and while he was hurriedly loading his rifle he added, seeing me, "You come with me, young master."

The dogs were already close on the prey, and it seemed as if the brute was not finding it easy to get away, since the barking all came from one point. Braulio took a lance from José's hand, saying to us two: "You go above and below to guard this pass, for the jaguar will double on his trail if he gets away from us where he is. Tiburcio will stay with you."

Then he said to Lucas, "We two will go round and come out on top of the hill."

With his usual sweet smile and with the coolest manner he finished loading his rifle.

"It's a dear little cat, and I hit him." As he said this we separated. José, Tiburcio, and I climbed upon a convenient rock. Tiburcio kept looking at the priming of his rifle. José was all eyes. From where we were we could see all that was happening on the hill, and could guard the pass as requested, for there were but few trees intervening, though they were large ones.

Of the six dogs, two were already *hors de combat:* one of them lying mangled at the feet of the fierce animal; the other, with entrails protruding between broken ribs, had come to find us, and giving forth the most heart-rending cries, died at the foot of the rock upon which we had climbed. With his side turned to a clump of oaks, his tail playing about like a serpent, his back erect, his eyes flaming, and his teeth bared, the jaguar was uttering hoarse cries; and as he threw his enormous head about, his ears made a noise something like castanets. As he turned about, worried by the dogs, who were not much injured although not wholly unharmed, we could see that his left flank was bleeding; he tried to lick it from time to time, but this only gave the pack an advantage in rushing at him.

Braulio and Lucas appeared, emerging from the gorge and coming out upon the hill, though a little farther from the brute than we were; Lucas was livid. There was thus a triangle formed by the hunters and their game, so that both groups could fire at the same time without danger of injuring each other.

"Let's all fire together!" shouted José.

"No, no: we shall hit the dogs!" replied Braulio; then he left his companion and was lost to our sight.

I thought that a general volley would end the matter; but it was almost certain that some of the dogs would be killed, and if by any chance the jaguar should not be finished, it would be easy

for him to play the mischief with us if all our weapons were discharged.

Suddenly Braulio's head appeared rising out of the gorge, a little behind the trees which protected the jaguar in the rear; his mouth was half opened with his panting, his eyes were dilated, his hair was flying. In his right hand he carried the couched lance, and with his left he was pushing away the twigs which prevented him from seeing clearly.

We all stood silent; the very dogs appeared absorbed in the end of the adventure.

At last José shouted, "At him! Kill-Lion, at him! Biter, Strangler, at him!"

It would not do to give the jaguar a breathing-spell; and setting on the dogs would make Braulio's risk smaller. The dogs renewed their attack all together. One more of them fell dead without a sound. The jaguar gave a horrible yell. Braulio was seen behind a clump of oaks nearer to us grasping the handle of the lance, from which the blade had been broken. The brute swung around in search of him. He shouted, "Fire, fire!" and leaped back at a single bound to the place where he had lost his lance-head. The jaguar followed him. Lucas had disappeared. Tiburcio turned olive color: he leveled and pulled the trigger; his gun flashed in the pan.

José fired. The jaguar roared and bit at his flank again, and then sprang in pursuit of Braulio. The latter, turning his course behind the oaks, flung himself towards us to pick up the lance thrown to him by José.

The beast was square in front of us. My rifle alone was available. I fired. The jaguar sank back, reeled, and fell.

Braulio looked back instinctively to learn the effect of the last shot. José, Tiburcio, and I were all near him by that time, and together we gave a shout of triumph.

The mouth of the brute was filled with bloody foam; his eyes were heavy and motionless, and in the last agony of death he convulsively stretched out his quivering legs, and whipped the leaves with his beautiful tail.

"Good shot!—what a shot!" exclaimed Braulio, as he put his foot on the animal's neck. "Right through the forehead! There's a steady hand for you!"

José, with a rather unsteady voice (the poor fellow was thinking of his daughter), called out, wiping the sweat off his face with the flap of his shirt:—

"Well, well, what a fat one! Holy Moses, what an animal! You son of a devil, I can kick you now and you never know it."

Then he looked sadly at the bodies of his three dogs, saying, "Poor Campanilla, she's the one I'm most sorry for: what a beauty she was!"

Then he caressed the others, which were panting and gasping with protruding tongues, as if they had only been running a stubborn calf into the corral.

José held out to me his clean handkerchief, saying, "Sit down, my boy. We must get that skin off carefully, for it's yours."

Then he called, "Lucas!"

Braulio gave a great laugh, and finally said, "By this time he's safe hidden in the hen-house down home."

"Lucas!" again shouted José, paying no attention to what his nephew was saying; but when he saw us both laughing he asked, "What's the joke?"

"Uncle, the boaster flew away as soon as I broke my lance."

José looked at us as if he could not possibly understand.

"Oh, the cowardly scoundrel!"

Then he went down by the river, and shouted till the mountains echoed his voice, "Lucas, you rogue!"

"I've got a good knife here to skin him with," said Tiburcio.

"No, man, it isn't that, but that wretch was carrying the hamper with our lunch, and this boy wants something to eat; and so do I, but I don't see any prospect of much hereabouts."

But in fact the desired hamper was the very thing which marked the spot whence the fellow had fled as he dropped it. José brought it to us rejoicing, and proceeded to open it, meanwhile ordering Tiburcio to fill our cups with water from the river. The food was white and violet green-corn, fresh cheese, and nicely roasted meat; all this was wrapped up in banana leaves. Then there appeared in addition a bottle of wine rolled in a napkin, bread, cherries, and dried figs. These last articles José put one side, saying, "That's a separate account."

The huge knives came out of their sheaths. José cut up the meat for us, and this with the corn made a dish fit for a king. We drank the wine, made havoc with the bread, and finished the figs and cherries, which were more to the taste of my companions than to mine. Corn-cake was not lacking,—that pleasant companion of the traveler, the hunter, and the poor man. The water was ice-cold. My best cigars ended the rustic banquet.

José was in fine spirits, and Braulio had ventured to call me *padrino*. With wonderful dexterity Tiburcio flayed the jaguar, carefully taking out all the fat, which they say is excellent for I don't know what not.

After getting the jaguar's skin with his head and paws into convenient bundles, we set out on our return to José's cabin; he took my rifle on the same shoulder with his own, and went on ahead calling the dogs. From time to time he would stop to go over some feature of the chase, or to give vent to a new word of contempt for Lucas.

Of course the women had been counting and recounting us from the moment we came in sight; and when we drew near the house they were still wavering between alarm and joy, since on account of our delay and the shots they had heard they knew we must have incurred some danger. It was Tránsito who came forward to welcome us, and she was perceptibly pale.

"Did you kill him?" she called.

"Yes, my daughter," replied her father.

They all surrounded us; even old Marta, who had in her hands a half-plucked capon. Lucía came up to ask me about my rifle, and as I was showing it to her she added in a low voice, "There was no accident, was there?"

"None whatever," I answered, affectionately tapping her lips with a twig I had in my hand.

"Oh, I was thinking—"

"Hasn't that ridiculous Lucas come down this way?" asked José.

"Not he," replied Marta.

José muttered a curse.

"But where is what you killed?" finally asked Luisa, when she could make herself heard.

"Here, aunt," answered Braulio; and with the aid of his betrothed he began to undo the bundle, saying something to the girl which I could not hear. She looked at me in a very strange way, and brought out of the house a little bench for me, upon which I sat and looked on. As soon as the large and velvety skin had been spread out in the court-yard, the women gave a cry; but when the head rolled upon the grass they were almost beside themselves.

"Why, how did you kill him? Tell us," said Luisa. All looked a little frightened.

"Do tell us," added Lucía.

Then José, taking the head of the jaguar in his hands, said, "The jaguar was just going to kill Braulio when the Señor gave him this ball." He pointed to the hole in the forehead. All looked at me, and in each one of those glances there was recompense enough for an action which really deserved none. José went on to give the details of the expedition, meanwhile attending to the wounds of the dogs, and bewailing the loss of the three that had been killed. Braulio and Tiburcio wrapped up the skin.

The women went back to their tasks, and I took a nap in the little parlor on the bed which Tránsito and Lucía had improvised for me upon one of the benches. My lullaby was the murmur of the river, the cries of the geese, the lowing of the cattle pastured on the hills near by, and the songs of the girls washing clothes in the brook. Nature is the most loving of mothers when grief has taken possession of our souls; and if happiness is our lot she smiles upon us.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON

"H. H."

(1831–1885)

THE brilliant woman who bore the pen-name of "H. H." was endowed with a personality so impressive, a temperament so rich, a mind so charming, that her admirers were ready to prophesy for her as large a measure of immortality as falls to the lot of any preoccupied modern singer who serves the Muse with half-vows. It was only after her radiant presence was withdrawn that they perceived her genius to have been greater than her talent, and saw that, fine as was her ear and delicate as was her taste, her craftsmanship sometimes failed her. Moreover, her strong ethical bias often turned her genuine lyric impulse into forms of parable and allegory, to overtake the meaning of which her panting reader toiled after her in vain. This habit, with a remarkable condensation of structure, occasionally put upon a phrase a greater weight of meaning than it could bear, and gave a look of affectation to the utterance of the most simple and natural of singers.

HELEN JACKSON

Yet when all fair abatement is made, H. H.'s place in literature is won. Twenty years ago, Emerson thought it the first place among American woman poets; and he affirmed that no one had wrought to finer perfection that most difficult verse form, the sonnet. Some of her sonnets, like 'Poppies in the Wheat,' 'October,' 'Thought,' and 'Burnt Ships,' show great beauty of execution, a fertile fancy, and a touch of true imagination. Other poems display rare felicity of cadence; like 'Coming Across,' which holds the very roll and lift of the urging wave, and 'Gondolieds,' where a nice ear catches the rhythm of the rower's oar, whose sound gives back to memory the melancholy beauty of a Venetian night. In another group of verses appears the note of familiar emotional experiences, as in 'The Mother's Farewell to a Voyager,' 'Best,' and 'Spinning,'—a noble and tender lyric which deserves to

live. It is no doubt the sweetness and genuineness of these household poems which have gained for H. H. her wide and affectionate recognition. But her meditative, out-of-door verses are most truly characteristic. 'My Legacy,' 'My Tenants,' 'My House not Made with Hands,' 'My Strawberry,' 'Locusts and Wild Honey,' breathe that love of nature which was with her a passion. In color and definiteness of drawing they recall Emerson's 'Nut-hatch,' or Thoreau's 'Mist.' But their note of comprehension of the visible natural world and of oneness with it is her own. And where she is simply the imaginative painter of beautiful scenes, as in 'Distance' and 'October,' her touch is faultless. Her last poems were personal and introspective, and the touching 'Habeas Corpus' fell unfinished from her slight hands not long before she died.

Helen Fiske was born in 1831, in the village of Amherst, Massachusetts, where her father held a professor's chair in the college. Her education was the usual desultory and ineffectual course of training prescribed for well-placed girls of her time. At twenty-one she married Captain Edward Hunt of the United States army, and began the irresponsible, wandering existence of an army officer's wife. Travel and social experience ripened her mind, but it was only after the death of her husband and her only child that she set herself to write.

From 1867 to her death, eighteen years later, her pen hardly rested. She wrote verses, sketches of travel, essays, children's stories, novels, and tracts for the time. Her life in the West after her marriage to Mr. William Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs, revealed to her the wrongs of the Indian, which with all the strength of her ardent nature she set herself at once to redress. Newspaper letters, appeals to government officialism, and finally her 'Century of Dishonor,'—a sharp arraignment of the nation for perfidy and cruelty towards its helpless wards,—were her service to this cause. Her most popular story, 'Ramona,' a romance whose protagonists are of Indian blood, was also an appeal for justice. This book, however, rose far above its polemic intention; the beauty of its descriptions, its dramatic movement, its admirable characterization, and its imaginative insight entitling it to rank among the half-dozen best distinctively American stories. Two novels in the 'No Name Series'—'Mercy Philbrick's Choice' and 'Hetty's Strange History'—show the qualities that infuse her prose: color, briiliancy of touch, grace of form, certainty of intuition, and occasional admirable humor. She had not the gift of construction, and she lacked the power of self-criticism; so that she is singularly uneven, and her fiction may not perhaps survive the generation whose conduct of life inspired it. But it is genuine and full of character.

'Bits of Travel,' 'Bits of Travel at Home,' and 'Glimpses of Three Coasts' are vagabond sketches so brilliantly picturesque as to seem overwrought, perhaps, to the reader who did not know the intensity of her temperament and the vividness of her familiar speech. Her 'Bits of Talk' is a collection of brief ethical essays on the homely duties of household life,—essays inspired by a sensitive conscience and written with delightful freshness and humor.

It is as a poet, however, that H. H. is most vividly remembered. Hers was "the vision and the faculty divine," and it would seem that she might have reached the upper heights had her flight been steadied by a larger knowledge and a sterner self-discipline.

REVENUES

I SMILE to hear the little kings,
When they count up their precious things,
And send their vaunting lists abroad
Of what their kingdoms can afford.
One boasts his corn, and one his wine,
And one his gold and silver fine;
One by an army, one by a fleet,
Keeps neighbor kings beneath his feet;
One sets his claim to highest place
On looms of silk and looms of lace;
And one shows pictures of old saints
In lifelike tints of wondrous paints;
And one has quarries of white stone
From which rare statue-shapes have grown:
And so, by dint of wealth or grace,
Striving to keep the highest place,
They count and show their precious things,
The little race of little kings.

"O little kings!" I long to say,
"Who counts God's revenues to-day?
Who knows, on all the hills and coasts,
Names of the captains of his hosts?
What eye has seen the half of gold
His smallest mine has in its hold?
What figures tell one summer's cost
Of fabrics which are torn and tost
To clothe his myriads of trees?
Who reckons, in the sounding seas,

The shining corals, wrought and graved,
With which his ocean floors are paved?
Who knows the numbers or the names
Of colors in his sunset flames?
What table measures, marking weight,
What chemistries, can estimate
One single banquet for his birds?"
Then, mocked by all which utmost words
And utmost thoughts can frame or reach,
My heart finds tears its only speech.
In ecstasy, part joy, part pain,
Where fear and wonder half restrain
Love's gratitude, I lay my ear
Close to the ground, and listening hear
This noiseless, ceaseless, boundless tide
Of earth's great wealth, on every side,
Rolling and pouring up to break
At feet of God, who will not take
Nor keep among his heavenly things
So much as tithe of all it brings;
But instant turns the costly wave,
Gives back to earth all that it gave,
Spends all his universe of power
And pomp to deck one single hour
Of time, and then in largess free,
Unasked, bestows the hour on me.

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HABEAS CORPUS

MY BODY, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
Than I do, where it can be found!
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore:
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face,—
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make:
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee naught that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied: I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine;
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart:
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine:
Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
Its veins so pallid and so slow.

[A stanza here was left incomplete.]

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art:
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is—take hand and heart:
There must be somewhere work to do.

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MY HICKORY FIRE

O HELPLESS body of hickory-tree,
What do I burn in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
O strong white body of hickory-tree,
How dare I burn all these in thee?

But I too bring, as to a pyre,
Sweet things to feed thy funeral fire:
Memories waked by thy deep spell;
Faces of fears and hopes which fell;
Faces of darlings long since dead,—
Smiles that they smiled, and words they said;
Like living shapes they come and go,
Lit by the mounting flame's red glow.
But sacredest of all, O tree,
Thou hast the hour my love gave me.
Only thy rhythmic silence stirred
While his low-whispered tones I heard;
By thy last gleam of flickering light
I saw his cheek turn red from white;
O cold gray ashes, side by side
With yours, that hour's sweet pulses died!

But thou, brave tree, how do I know
That through these fires thou dost not go
As in old days the martyrs went
Through fire which was a sacrament?
How do I know thou dost not wait
In longing for thy next estate?—
Estate of higher, nobler place,
Whose shapes no man can use or trace.
How do I know, if I could reach
The secret meaning of thy speech,
But I thy song of praise should hear,
Ringing triumphant, loud, and clear,—

The waiting angels could discern,
And token of thy heaven learn?
O glad, freed soul of hickory-tree,
Wherever thine eternity,
Bear thou with thee that hour's dear name,
Made pure, like thee, by rites of flame!

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POPPIES IN THE WHEAT

ALONG Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore.
The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain;
But I—I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

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BURNT SHIPS

O LOVE, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea!
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west; that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy
To shores unknown!
O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries:
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships?

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SPINNING

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think perhaps this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond Divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still
And glad and blind, I wait his will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread

Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

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A MAY-DAY IN ALBANO

From 'Bits of Travel'

We went Maying on donkeys, and we found more flowers than could have been picked in a month. What a May-day for people who had all their lives before gone Maying in india-rubbers and an east wind, on the Atlantic coast of America; had been glad and grateful over a few saxifrages and houstonias, and knelt in ecstasy if they found a shivering clump of dog-tooth violets!

Our donkey-man looked so like a New-Englander that I have an uncomfortable curiosity about him: slim, thin, red-haired, freckled, blue-eyed, hollow-chested, I believe he had run away in his youth from Barnstable, and drifted to the shores of the Alban Lake. I watched him in vain to discover any signs of his understanding our conversation, but I am sure I heard him say "Gee" to the donkeys.

The donkey-boy too had New England eyes,—honest, dark blue-gray, with perpetual laugh in them. It was for his eyes I took him along, he being as superfluous as a fifth leg to the donkey. But when he danced up and down with bare feet on the stones in front of the hotel door, and twisted and untwisted his dirty little fingers in agony of fear lest I should say no, all the while looking up into my face with a hopeful imploring smile, so like one I shall never see again,—I loved him, and engaged him then and there always to walk by my donkey's nose so long as I rode donkeys in Albano. I had no sooner done this than, presto! my boy disappeared; and all I could see in his stead was a sort of human pin-wheel, with ten dangerous toes for spokes, flying round and round by my side. What a pleased Italian boy, aged eleven, can do in the way of revolving somersets passes belief, even while you are looking at it. But in a moment he came down right end up, and with the air of a mature protector, took my donkey by the rope, and off we went.

I never find myself forming part of a donkey, with a donkey-man in rear, without being reminded of all the pictures I have seen of the Flight into Egypt, and being impressed anew with a sense of the terrible time that Holy Family must have had trying to make haste on such a kind of animal: of all beasts, to escape from a hostile monarch on! And one never pities Joseph any more for having to go on foot: except for the name of the thing, walking must always be easier.

If I say that we climbed up a steep hill to the Capuchin church and convent, and then bore off to the right along the shores of the Alban lake, and resolved to climb on till we reached the Convent of Palazzuola, which is half-way up the side of Monte Cavo, it does not mean anything to people who do not know the Alban Lake and Monte Cavo. Yet how else can I tell where we had our Maying? The donkey path from Albano up to Palazzuola — and there is no other way of going up — zigzags along the side of the hill, which is the south shore of the Alban Lake. Almost to the last it is thickly wooded: looking at this south shore from a distance, those who have been through the path can trace its line faintly marked among the tree-tops, like a fine thread indenting them; but strangers to it would never dream that it was there. The path is narrow; only wide enough for two donkeys to pass, if both behave well.

On the left hand you look down into the mystic lake, which is always dark and troubled, no matter how blue the sky: never did I see a smile or a placid look of rest on the Alban Lake. Doubtless it is still linked with fates and oracles we do not know. On the right hand the hill stretches up, sometimes sharply in cliffs, sometimes in gentle slopes with moist hollows full of ivies and ferns; everywhere are flowers in clusters, beds, thickets. It seemed paltry to think of putting a few into a basket, hopeless to try to call the roll of their names. First come the vetches — scrambling in and out, hooking on to everything without discrimination; surely a vetch is the most easily contented of plants: it will hold by a grass stalk or an ilex trunk, or lie flat on the roadside, and blossom away as fast as it can in each place. Yellow, and white, and crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and pink, and pale green; — seven different vetches we brought home. Periwinkle, matted and tangled, with flowers one inch and a half in diameter (by measurement); violets in territories, and of all shades of blue; Solomon's-seals of three different kinds; dark

blue bee-larkspur whose stems were two feet high; white honeysuckle wreathing down from tall trees; feathery eupatoriums; great arums, not growing like ours, on a slender stalk, but looking like a huge cornucopia made out of yellow corn-husks, with one end set in the ground; red catchfly and white; tiny pinks not bigger than heads of pins; clovers of new sorts and sizes,—one of a delicate yellow, a pink one in small flat heads, and another growing in plumes or tassels two inches long, crimson at base and shading up to white at top. One could not fancy this munched in mouthfuls even by sacred cattle: it should be eaten head by head like asparagus, nibbled slowly down to the luscious color at the stem.

The holly was in blossom and the white thorn, and huge bushes of yellow broom swung out across our path at every turn; we thought they must light it up at night. Here and there were communities of crimson cyclamens, that most bewildering of all Italy's flowers. "Mad violets" the Italians call them, and there is a pertinence in the name: they hang their heads and look down as if no violet could be more shy, but all the while their petals turn back like the ears of a vicious horse, and their whole expression is of the most fascinating mixture of modesty and mischief. Always with the cyclamens we found the forget-me-nots, nodding above them in fringing canopies of blue; also the little flower that the Italians call forget-me-not, which is the tiniest of things, shaped like our forget-me-not, but of a pale purple color. Dandelions there were too, and buttercups, warming our hearts to see; we would not admit that they were any more golden than under the colder sun where we had first picked them. Upon the chickweed, however, we looked in speechless wonder: chickweed it was, and no mistake,—but if the canary-birds in America could only see it! One bud would be a breakfast. One bud, do I say? I can fancy a thrifty Dicky eating out a ragged hole in one side, like a robin from a cherry, and leaving the rest for next day. The flowers are as wonderful as the buds, whitening the ground and the hedges everywhere with their shining white stars, as large as silver quarters of dollars used to be.

Now I come with shamefacedness to speak of the flowers whose names I did not know. What brutish people we are, even those of us who think we love Nature well, to live our lives out so ignorant of her good old families! We are quite sure to

know the names and generations of hundreds of insignificant men and women, merely because they go to our church or live in our street; and we should feel ourselves much humiliated if we were not on what is called "speaking terms" with the best people wherever we go. But we are not ashamed to spend summer after summer face to face with flowers and trees and stones, and never so much as know them by name. I wonder they treat us so well as they do, provide us with food and beauty so often, poison us so seldom. It must be only out of the pity they feel, being diviner than we.

The flowers which I did not know were many more than those which I knew, and most of them I cannot describe. There was a blue flower like a liverwort, only larger and lighter, and with a finely notched green leaf; there was a tiny bell-shaped flower, yellow, growing by twos and threes, and nodding perpetually; there was a trumpet-shaped flower the size of a thimble, which had scarlet and blue and purple all blended together in fine lines and shadings; there was another trumpet-shaped flower, quite small, which had its blue and purple and scarlet in separate trumpets but on one stem; there was a tiny blue flower, shaped like a verbena, but set at top of a cluster of shut buds whose hairy calyxes were of a brilliant claret red; there was a yellow flower, tube-shaped, slender, long, white at the brim and brown at the base, and set by twos, in shelter of the joining of its leaves to the stalk; there was a fine feathery white flower, in branching heads, like our wild parsley, but larger petaled, and a white star-shaped flower which ran riot everywhere; and besides these, were so many others which I have no colors to paint, that at night of this wonderful May-day, when we numbered its flowers, there were fifty-two kinds.

As we came out of the woods upon the craggy precipices near the convent, we found the rocks covered with purple and pink thyme. The smell of it, crushed under the donkey's hoofs, was delicious. Somebody was homesick enough to say that it was like going across a New England kitchen the day before Thanksgiving, and spilling the sweet marjoram.

The door of the cloister was wide open. Two monks were standing just outside, absorbed in watching an artist who was making a sketch of the old fountain. The temptation was too strong for one member of our party: when nobody looked, she sprang in and walked on, determined to have one look over the

parapet down into the lake. She found herself under old ilex-trees, among dark box hedges, and the stone parapet many rods ahead. A monk, weeding among the cabbages, lifted his head, turned pale at sight of her, and looked instantly down at his weeding again, doubtless crossing himself and praying to be kept from temptation. She saw other monks hurrying to and fro at end of the garden, evidently consulting what was to be done. She knew no one of them would dare to come and speak to a woman, so she pushed on for the parapet, and reached it. Presently a workman, not a monk, came running breathlessly: "Signorina, signorina, it is not permitted to enter here."

"I do not understand Italian," said she, smiling and bowing, and turning away and looking over the parapet. Down, down, hundreds of feet below, lay the lake, black, troubled, unfathomed. A pebble could have been swung by a string from this parapet far out into the lake. It was a sight not to be forgotten. The workman gesticulated with increased alarm and horror: "O dearest signorina, indeed it is impossible for you to remain here. The holy fathers—" at this moment the donkey-man came hurrying in for dear life, with most obsequious and deprecating gestures and words, beckoning the young lady out, and explaining that it was all a mistake, that the signorina was Inglese and did not understand a word of Italian—for which gratuitous lie I hope he may be forgiven. I am sure he enjoyed the joke; at any rate, we did, and I shall always be glad that one woman has been inside the closed cloister of Palazzuola, and looked from its wall down into the lake.

We climbed round the convent on a narrow rocky path overhanging the lake, to see an old tomb "supposed to be that of Cneius Cornelius Scipio Hispallus." We saw no reason to doubt its being his. Then we climbed still farther up, into a field where there was the most wonderful massing of flowers we had yet seen: the whole field was literally a tangle of many-colored vetches, clovers, chickweed, and buttercups. We stumbled and caught our feet in the vetches, as one does in blackberry-vines; but if we had fallen we should have fallen into the snowy arms of the white narcissus, with which the whole field glistened like a silver tent under the sun. Never have I seen any flower show so solemnly beautiful, unless it might have been a great morning opening I once saw of giant pond-lilies, in a pond on Block Island. But here there were in addition to the glittering white

disks, purple and pink and yellow orchids, looking, as orchids always do, like imprisoned spirits just about to escape.

As we came down the mountain the sunset lights kindled the whole Campagna into a flaming sea. The Mediterranean beyond seemed, by some strange optical effect, to be turned up around the horizon, like a golden rim holding the misty sea. The lake looked darker and darker at every step of our descent. Mount Soracte stood clear cut against the northern sky; and between us and it went up the smoke of that enchantress, Rome,—the great dome of St. Peter's looming and fading and looming and fading again through the yellow mist, like a gigantic bubble, as the power of the faith it represents has loomed and faded and loomed through all the ages.

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HENRY JAMES.

HENRY JAMES

(1843–)

HENRY JAMES has added much to American literature in a form of fiction in which he was to some extent an innovator. Still more important is his influence on younger men, through the success with which he carried out his method. The novel of delicate observation, of social details, free form, strong emphasis, depending for its charm on subtlety of suggestion, is largely his creation. This we may see by reading the novels written before his time. We shall then realize better how new a note his was; and then in the works of men ten or fifteen years younger we can see clearly how much there is in their manner directly suggested by him.

When he began, as a very young man, his first work clearly showed his bent. His boyhood had been a preparation for detachment and expression, but it had only emphasized tendencies existing in him from the first. He was born in 1843, in New York city. Even in his earliest years he showed an extraordinary love for refinement and intellectual delicacy. He tells us himself that he used to sit on the hearth-rug and study Punch, when the other boys were playing their games. He wanted to know intimately the life which the pictures of John Leech and the other illustrators suggested to him. They interested him because it was with character they dealt, and because their characteristics were intimacy, light irony, and fineness of detail. When he was only eleven he was able to carry out his hope; and he spent the next six years — among the most impressionable of a boy's life — in Italy and England, making still stronger his taste for culture, for art, for charming tradition of every kind, social and artistic. For six years more his home was in Newport, and in his own family he heard always brilliant conversation. His father, Henry James, was an impassioned and eloquent writer on ethics and religion. William James, the psychologist, was a brother; and the rest of the family were all original and expressive talkers. During these years Henry used often to lock himself in his room all day, taking his meals there and refusing to be disturbed. At the end of several days he would show the family a story,— a very bad one at first. When he was about twenty they began to understand that he had talent. His unremitting work was giving him the power of expressing more

adequately the things he saw. In 1862 he entered the Harvard Law School, but studied little law, going instead to listen to lectures of James Russell Lowell and devoting himself to the study of books. His first successes in the magazines decided him to trust to literature as a career. In 1869 he went abroad again, and since then has lived there practically all the time, with Paris at first and then London as his home, and Italy as his chief visiting-place. There is little to tell of his life. It is a quiet study of people in society, of books, of art and places; and the most important results of it are given in an account of his work. His first novel showed only promise, not very much skill. This was 'Watch and Ward,' published in 1871. But after some shorter studies he produced in 1875 'Roderick Hudson,' a novel hardly inferior to his best later work. It combines forcible character study with more sentiment than he ever allows himself in his later books, and with the delicate play of intellectual acuteness which we associate above all else with Mr. James's work. This book made prominent at once the two motives which have been dominant ever since. The first is the contrast between Americans and Europeans. The second is the contrast between the artistic nature on the one hand, and on the other the absolutely prosaic, inartistic, merely human type of man. The earlier novels have more simplicity, more rapid movement, more fun than the later ones. Another point of Mr. James's art comes out clearly in this first long novel; namely, the principle that the story should stop with abruptness and incompleteness, like the tale of any man's life broken off without warning on a certain day. Perhaps the fact that Mr. James has carried on the story of the heroine of this novel in another,—the only instance of that practice in his works,—shows an exceptional interest in her; and he has certainly left no other creation so poetic as Christina Light.

After several more short stories, 'The American' appeared in 1877. Besides retaining much of his early charm, this story gives us the most careful picture of a genuine American which Mr. James has drawn. Most of his books have Americans in them; but they are Americans floating in European circles, who have become denationalized, or else the crude class set in contrast against the background of foreign culture. Christopher Newman, however, is a man through and through, with the native qualities in their most typical form. Another American character, not less famous, Daisy Miller, is the heroine of the story of the same name which appeared two years later. The burlesque element is more marked there. The emphasis is laid on crudities which are noticeable mainly because they are different from certain things in Europe. Still there is in the story also something of the same depth of understanding that appears in the analysis of Christopher Newman; and there is in the character of the

heroine a power of pathos which Mr. James has not often shown. It is clearly the most popular of his shorter stories. It was dramatized four years later, but without success. In the mean time, in 1881, appeared 'Washington Square,' a gentle and pleasing study, the scene of which is laid in New York's old aristocratic neighborhood; and 'The Portrait of a Lady,' one of the most popular of the longer novels, and containing some of the author's best drawn characters.

Until 1886 less important works appeared; and then came two long novels, the much discussed 'Bostonians' and the less read but more liked 'Princess Casamassima.' 'The Bostonians' was simple in construction, with little plot, giving simply a long, careful picture of three American types. It shows no liking for any one of the characters depicted, but extreme subtlety, and probably as much accuracy as could be obtained without sympathy. The 'Princess Casamassima' is one of the great triumphs of Mr. James's art; and taken with 'Roderick Hudson,' to which it is a sort of sequel, it probably gives a more adequate idea of his art than any other work. In the earlier story of Christina Light the artistic element and charm are at the highest; in the later one, the grayer atmosphere is charged with a power of substantial analysis and construction that he has never surpassed. It was in a review of this novel that Mr. Howells first uttered his earnest appreciation of Mr. James's greatness, his originality, and his influence on younger writers. 'The Tragic Muse,' which was published in 1890, is the most complicated of his stories, the most difficult in structure, and in spite of its great length it is successful to the end. One of his friends said on reading it, "I will say it is your best novel if you promise never to do it again;" meaning that one step further in the direction of elaboration would be fatal. The characters in this story are English, and Mr. James makes them with hardly an exception more charming than he does his Americans. The warning of his friend has been justified by Mr. James's own books in the last half-dozen years. His strength has been given mainly to an attempt to become more dramatic. Several short comedies were written — and not acted. 'The American' was presented without success; and other unsuccessful efforts in connection with the stage were made, which showed Mr. James's perception of the fact that the drama must be quicker, more striking, than his natural method. Toward that end he is working constantly. His novel 'The Other House,' published in 1896, is so condensed in treatment as well as dramatic in plot that it might be put upon the stage with little change. Few of his admirers ever expected to see a murder in one of Mr. James's books; and yet this last novel, with a plot that might well be called sensational, is one of his most finished pieces of art.

To one who believes that the group of long novels is the best work that Mr. James has done, several reasons present themselves. He writes a great deal, and many of his themes in the shorter stories are simply episodes. The ideas over which he has thought longest, which are large and deeply understood, are in the main saved for the sustained novels. These seldom indulge in the episode: their march is continuous, their effect cumulative. Every page is an integral part of the whole. Of the stories, many of which have simple picturesque motives, this is less true. Their workmanship is less severe. Another reason for the superiority of the great romances is that Mr. James's method of accumulation — of fine distinctions, delicate shades, and few sharp strokes — is in itself less appropriate to the short story.

Although it is in fiction that he is mainly known, as the subtlest of American novelists, and the inventor to a large extent of the present artistic society novel, yet he is also one of our first essayists. Early in his literary career he published 'Transatlantic Sketches'; and since then have appeared 'Portraits of Places,' 'French Poets and Novelists,' the 'Biography of Hawthorne,' 'Partial Portraits,' 'A Little Tour in France,' and other volumes of essays. There are few more stimulating guides to thought, few more sincere and just appreciations, than can be found among his essays; for Mr. James is a man whose education in life has come largely through books. He is especially happy in his descriptions of the French masters who have influenced him,—Turgénieff, Mérimée, De Maupassant, and others,— as well as some Englishmen with whom he is in sympathy, notably Du Maurier. A very subtle artist writing about the work of other artists, he has made such interesting essays that some careful readers put him even higher as a critic than as a novelist. In both kinds of work he has taught the same lesson,— the love of the artistic, perfect finish,— which has been carried by him at least as far as by any other American prose writer.

The volume called from one of its components 'A Passionate Pilgrim,' published in 1875, contains six of Mr. James's earlier sketches. Among these, 'The Madonna of the Future,' perhaps better than any other, illustrates at once his artistic delicacy of touch, his sympathetic insight into character, and lastly the powerful impression made upon his imagination by the art treasures of Italy. This masterpiece in miniature it is happily possible to present here entire.

THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE

From 'A Passionate Pilgrim, and Other Tales.' Copyright 1875, by James R. Osgood & Co. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

We had been talking about the masters who had achieved but a single masterpiece,—the artists and poets who but once in their lives had known the divine afflatus, and touched the high level of the best. Our host had been showing us a charming little cabinet picture by a painter whose name we had never heard, and who after this one spasmodic bid for fame had apparently relapsed into fatal mediocrity. There was some discussion as to the frequency of this phenomenon; during which I observed H—— sat silent, finishing his cigar with a meditative air, and looking at the picture which was being handed round the table. "I don't know how common a case it is," he said at last, "but I've seen it. I've known a poor fellow who painted his one masterpiece—and," he added with a smile, "he didn't even paint that. He made his bid for fame and missed it." We all knew H—— for a clever man who had seen much of men and manners, and had a great stock of reminiscences. Some one immediately questioned him further; and while I was engrossed with the raptures of my neighbor over the little picture, he was induced to tell his tale. If I were to doubt whether it would bear repeating, I should only have to remember how that charming woman our hostess, who had left the table, ventured back in rustling rose color to pronounce our lingering a want of gallantry, and finding us a listening circle had sunk into her chair in spite of our cigars, and heard the story out so graciously that when the catastrophe was reached, she glanced across at me and showed me a tender tear in each of her beautiful eyes.

It relates to my youth, and to Italy: two fine things! (H—— began). I had arrived late in the evening at Florence, and while I finished my bottle of wine at supper, had fancied that, tired traveler though I was, I might pay the city a finer compliment than by going vulgarly to bed. A narrow passage wandered darkly away out of the little square before my hotel, and looked as if it bored into the heart of Florence. I followed it, and at the end of ten minutes emerged upon a great piazza, filled only with the mild autumn moonlight. Opposite rose the Palazzo

Vecchio like some huge civic fortress, with the great bell-tower springing from its embattled verge like a mountain pine from the edge of a cliff. At its base in its projected shadow gleamed certain dim sculptures which I wonderingly approached. One of the images on the left of the palace door was a magnificent colossus, shining through the dusky air like some embodied Defiance. In a moment I recognized him as Michael Angelo's David. I turned with a certain relief from his sinister strength to a slender figure in bronze, stationed beneath the high, light loggia which opposes the free and elegant span of its arches to the dead masonry of the palace: a figure supremely shapely and graceful; gentle almost, in spite of his holding out with his light nervous arm the snaky head of the slaughtered Gorgon. His name is Perseus, and you may read his story, not in Greek mythology, but in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Glancing from one of these fine fellows to the other, I probably uttered some irrepressible commonplace of praise; for as if provoked by my voice, a man rose from the steps of the loggia where he had been sitting in the shadow, and addressed me in good English,—a small slim personage, clad in a sort of black-velvet tunic (as it seemed), and with a mass of auburn hair, which gleamed in the moonlight, escaping from a little mediæval berretta. In a tone of the most insinuating deference he asked me for my "impressions." He seemed picturesque, fantastic, slightly unreal. Hovering there in this consecrated neighborhood, he might have passed for the genius of æsthetic hospitality,—if the genius of æsthetic hospitality were not commonly some shabby little custode, flourishing a calico pocket-handkerchief, and openly resentful of the divided franc. This fantasy was made none the less plausible by the brilliant tirade with which he greeted my embarrassed silence.

"I've known Florence long, sir, but I've never known her so lovely as to-night. It's as if the ghosts of her past were abroad in the empty streets. The present is sleeping; the past hovers about us like a dream made visible. Fancy the old Florentines strolling up in couples to pass judgment on the last performance of Michael, of Benvenuto! We should come in for a precious lesson if we might overhear what they say. The plainest burgher of them in his cap and gown had a taste in the matter! That was the prime of art, sir. The sun stood high in heaven, and his broad and equal blaze made the darkest places bright

and the dullest eyes clear. We live in the evening of time! We grope in the gray dusk, carrying each our poor little taper of selfish and painful wisdom, holding it up to the great models and to the dim idea, and seeing nothing but overwhelming greatness and dimness. The days of illumination are gone! But do you know I fancy — I fancy" — and he grew suddenly almost familiar in this visionary fervor — "I fancy the light of that time rests upon us here for an hour! I have never seen the David so grand, the Perseus so fair! Even the inferior productions of John of Bologna and of Baccio Bandinelli seem to realize the artist's dream. I feel as if the moonlit air were charged with the secrets of the masters, and as if, standing here in religious contemplation, we might — we might witness a revelation!" Perceiving at this moment, I suppose, my halting comprehension reflected in my puzzled face, this interesting rhapsodist paused and blushed. Then with a melancholy smile, "You think me a moonstruck charlatan, I suppose. It's not my habit to hang about the piazza and pounce upon innocent tourists. But to-night I confess I'm under the charm. And then somehow I fancied you too were an artist!"

"I'm not an artist, I'm sorry to say, as you must understand the term. But pray make no apologies. I am also under the charm: your eloquent reflections have only deepened it."

"If you're not an artist, you're worthy to be one!" he rejoined with a bow. "A young man who arrives at Florence late in the evening, and instead of going prosaically to bed, or hanging over the travelers' book at his hotel, walks forth without loss of time to pay his devoirs to the beautiful, is a young man after my own heart!"

The mystery was suddenly solved: my friend was an American! He must have been, to take the picturesque so prodigiously to heart. "None the less so, I trust," I answered, "if the young man is a sordid New-Yorker."

"New-Yorkers," he solemnly proclaimed, "have been munificent patrons of art!"

For a moment I was alarmed. Was this midnight revery mere Yankee enterprise, and was he simply a desperate brother of the brush who had posted himself here to extort an "order" from a sauntering tourist? But I was not called to defend myself. A great brazen note broke suddenly from the far-off summit of the bell-tower above us, and sounded the first stroke of

midnight. My companion started, apologized for detaining me, and prepared to retire. But he seemed to offer so lively a promise of further entertainment that I was indisposed to part with him, and suggested that we should stroll homeward together. He cordially assented, so we turned out of the Piazza, passed down before the statued arcade of the Uffizi, and came out upon the Arno.

What course we took I hardly remember; but we roamed slowly about for an hour, my companion delivering by snatches a sort of moon-touched æsthetic lecture. I listened in puzzled fascination, and wondered who the deuce he was. He confessed with a melancholy but all-respectful head-shake to his American origin. "We are the disinherited of Art!" he cried. "We are condemned to be superficial! We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor little barren artificial deposit. Yes! we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense. We have neither taste nor tact nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so! We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

"You seem fairly at home in exile," I answered, "and Florence seems to me a very pretty Siberia. But do you know my own thought? Nothing is so idle as to talk about our want of a nutritive soil, of opportunity, of inspiration, and all the rest of it. The worthy part is to do something fine! There's no law in our glorious Constitution against that. Invent, create, achieve! No matter if you've to study fifty times as much as one of these! What else are you an artist for? Be you our Moses," I added, laughing and laying my hand on his shoulder, "and lead us out of the house of bondage!"

"Golden words — golden words, young man!" he cried with a tender smile. "'Invent, create, achieve!' Yes, that's our business: I know it well. Don't take me in Heaven's name for one of your barren complainers, — querulous cynics who have neither talent nor faith! I'm at work!" — and he glanced about him and lowered his voice as if this were a quite peculiar secret — "I'm at work night and day. I've undertaken a *creation!* I'm no

Moses; I'm only a poor, patient artist: but it would be a fine thing if I were to cause some slender stream of beauty to flow in our thirsty land! Don't think me a monster of conceit," he went on, as he saw me smile at the avidity with which he adopted my fantasy: "I confess that I'm in one of those moods when great things seem possible! This is one of my nervous nights — I dream waking! When the south wind blows over Florence at midnight, it seems to coax the soul from all the fair things locked away in her churches and galleries; it comes into my own little studio with the moonlight, and sets my heart beating too deeply for rest. You see I am always adding a thought to my conception! This evening I felt that I couldn't sleep unless I had communed with the genius of Michael!"

He seemed deeply versed in local history and tradition, and he expatiated *con amore* on the charms of Florence. I gathered that he was an old resident, and that he had taken the lovely city into his heart. "I owe her everything," he declared. "It's only since I came here that I have really lived, intellectually. One by one all profane desires, all mere worldly aims, have dropped away from me, and left me nothing but my pencil, my little note-book" (and he tapped his breast pocket), "and the worship of the pure masters,— those who were pure because they were innocent, and those who were pure because they were strong!"

"And have you been very productive all this time?" I asked with amenity.

He was silent awhile before replying. "Not in the vulgar sense!" he said at last. "I have chosen never to manifest myself by imperfection. The good in every performance I have reabsorbed into the generative force of new creations; the bad — there's always plenty of that — I have religiously destroyed. I may say, with some satisfaction, that I have not added a mite to the rubbish of the world. As a proof of my conscientiousness," — and he stopped short and eyed me with extraordinary candor, as if the proof were to be overwhelming, — "I've never sold a picture! 'At least no merchant traffics in my heart!' Do you remember the line in Browning? My little studio has never been profaned by superficial, feverish, mercenary work. It's a temple of labor, but of leisure! Art is long. If we work for ourselves, of course we must hurry. If we work for her, we must often pause. She can wait!"

This had brought us to my hotel door; somewhat to my relief, I confess, for I had begun to feel unequal to the society of a genius of this heroic strain. I left him, however, not without expressing a friendly hope that we should meet again. The next morning my curiosity had not abated: I was anxious to see him by common daylight. I counted upon meeting him in one of the many æsthetic haunts of Florence, and I was gratified without delay. I found him in the course of the morning in the Tribune of the Uffizi,—that little treasure chamber of perfect works. He had turned his back on the Venus de' Medici, and with his arms resting on the railing which protects the pictures, and his head buried in his hands, he was lost in the contemplation of that superb triptych of Andrea Mantegna,—a work which has neither the material splendor nor the commanding force of some of its neighbors, but which, glowing there with the loveliness of patient labor, suits possibly a more constant need of the soul. I looked at the picture for some time over his shoulder; at last, with a heavy sigh, he turned away and our eyes met. As he recognized me a deep blush rose to his face; he fancied perhaps that he had made a fool of himself over-night. But I offered him my hand with a frankness which assured him I was not a scoffer.

I knew him by his ardent *chevelure;* otherwise he was much altered. His midnight mood was over, and he looked as haggard as an actor by daylight. He was far older than I had supposed, and he had less bravery of costume and gesture. He seemed quite the poor, patient artist he had proclaimed himself, and the fact that he had never sold a picture was more obvious than glorious. His velvet coat was threadbare; and his short slouched hat, of an antique pattern, revealed a rustiness which marked it an "original," and not one of the picturesque reproductions which brethren of his craft affect. His eye was mild and heavy, and his expression singularly gentle and acquiescent; the more so for a certain pallid leanness of visage which I hardly knew whether to refer to the consuming fire of genius or to a meagre diet. A very little talk, however, cleared his brow and brought back his eloquence.

"And this is your first visit to these enchanted halls?" he cried. "Happy, thrice happy youth!" And taking me by the arm, he prepared to lead me to each of the pre-eminent works in turn and show me the cream of the gallery. But before we

left the Mantegna, he pressed my arm and gave it a loving look. "*He* was not in a hurry," he murmured. "He knew nothing of 'raw Haste, half-sister to Delay'!" How sound a critic my friend was, I am unable to say; but he was an extremely amusing one,—overflowing with opinions, theories, and sympathies, with disquisition and gossip and anecdote. He was a shade too sentimental for my own sympathies, and I fancied he was rather too fond of superfine discriminations and of discovering subtle intentions in the shallow felicities of chance. At moments too he plunged into the sea of metaphysics, and floundered awhile in waters too deep for intellectual security. But his abounding knowledge and happy judgment told a touching story of long attentive hours in this worshipful company; there was a reproach to my wasteful saunterings in so devoted a culture of opportunity. "There are two moods," I remember his saying, "in which we may walk through galleries,—the critical and the ideal. They seize us at their pleasure, and we can never tell which is to take its turn. The critical mood, oddly, is the genial one, the friendly, the condescending. It relishes the pretty trivialities of art, its vulgar clevernesses, its conscious graces. It has a kindly greeting for anything which looks as if, according to his light, the painter had enjoyed doing it,—for the little Dutch cabbages and kettles, for the taper fingers and breezy mantles of late-coming Madonnas, for the little blue-hilled, pastoral, skeptical Italian landscapes. Then there are the days of fierce, fastidious longing,—solemn church feasts of the intellect,—when all vulgar effort and all petty success is a weariness, and everything but the best—the best of the best—disgusts. In these hours we are relentless aristocrats of taste. We'll not take Michael for granted, we'll not swallow Raphael whole!"

The gallery of the Uffizi is not only rich in its possessions, but peculiarly fortunate in that fine architectural accident, as one may call it, which unites it—with the breadth of river and city between them—to those princely chambers of the Pitti Palace. The Louvre and the Vatican hardly give you such a sense of sustained inclosure as those long passages projected over street and stream to establish a sort of inviolate transition between the two palaces of art. We passed along the gallery in which those precious drawings by eminent hands hang chaste and gray above the swirl and murmur of the yellow Arno, and reached the ducal saloons of the Pitti. Ducal as they are, it must be confessed

that they are imperfect as show-rooms, and that with their deep-set windows and their massive moldings it is rather a broken light that reaches the pictured walls. But here the masterpieces hang thick, and you seem to see them in a luminous atmosphere of their own. And the great saloons, with their superb dim ceilings, their outer wall in splendid shadow, and the sombre opposite glow of mellow canvas and dusky gilding, make, themselves, almost as fine a picture as the Titians and Raphaels they imperfectly reveal. We lingered briefly before many a Raphael and Titian; but I saw my friend was impatient, and I suffered him at last to lead me directly to the goal of our journey,—the most tenderly fair of Raphael's Virgins, the Madonna in the Chair. Of all the fine pictures of the world, it seemed to me this is the one with which criticism has least to do. None betrays less effort; less of the mechanism of effect and of the irrepressible discord between conception and result, which shows dimly in so many consummate works. Graceful, human, near to our sympathies as it is, it has nothing of manner, of method, nothing almost of style; it blooms there in rounded softness, as instinct with harmony as if it were an immediate exhalation of genius. The figure melts away the spectator's mind into a sort of passionate tenderness, which he knows not whether he has given to heavenly purity or to earthly charm. He is intoxicated with the fragrance of the tenderest blossom of maternity that ever bloomed on earth.

"That's what I call a fine picture," said my companion, after we had gazed awhile in silence. "I have a right to say so, for I've copied it so often and so carefully that I could repeat it now with my eyes shut. Other works are of Raphael: this *is* Raphael himself. Others you can praise, you can qualify, you can measure, explain, account for: this you can only love and admire. I don't know in what seeming he walked among men while this divine mood was upon him; but after it, surely, he could do nothing but die: this world had nothing more to teach him. Think of it awhile, my friend, and you'll admit that I'm not raving. Think of his seeing that spotless image not for a moment, for a day, in a happy dream, as a restless fever-fit,—not as a poet in a five-minutes' frenzy, time to snatch his phrase and scribble his immortal stanza,—but for days together, while the slow labor of the brush went on, while the foul vapors of life interposed, and the fancy ached with tension, fixed, radiant,

distinct, as we see it now! What a master, certainly! But ah, what a seer!"

"Don't you imagine," I answered, "that he had a model, and that some pretty young woman—"

"As pretty a young woman as you please—it doesn't diminish the miracle! He took his hint, of course, and the young woman possibly sat smiling before his canvas. But meanwhile the painter's idea had taken wings. No lovely human outline could charm it to vulgar fact. He saw the fair form made perfect; he rose to the vision without tremor, without effort of wing; he communed with it face to face, and resolved into finer and lovelier truth the purity which completes it as the perfume completes the rose. That's what they call idealism: the word's vastly abused, but the thing is good. It's my own creed, at any rate. Lovely Madonna, model at once and muse, I call you to witness that I too am an idealist!"

"An idealist, then," I said half jocosely, wishing to provoke him to further utterance, "is a gentleman who says to Nature in the person of a beautiful girl, 'Go to, you're all wrong! Your fine is coarse, your bright is dim, your grace is *gaucherie*. This is the way you should have done it!' Isn't the chance against him?"

He turned upon me almost angrily, but perceiving the genial flavor of my sarcasm, he smiled gravely. "Look at that picture," he said, "and cease your irreverent mockery! Idealism is *that!* There's no explaining it; one must feel the flame! It says nothing to Nature, or to any beautiful girl, that they'll not both forgive! It says to the fair woman, 'Accept me as your artist-friend, lend me your beautiful face, trust me, help me, and your eyes shall be half my masterpiece!' No one so loves and respects the rich realities of nature as the artist whose imagination caresses and flatters them. He knows what a fact may hold (whether Raphael knew, you may judge by his portrait behind us there, of Tommaso Inghirami); but his fancy hovers about it as Ariel above the sleeping prince. There is only one Raphael, but an artist may still be an artist. As I said last night, the days of illumination are gone: visions are rare; we have to look long to see them. But in meditation we may still woo the ideal; round it, smooth it, perfect it. The result—the result—" here his voice faltered suddenly, and he fixed his eyes for a moment on the picture; when they met my own again they were full of

tears — "the result may be less than this; but still it may be good, it may be *great!*" he cried with vehemence. "It may hang somewhere, in after years, in goodly company, and keep the artist's memory warm. Think of being known to mankind after some such fashion as this! of hanging here through the slow centuries in the gaze of an altered world, living on and on in the cunning of an eye and hand that are part of the dust of ages, a delight and a law to remote generations; making beauty a force, and purity an example!"

"Heaven forbid," I said smiling, "that I should take the wind out of your sails: but doesn't it occur to you that beside being strong in his genius, Raphael was happy in a certain good faith of which we have lost the trick? There are people, I know, who deny that his spotless Madonnas are anything more than pretty blondes of that period, enhanced by the Raphaelesque touch, which they declare is a profane touch. Be that as it may, people's religious and æsthetic needs went hand in hand; and there was, as I may say, a demand for the Blessed Virgin, visible and adorable, which must have given firmness to the artist's hand. I'm afraid there is no demand now."

My companion seemed painfully puzzled; he shivered, as it were, in this chilling blast of skepticism. Then shaking his head with sublime confidence, "There is always a demand!" he cried: "that ineffable type is one of the eternal needs of man's heart; but pious souls long for it in silence, almost in shame. Let it appear, and this faith grows brave. How *should* it appear in this corrupt generation? It can't be made to order. It could indeed when the order came, trumpet-toned, from the lips of the Church herself, and was addressed to genius panting with inspiration. But it can spring now only from the soil of passionate labor and culture. Do you really fancy that while from time to time a man of complete artistic vision is born into the world, that image can perish? The man who paints it has painted everything. The subject admits of every perfection,— form, color, expression, composition. It can be as simple as you please, and yet as rich; as broad and pure, and yet as full of delicate detail. Think of the chance for flesh in the little naked, nestling child, irradiating divinity; of the chance for drapery in the chaste and ample garment of the mother! Think of the great story you compress into that simple theme! Think, above all, of the mother's face and its ineffable suggestiveness; of the mingled burden of joy and

trouble, the tenderness turned to worship, and the worship turned to far-seeing pity! Then look at it all in perfect line and lovely color, breathing truth and beauty and mastery!"

"'Anch' io son pittore!'"* I cried. "Unless I'm mistaken, you've a masterpiece on the stocks. If you put all that in, you'll do more than Raphael himself did. Let me know when your picture is finished, and wherever in the wide world I may be, I'll post back to Florence and make my bow to — the *Madonna of the future!*"

He blushed vividly and gave a heavy sigh, half of protest, half of resignation. "I don't often mention my picture, in so many words. I detest this modern custom of premature publicity. A great work needs silence, privacy, mystery even. And then, do you know, people are so cruel, so frivolous, so unable to imagine a man's wishing to paint a Madonna at this time of day, that I've been laughed at — laughed at, sir!" And his blush deepened to crimson. "I don't know what has prompted me to be so frank and trustful with you. You look as if you wouldn't laugh at me. My dear young man," — and he laid his hand on my arm, — "I'm worthy of respect. Whatever my talents may be, I'm honest. There's nothing grotesque in a pure ambition, or in a life devoted to it!"

There was something so sternly sincere in his look and tone, that further questions seemed impertinent. I had repeated opportunity to ask them, however; for after this we spent much time together. Daily, for a fortnight, we met by appointment, to see the sights. He knew the city so well, he had strolled and lounged so often through its streets and churches and galleries, he was so deeply versed in its greater and lesser memories, so imbued with the local genius, that he was an altogether ideal *valet de place;* and I was glad enough to leave my Murray at home, and gather facts and opinions alike from his gossiping commentary. He talked of Florence like a lover, and admitted that it was a very old affair; he had lost his heart to her at first sight. "It's the fashion to talk of all cities as feminine," he said; "but as a rule, it's a monstrous mistake. Is Florence of the same sex as New York, as Chicago? She's the sole true woman of them all; one feels towards her as a lad in his teens feels to some beautiful older woman with a 'history.' It's a sort of aspiring gallantry

* "I am a painter also," — Correggio's famous remark on inspecting a collection of paintings.

she creates." This disinterested passion seemed to stand my friend in stead of the common social ties; he led a lonely life, apparently, and cared for nothing but his work. I was duly flattered by his having taken my frivolous self into his favor, and by his generous sacrifice of precious hours, as they must have been, to my society. We spent many of these hours among those early paintings in which Florence is so rich, returning ever and anon with restless sympathies to wonder whether these tender blossoms of art had not a vital fragrance and savor more precious than the full-fruited knowledge of the later works. We lingered often in the sepulchral chapel of San Lorenzo, and watched Michael Angelo's dim-visaged warrior sitting there like some awful Genius of Doubt and brooding behind his eternal mask upon the mysteries of life. We stood more than once in the little convent chambers where Fra Angelico wrought as if an angel indeed had held his hand, and gathered that sense of scattered dews and early bird-notes which makes an hour among his relics seem like a morning stroll in some monkish garden. We did all this and much more,—wandered into dark chapels, damp courts, and dusty palace-rooms, in quest of lingering hints of fresco and lurking treasures of carving.

I was more and more impressed with my companion's prodigious singleness of purpose. Everything was a pretext for some wildly idealistic rhapsody or revery. Nothing could be seen or said that did not end sooner or later in a glowing discourse on the true, the beautiful, and the good. If my friend was not a genius, he was certainly a monomaniac; and I found as great a fascination in watching the odd lights and shades of his character as if he had been a creature from another planet. He seemed indeed to know very little of this one, and lived and moved altogether in his own little province of art. A creature more unsullied by the world it is impossible to conceive; and I often thought it a flaw in his artistic character that he hadn't a harmless vice or two. It amused me vastly at times to think that he was of our shrewd Yankee race; but after all, there could be no better token of his American origin than this high æsthetic fever. The very heat of his devotion was a sign of conversion: those born to European opportunity manage better to reconcile enthusiasm with comfort. He had, moreover, all our native mistrust for intellectual discretion and our native relish for sonorous superlatives. As a critic he was vastly more generous than just;

and his mildest terms of approbation were "stupendous," "transcendent," and "incomparable." The small-change of admiration seemed to him no coin for a gentleman to handle; and yet, frank as he was intellectually, he was personally altogether a mystery His professions somehow were all half-professions; and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background. He was modest and proud, and never spoke of his domestic matters. He was evidently poor; yet he must have had some slender independence, since he could afford to make so merry over the fact that his culture of ideal beauty had never brought him a penny. His poverty, I suppose, was his motive for neither inviting me to his lodging nor mentioning its whereabouts. We met either in some public place or at my hotel, where I entertained him as freely as I might without appearing to be prompted by charity. He seemed always hungry, which was his nearest approach to a "redeeming vice." I made a point of asking no impertinent questions; but each time we met I ventured to make some respectful allusion to the *magnum opus*,—to inquire, as it were, as to its health and progress. "We're getting on, with the Lord's help," he would say with a grave smile. "We're doing well. You see I have the grand advantage that I lose no time. These hours I spend with you are pure profit. They're *suggestive!* Just as the truly religious soul is always at worship, the genuine artist is always in labor. He takes his property wherever he finds it, and learns some precious secret from every object that stands up in the light. If you but knew the rapture of observation! I gather with every glance some hint for light, for color or relief! When I get home, I pour out my treasures into the lap of my Madonna. Oh, I'm not idle! *Nulla dies sine linea.*"

I was introduced in Florence to an American lady whose drawing-room had long formed an attractive place of reunion for the foreign residents. She lived on a fourth floor, and she was not rich; but she offered her visitors very good tea, little cakes at option, and conversation not quite to match. Her conversation had mainly an æsthetic flavor, for Mrs. Coventry was famously "artistic." Her apartment was a sort of Pitti Palace *au petit pied.* She possessed "early masters" by the dozen,—a cluster of Peruginos in her dining-room, a Giotto in her boudoir, an Andrea del Sarto over her parlor chimney-piece. Backed by these treasures, and by innumerable bronzes, mosaics, majolica

dishes, and little worm-eaten diptychs showing angular saints on gilded panels, our hostess enjoyed the dignity of a sort of high-priestess of the arts. She always wore on her bosom a huge miniature copy of the Madonna della Seggiola. Gaining her ear quietly one evening, I asked her whether she knew that remarkable man Mr. Theobald.

"Know him!" she exclaimed; "know poor Theobald! All Florence knows him,—his flame-colored locks, his black-velvet coat, his interminable harangues on the beautiful, and his wondrous Madonna that mortal eye has never seen, and that mortal patience has quite given up expecting."

"Really," I cried, "you don't believe in his Madonna?"

"My dear ingenuous youth," rejoined my shrewd friend, "has he made a convert of you? Well, we all believed in him once: he came down upon Florence and took the town by storm. Another Raphael, at the very least, had been born among men, and poor dear America was to have the credit of him. Hadn't he the very hair of Raphael flowing down on his shoulders? The hair, alas, but not the head! We swallowed him whole, however; we hung upon his lips and proclaimed his genius on the house-tops. The women were all dying to sit to him for their portraits and be made immortal, like Leonardo's Joconde. We decided that his manner was a good deal like Leonardo's,—mysterious and inscrutable and fascinating. Mysterious it certainly was; mystery was the beginning and the end of it. The months passed by, and the miracle hung fire; our master never produced his masterpiece. He passed hours in the galleries and churches, posturing, musing, and gazing; he talked more than ever about the beautiful—but he never put brush to canvas. We had all subscribed, as it were, to the great performance; but as it never came off, people began to ask for their money again. I was one of the last of the faithful; I carried devotion so far as to sit to him for my head. If you could have seen the horrible creature he made of me, you would admit that even a woman with no more vanity than will tie her bonnet straight must have cooled off then. The man didn't know the very alphabet of drawing! His strong point, he intimated, was his sentiment; but is it a consolation, when one has been painted a fright, to know it has been done with peculiar gusto? One by one, I confess, we fell away from the faith; and Mr. Theobald didn't lift his little finger to preserve us. At the first hint that we were tired of waiting and that we

should like the show to begin, he was off in a huff. 'Great work requires time, contemplation, privacy, mystery! O ye of little faith!' We answered that we didn't insist on a great work; that the five-act tragedy might come at his convenience; that we merely asked for something to keep us from yawning, some inexpensive little *lever de rideau*. Hereupon the poor man took his stand as a genius misconceived and persecuted, an *âme méconnue*, and washed his hands of us from that hour! No, I believe he does me the honor to consider me the head and front of the conspiracy formed to nip his glory in the bud,—a bud that has taken twenty years to blossom. Ask him if he knows me, and he'll tell you I'm a horribly ugly old woman who has vowed his destruction because he wouldn't paint her portrait as a pendant to Titian's Flora. I fancy that since then he has had none but chance followers: innocent strangers like yourself, who have taken him at his word. The mountain's still in labor; I've not heard that the mouse has been born. I pass him once in a while in the galleries, and he fixes his great dark eyes on me with a sublimity of indifference, as if I were a bad copy of a Sassoferrato! It is a long time ago now that I heard that he was making studies for a Madonna who was to be a *résumé* of all the other Madonnas of the Italian school,—like that antique Venus who borrowed a nose from one great image and an ankle from another. It's certainly a masterly idea. The parts may be fine, but when I think of my unhappy portrait I tremble for the whole. He has communicated this striking idea under the pledge of solemn secrecy to fifty chosen spirits,—to every one he has ever been able to buttonhole for five minutes. I suppose he wants to get an order for it, and he's not to blame; for Heaven knows how he lives.—I see by your blush," my hostess frankly continued, "that you have been honored with his confidence. You needn't be ashamed, my dear young man: a man of your age is none the worse for a certain generous credulity. Only allow me to give you a word of advice: keep your credulity out of your pockets! Don't pay for the picture till it's delivered. You've not been treated to a peep at it, I imagine. No more have your fifty predecessors in the faith. There are people who doubt whether there is any picture to be seen. I fancy, myself, that if one were to get into his studio, one would find something very like the picture in that tale of Balzac's,—a mere mass of incoherent scratches and daubs, a jumble of dead paint!"

I listened to this pungent recital in silent wonder. It had a painfully plausible sound, and was not inconsistent with certain shy suspicions of my own. My hostess was a clever woman, and presumably a generous one. I determined to let my judgment wait upon events. Possibly she was right; but if she was wrong, she was cruelly wrong! Her version of my friend's eccentricities made me impatient to see him again and examine him in the light of public opinion. On our next meeting, I immediately asked him if he knew Mrs. Coventry. He laid his hand on my arm and gave me a sad smile. "Has she taxed *your* gallantry at last?" he asked. "She's a foolish woman. She's frivolous and heartless, and she pretends to be serious and kind. She prattles about Giotto's second manner and Vittoria Colonna's liaison with 'Michael,'—one would think that Michael lived across the way and was expected in to take a hand at whist,—but she knows as little about art, and about the conditions of production, as I know about Buddhism.—She profanes sacred words," he added more vehemently, after a pause. "She cares for you only as some one to hand teacups in that horrible mendacious little parlor of hers, with its trumpery Peruginos! If you can't dash off a new picture every three days, and let her hand it round among her guests, she tells them in plain English you're an impostor!"

This attempt of mine to test Mrs. Coventry's accuracy was made in the course of a late afternoon walk to the quiet old church of San Miniato, on one of the hill-tops which directly overlook the city, from whose gate you are guided to it by a stony and cypress-bordered walk, which seems a most fitting avenue to a shrine. No spot is more propitious to lingering repose* than the broad terrace in front of the church; where, lounging against the parapet, you may glance in slow alternation from the black and yellow marbles of the church façade, seamed and cracked with time and wind-sown with a tender flora of its own, down to the full domes and slender towers of Florence, and over to the blue sweep of the wide-mouthed cup of mountains into whose hollow the little treasure-city has been dropped. I had proposed, as a diversion from the painful memories evoked by Mrs. Coventry's name, that Theobald should go with me the next evening to the opera, where some rarely played work was to be given.

* 1869.

He declined, as I had half expected; for I had observed that he regularly kept his evenings in reserve, and never alluded to his manner of passing them. "You have reminded me before," I said smiling, "of that charming speech of the Florentine painter in Alfred de Musset's 'Lorenzaccio':—'I do no harm to any one. I pass my days in my studio. On Sunday I go to the Annunziata, or to Santa Maria: the monks think I have a voice; they dress me in a white gown and a red cap, and I take a share in the choruses; sometimes I do a little solo: these are the only times I go into public. In the evening I visit my sweetheart; when the night is fine, we pass it on her balcony.' I don't know whether you have a sweetheart, or whether she has a balcony. But if you're so happy, it's certainly better than trying to find a charm in a third-rate *prima donna*."

He made no immediate response, but at last he turned to me solemnly. "Can you look upon a beautiful woman with reverent eyes?"

"Really," I said, "I don't pretend to be sheepish, but I should be sorry to think I was impudent." And I asked him what in the world he meant. When at last I had assured him that I could undertake to temper admiration with respect, he informed me, with an air of religious mystery, that it was in his power to introduce me to the most beautiful woman in Italy. "A beauty with a soul!"

"Upon my word," I cried, "you're extremely fortunate. I shall rejoice to witness the conjunction."

"This woman's beauty," he answered, "is a lesson, a morality, a poem! It's my daily study."

Of course, after this, I lost no time in reminding him of what, before we parted, had taken the shape of a promise. "I feel somehow," he had said, "as if it were a sort of violation of that privacy in which I have always contemplated her beauty. This is friendship, my friend. No hint of her existence has ever fallen from my lips. But with too great a familiarity we are apt to lose a sense of the real value of things, and you perhaps will throw some new light upon it and offer a fresher interpretation." We went accordingly by appointment to a certain ancient house in the heart of Florence,—the precinct of the Mercato Vecchio,—and climbed a dark steep staircase to the very summit of the edifice. Theobald's beauty seemed as jealously exalted above the line of common vision as the Belle aux Cheveux d'Or in her

tower-top. He passed without knocking into the dark vestibule of a small apartment, and flinging open an inner door, ushered me into a small saloon. The room seemed mean and sombre, though I caught a glimpse of white curtains swaying gently at an open window. At a table, near a lamp, sat a woman dressed in black, working at a piece of embroidery. As Theobald entered, she looked up calmly, with a smile; but seeing me, she made a movement of surprise, and rose with a kind of stately grace. Theobald stepped forward, took her hand and kissed it, with an indescribable air of immemorial usage. As he bent his head, she looked at me askance, and I thought she blushed.

"Behold the Serafina!" said Theobald frankly, waving me forward. "This is a friend, and a lover of the arts," he added, introducing me. I received a smile, a courtesy, and a request to be seated.

The most beautiful woman in Italy was a person of a generous Italian type, and of a great simplicity of demeanor. Seated again at her lamp, with her embroidery, she seemed to have nothing whatever to say. Theobald, bending towards her in a sort of Platonic ecstasy, asked her a dozen paternally tender questions as to her health, her state of mind, her occupations, and the progress of her embroidery, which he examined minutely and summoned me to admire. It was some portion of an ecclesiastical vestment,—yellow satin wrought with an elaborate design of silver and gold. She made answer in a full, rich voice, but with a brevity which I hesitated whether to attribute to native reserve or to the profane constraint of my presence. She had been that morning to confession; she had also been to market, and had bought a chicken for dinner. She felt very happy; she had nothing to complain of, except that the people for whom she was making her vestment, and who furnished her materials, should be willing to put such rotten silver thread into the garment, as one might say, of the Lord. From time to time, as she took her slow stitches, she raised her eyes and covered me with a glance which seemed at first to denote a placid curiosity; but in which, as I saw it repeated, I thought I perceived the dim glimmer of an attempt to establish an understanding with me at the expense of our companion. Meanwhile, as mindful as possible of Theobald's injunction of reverence, I considered the lady's personal claims to the fine compliment he had paid her.

That she was indeed a beautiful woman I perceived, after recovering from the surprise of finding her without the freshness of youth. Her beauty was of a sort which in losing youth loses little of its essential charm, expressed for the most part as it was in form and structure, and as Theobald would have said, in "composition." She was broad and ample, low-browed and large-eyed, dark and pale. Her thick brown hair hung low beside her cheek and ear, and seemed to drape her head with a covering as chaste and formal as the veil of a nun. The poise and carriage of her head was admirably free and noble, and the more effective that their freedom was at moments discreetly corrected by a little sanctimonious droop, which harmonized admirably with the level gaze of her dark and quiet eye. A strong, serene physical nature, and the placid temper which comes of no nerves and no troubles, seemed this lady's comfortable portion. She was dressed in plain dull black, save for a sort of dark-blue kerchief which was folded across her bosom and exposed a glimpse of her massive throat. Over this kerchief was suspended a little silver cross. I admired her greatly, and yet with a large reserve. A certain mild intellectual apathy belonged properly to her type of beauty, and had always seemed to round and enrich it; but this *bourgeoise* Egeria, if I viewed her right, betrayed a rather vulgar stagnation of mind. There might have been once a dim spiritual light in her face; but it had long since begun to wane. And furthermore, in plain prose, she was growing stout. My disappointment amounted very nearly to complete disenchantment when Theobald, as if to facilitate my covert inspection, declaring that the lamp was very dim and that she would ruin her eyes without more light, rose and fetched a couple of candles from the mantelpiece, which he placed lighted on the table. In this brighter illumination I perceived that our hostess was decidedly an elderly woman. She was neither haggard nor worn nor gray: she was simply coarse. The "soul" which Theobald had promised seemed scarcely worth making such a point of; it was no deeper mystery than a sort of matronly mildness of lip and brow. I would have been ready even to declare that that sanctified bend of the head was nothing more than the trick of a person constantly working at embroidery. It occurred to me even that it was a trick of a less innocent sort; for in spite of the mellow quietude of her wits, this stately needlewoman dropped a hint that she took the situation rather less *au sérieux* than her

friend. When he rose to light the candles, she looked across at me with a quick, intelligent smile, and tapped her forehead with her forefinger; then, as from a sudden feeling of compassionate loyalty to poor Theobald I preserved a blank face, she gave a little shrug and resumed her work.

What was the relation of this singular couple? Was he the most ardent of friends, or the most reverent of lovers? Did she regard him as an eccentric youth whose benevolent admiration of her beauty she was not ill pleased to humor, at this small cost of having him climb into her little parlor and gossip of summer nights? With her decent and sombre dress, her simple gravity, and that fine piece of priestly needlework, she looked like some pious lay member of a sisterhood, living by special permission outside her convent walls. Or was she maintained here aloft by her friend in comfortable leisure, so that he might have before him the perfect eternal type, uncorrupted and untarnished by the struggle for existence? Her shapely hands, I observed, were very fair and white; they lacked the traces of what is called "honest toil."

"And the pictures, how do they come on?" she asked of Theobald after a long pause.

"Finely, finely! I have here a friend whose sympathy and encouragement give me new faith and ardor."

Our hostess turned to me; gazed at me a moment rather inscrutably; and then, tapping her forehead with the gesture she had used a minute before, "He has a magnificent genius!" she said with perfect gravity.

"I am inclined to think so," I answered with a smile.

"Eh, why do you smile?" she cried. "If you doubt it, you must see the *bambino!*" And she took the lamp and conducted me to the other side of the room, where on the wall, in a plain black frame, hung a large drawing in red chalk. Beneath it was festooned a little bowl for holy water. The drawing represented a very young child, entirely naked, half nestling back against his mother's gown, but with his two little arms outstretched, as if in the act of benediction. It was executed with singular freedom and power, and yet seemed vivid with the sacred bloom of infancy. A sort of dimpled elegance and grace, mingled with its boldness, recalled the touch of Correggio. "That's what he can do!" said my hostess. "It's the blessed little boy whom I lost. It's his very image, and the Signor Teobaldo gave it me as a gift. He has given me many things beside!"

I looked at the picture for some time, and admired it vastly. Turning back to Theobald, I assured him that if it were hung among the drawings in the Uffizi and labeled with a glorious name, it would hold its own. My praise seemed to give him extreme pleasure; he pressed my hands, and his eyes filled with tears. It moved him apparently with the desire to expatiate on the history of the drawing; for he rose and made his adieux to our companion, kissing her hand with the same mild ardor as before. It occurred to me that the offer of a similar piece of gallantry on my own part might help me to know what manner of woman she was. When she perceived my intention, she withdrew her hand, dropped her eyes solemnly, and made me a severe courtesy. Theobald took my arm and led me rapidly into the street.

"And what do you think of the divine Serafina?" he cried with fervor.

"It's certainly good solid beauty!" I answered.

He eyed me an instant askance, and then seemed hurried along by the current of remembrance. "You should have seen the mother and the child together, seen them as I first saw them, — the mother with her head draped in a shawl, a divine trouble in her face, and the *bambino* pressed to her bosom. You would have said, I think, that Raphael had found his match in common chance. I was coming in, one summer night, from a long walk in the country, when I met this apparition at the city gate. The woman held out her hand. I hardly knew whether to say, 'What do you want?' or to fall down and worship. She asked for a little money. I saw that she was beautiful and pale. She might have stepped out of the stable of Bethlehem! I gave her money and helped her on her way into the town. I had guessed her story. She too was a maiden mother, and she had been turned out into the world in her shame. I felt in all my pulses that here was my subject marvelously realized. I felt like one of the old convent artists who had had a vision. I rescued the poor creatures, cherished them, watched them as I would have done some precious work of art, some lovely fragment of fresco discovered in a moldering cloister. In a month — as if to deepen and consecrate the pathos of it all — the poor little child died. When she felt that he was going, she held him up to me for ten minutes, and I made that sketch. You saw a feverish haste in it, I suppose: I wanted to spare the poor little mortal the pain

of his position. After that, I doubly valued the mother. She is the simplest, sweetest, most natural creature that ever bloomed in this brave old land of Italy. She lives in the memory of her child, in her gratitude for the scanty kindness I have been able to show her, and in her simple religion! She's not even conscious of her beauty; my admiration has never made her vain. Heaven knows I've made no secret of it. You must have observed the singular transparency of her expression, the lovely modesty of her glance. And was there ever such a truly virginal brow, such a natural classic elegance in the wave of the hair and the arch of the forehead? I've studied her; I may say I know her. I've absorbed her little by little; my mind is stamped and imbued, and I have determined now to clinch the impression: I shall at last invite her to sit for me!"

"'At last'—'at last'?" I repeated in much amazement. "Do you mean that she has never done so yet?"

"I've not really had—a—a sitting," said Theobald, speaking very slowly. "I've taken notes, you know; I've got my grand fundamental impression. That's the great thing! But I've not actually had her as a model, posed and draped and lighted, before my easel."

What had become for the moment of my perception and my tact, I am at a loss to say; in their absence I was unable to repress headlong exclamation. I was destined to regret it. We had stopped at a turning, beneath a lamp. "My poor friend," I exclaimed, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you've *dawdled!* She's an old, old woman—for a Madonna!"

It was as if I had brutally struck him; I shall never forget the long, slow, almost ghastly look of pain with which he answered me. "Dawdled—old, old!" he stammered. "Are you joking?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I suppose you don't take the woman for twenty?"

He drew a long breath and leaned against a house, looking at me with questioning, protesting, reproachful eyes; at last, starting forward and grasping my arm—"Answer me solemnly: does she seem to you truly old? Is she wrinkled, is she faded, am I blind?"

Then at last I understood the immensity of his illusion; how one by one the noiseless years had ebbed away, and left him brooding in charmed inaction, forever preparing for a work

forever deferred. It seemed to me almost a kindness now to tell him the plain truth. "I should be sorry to say you're blind," I answered, "but I think you're deceived. You've lost time in effortless contemplation. Your friend was once young and fresh and virginal; but I protest that was some years ago. Still, she has *de beaux restes!* By all means make her sit for you!" I broke down: his face was too horribly reproachful.

He took off his hat and stood passing his handkerchief mechanically over his forehead. "*De beaux restes?* I thank you for sparing me the plain English. I must make up my Madonna out of *de beaux restes!* What a masterpiece she'll be! Old—old! Old—old!" he murmured.

"Never mind her age," I cried, revolted at what I had done, "never mind my impression of her! You have your memory, your notes, your genius. Finish your picture in a month. I proclaim it beforehand a masterpiece, and I hereby offer you for it any sum you may choose to ask."

He stared, but he seemed scarcely to understand me. "Old—old!" he kept stupidly repeating. "If she is old, what am I? If her beauty has faded, where—where is my strength? Has life been a dream? Have I worshiped too long,—have I loved too well?" The charm, in truth, was broken. That the chord of illusion should have snapped at my light, accidental touch showed how it had been weakened by excessive tension. The poor fellow's sense of wasted time, of vanished opportunity, seemed to roll in upon his soul in waves of darkness. He suddenly dropped his head and burst into tears.

I led him homeward with all possible tenderness; but I attempted neither to check his grief, to restore his equanimity, nor to unsay the hard truth. When we reached my hotel I tried to induce him to come in. "We'll drink a glass of wine," I said, smiling, "to the completion of the Madonna."

With a violent effort he held up his head, mused for a moment with a formidably sombre frown, and then giving me his hand, "I'll finish it," he cried, "in a month! No, in a fortnight! After all, I have it *here!*" and he tapped his forehead. "Of course she's old! She can afford to have it said of her—a woman who has made twenty years pass like a twelvemonth! Old—old! Why, sir, she shall be eternal!"

I wished to see him safely to his own door; but he waved me back and walked away with an air of resolution, whistling and

swinging his cane. I waited a moment, and then followed him at a distance, and saw him proceed to cross the Santa Trinità Bridge. When he reached the middle he suddenly paused, as if his strength had deserted him, and leaned upon the parapet gazing over into the river. I was careful to keep him in sight; I confess that I passed ten very nervous minutes. He recovered himself at last, and went his way, slowly and with hanging head.

That I should have really startled poor Theobald into a bolder use of his long-garnered stores of knowledge and taste, into the vulgar effort and hazard of production, seemed at first reason enough for his continued silence and absence; but as day followed day without his either calling or sending me a line, and without my meeting him in his customary haunts,—in the galleries, in the chapel at San Lorenzo, or strolling between the Arno-side and the great hedge screen of verdure which, along the drive of the Cascine, throws the fair occupants of barouche and phaeton into such becoming relief,—as for more than a week I got neither tidings nor sight of him, I began to fear that I had fatally offended him; and that instead of giving wholesome impetus to his talent, I had brutally paralyzed it. I had a wretched suspicion that I had made him ill. My stay at Florence was drawing to a close; and it was important that before resuming my journey I should assure myself of the truth. Theobald to the last had kept his lodging a mystery, and I was altogether at a loss where to look for him. The simplest course was to make inquiry of the beauty of the Mercato Vecchio; and I confess that unsatisfied curiosity as to the lady herself counseled it as well. Perhaps I had done her injustice, and she was as immortally fresh and fair as he conceived her. I was at any rate anxious to behold once more the ripe enchantress who had made twenty years pass as a twelvemonth. I repaired accordingly one morning to her abode, climbed the interminable staircase, and reached her door. It stood ajar; and as I hesitated whether to enter, a little serving-maid came clattering out with an empty kettle, as if she had just performed some savory errand. The inner door too was open; so I crossed the little vestibule and entered the room in which I had formerly been received. It had not its evening aspect. The table, or one end of it, was spread for a late breakfast; and before it sat a gentleman — an individual at least of the male sex — dealing justice upon a beefsteak and onions and a bottle of wine. At his elbow, in friendly proximity,

was placed the lady of the house. Her attitude as I entered was not that of an enchantress. With one hand she held in her lap a plate of smoking macaroni; with the other she had lifted high in air one of the pendulous filaments of this succulent compound, and was in the act of slipping it gently down her throat. On the uncovered end of the table, facing her companion, were ranged half a dozen small statuettes, of some snuff-colored substance resembling terra-cotta. He, brandishing his knife with ardor, was apparently descanting on their merits.

Evidently I darkened the door. My hostess dropped her macaroni — into her mouth, and rose hastily with a harsh exclamation and a flushed face. I immediately perceived that the Signora Serafina's secret was even better worth knowing than I had supposed, and that the way to learn it was to take it for granted. I summoned my best Italian, I smiled and bowed and apologized for my intrusion; and in a moment, whether or no I had dispelled the lady's irritation, I had at least stimulated her prudence. I was welcome, she said; I must take a seat. This was another friend of hers — also an artist, she declared with a smile which was almost amiable. Her companion wiped his mustache and bowed with great civility. I saw at a glance that he was equal to the situation. He was presumably the author of the statuettes on the table, and he knew a money-spending *forestiere* when he saw one. He was a small, wiry man, with a clever, impudent, tossed-up nose, a sharp little black eye, and waxed ends to his mustache. On the side of his head he wore jauntily a little crimson velvet smoking-cap, and I observed that his feet were incased in brilliant slippers. On Serafina's remarking with dignity that I was the friend of Mr. Theobald, he broke out into that fantastic French of which Italians are so insistently lavish, and declared with fervor that Mr. Theobald was a magnificent genius.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered with a shrug. "If you're in a position to affirm it, you have the advantage of me. I've seen nothing from his hand but the *bambino* yonder, which certainly is fine."

He declared that the *bambino* was a masterpiece, a pure Correggio. It was only a pity, he added with a knowing laugh, that the sketch had not been made on some good bit of honeycombed old panel. The stately Serafina hereupon protested that Mr. Theobald was the soul of honor, and that he would never lend himself to a deceit. "I'm not a judge of genius," she said, "and

I know nothing of pictures. I'm but a poor simple widow; but I know that the Signor Teobaldo has the heart of an angel and the virtue of a saint.—He's my benefactor," she added sententiously. The after-glow of the somewhat sinister flush with which she had greeted me still lingered in her cheek, and perhaps did not favor her beauty: I could not but fancy it a wise custom of Theobald's to visit her only by candlelight. She was coarse, and her poor adorer was a poet.

"I have the greatest esteem for him," I said: "it is for this reason that I have been uneasy at not seeing him for ten days. Have you seen him? Is he perhaps ill?"

"Ill! Heaven forbid!" cried Serafina, with genuine vehemence.

Her companion uttered a rapid expletive, and reproached her with not having been to see him. She hesitated a moment; then she simpered the least bit and bridled. "He comes to see me—without reproach! But it would not be the same for me to go to him, though indeed you may almost call him a man of holy life."

"He has the greatest admiration for you," I said. "He would have been honored by your visit."

She looked at me a moment sharply. "More admiration than you. Admit that!" Of course I protested with all the eloquence at my command; and my mysterious hostess then confessed that she had taken no fancy to me on my former visit, and that, Theobald not having returned, she believed I had poisoned his mind against her. "It would be no kindness to the poor gentleman, I can tell you that," she said. "He has come to see me every evening for years. It's a long friendship! No one knows him as well as I."

"I don't pretend to know him, or to understand him," I said. "He's a mystery! Nevertheless, he seems to me a little—" And I touched my forehead and waved my hand in the air.

Serafina glanced at her companion a moment, as if for inspiration. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, as he filled his glass again. The *padrona* hereupon gave me a more softly insinuating smile than would have seemed likely to bloom on so candid a brow. "It's for that that I love him!" she said. "The world has so little kindness for such persons. It laughs at them, and despises them, and cheats them. He is too good for this wicked life! It's his fancy that he finds a little Paradise up

here in my poor apartment. If he thinks so, how can I help it? He has a strange belief — really, I ought to be ashamed to tell you — that I resemble the Blessed Virgin: Heaven forgive me! I let him think what he pleases, so long as it makes him happy. He was very kind to me once, and I am not one that forgets a favor. So I receive him every evening civilly, and ask after his health, and let him look at me on this side and that! For that matter, I may say it without vanity, I was worth looking at once! And he's not always amusing, poor man! He sits sometimes for an hour without speaking a word, or else he talks away, without stopping, on art and nature, and beauty and duty, and fifty fine things that are all so much Latin to me. I beg you to understand that he has never said a word to me that I mightn't decently listen to. He may be a little cracked, but he's one of the saints."

"Eh!" cried the man, "the saints were all a little cracked!"

Serafina, I fancied, left part of her story untold; but she told enough of it to make poor Theobald's own statement seem intensely pathetic in its exalted simplicity. "It's a strange fortune, certainly," she went on, "to have such a friend as this dear man,—a friend who's less than a lover and more than a friend." I glanced at her companion, who preserved an impenetrable smile, twisted the end of his mustache, and disposed of a copious mouthful. Was *he* less than a lover? "But what will you have?" Serafina pursued. "In this hard world one mustn't ask too many questions; one must take what comes and keep what one gets. I've kept my good friend for twenty years, and I do hope that at this time of day, signore, you've not come to turn him against me!"

I assured her that I had no such design, and that I should vastly regret disturbing Mr. Theobald's habits or convictions. On the contrary, I was alarmed about him, and I should immediately go in search of him. She gave me his address, and a florid account of her sufferings at his non-appearance. She had not been to him, for various reasons; chiefly because she was afraid of displeasing him, as he had always made such a mystery of his home.

"You might have sent this gentleman!" I ventured to suggest.

"Ah," cried the gentleman, "he admires the Signora Serafina, but he wouldn't admire me." And then, confidentially, with his finger on his nose, "He's a purist!"

I was about to withdraw, on the promise that I would inform the Signora Serafina of my friend's condition, when her companion, who had risen from table and girded his loins apparently for the onset, grasped me gently by the arm, and led me before the row of statuettes. "I perceive by your conversation, signore, that you are a patron of the arts. Allow me to request your honorable attention for these modest products of my own ingenuity. They are brand-new, fresh from my atelier, and have never been exhibited in public. I have brought them here to receive the verdict of this dear lady, who is a good critic, for all she may pretend to the contrary. I am the inventor of this peculiar style of statuette,—of subject, manner, material, everything. Touch them, I pray you; handle them: you needn't fear. Delicate as they look, it is impossible they should break! My various creations have met with great success. They are especially admired by Americans. I have sent them all over Europe, —to London, Paris, Vienna! You may have observed some little specimens in Paris, on the Boulevard, in a shop of which they constitute the specialty. There is always a crowd about the window. They form a very pleasing ornament for the mantel-shelf of a gay young bachelor, for the boudoir of a pretty woman. You couldn't make a prettier present to a person with whom you wished to exchange a harmless joke. It is not classic art, signore, of course; but between ourselves, isn't classic art sometimes rather a bore? Caricature, burlesque—*la charge*, as the French say—has hitherto been confined to paper, to the pen and pencil. Now, it has been my inspiration to introduce it into statuary. For this purpose I have invented a peculiar plastic compound which you will permit me not to divulge. That's my secret, signore! It's as light, you perceive, as cork, and yet as firm as alabaster! I frankly confess that I really pride myself as much on this little stroke of chemical ingenuity as upon the other element of novelty in my creations,—my types. What do you say to my types, signore? The idea is bold: does it strike you as happy? Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats,—all human life is there! Human life, of course I mean, viewed with the eye of the satirist! To combine sculpture and satire, signore, has been my unprecedented ambition. I flatter myself that I have not egregiously failed."

As this jaunty Juvenal of the chimney-piece delivered himself of his persuasive allocution, he took up his little groups

successively from the table, held them aloft, turned them about, rapped them with his knuckles, and gazed at them lovingly with his head on one side. They consisted each of a cat and a monkey, fantastically draped, in some preposterously sentimental conjunction. They exhibited a certain sameness of motive, and illustrated chiefly the different phases of what, in delicate terms, may be called gallantry and coquetry; but they were strikingly clever and expressive, and were at once very perfect cats and monkeys and very natural men and women. I confess, however, that they failed to amuse me. I was doubtless not in a mood to enjoy them, for they seemed to me peculiarly cynical and vulgar. Their imitative felicity was revolting. As I looked askance at the complacent little artist, brandishing them between finger and thumb, and caressing them with an amorous eye, he seemed to me himself little more than an exceptionally intelligent ape. I mustered an admiring grin, however, and he blew another blast. "My figures are studied from life! I have a little menagerie of monkeys whose frolics I contemplate by the hour. As for the cats, one has only to look out of one's back window! Since I have begun to examine these expressive little brutes, I have made many profound observations. Speaking, signore, to a man of imagination, I may say that my little designs are not without a philosophy of their own. Truly, I don't know whether the cats and monkeys imitate us, or whether it's we who imitate them." I congratulated him on his philosophy, and he resumed. "You will do me the honor to admit that I have handled my subjects with delicacy. Eh, it was needed, signore! I have been free, but not too free — eh? Just a hint, you know! You may see as much or as little as you please. These little groups, however, are no measure of my invention. If you will favor me with a call at my studio, I think that you will admit that my combinations are really infinite. I likewise execute figures to command. You have perhaps some little motive,— the fruit of your philosophy of life, signore,— which you would like to have interpreted. I can promise to work it up to your satisfaction; it shall be as malicious as you please! Allow me to present you with my card, and to remind you that my prices are moderate. Only sixty francs for a little group like that. My statuettes are as durable as bronze,— *ære perennius*, signore,— and between ourselves, I think they are more amusing!"

As I pocketed his card I glanced at Madonna Serafina, wondering whether she had an eye for contrasts. She had picked

up one of the little couples and was tenderly dusting it with a feather broom.

What I had just seen and heard had so deepened my compassionate interest in my deluded friend, that I took a summary leave, and made my way directly to the house designated by this remarkable woman. It was in an obscure corner of the opposite side of the town, and presented a sombre and squalid appearance. An old woman in the doorway, on my inquiring for Theobald, ushered me in with a mumbled blessing and an expression of relief at the poor gentleman having a friend. His lodging seemed to consist of a single room at the top of the house. On getting no answer to my knock, I opened the door, supposing that he was absent; so that it gave me a certain shock to find him sitting there helpless and dumb. He was seated near the single window, facing an easel which supported a large canvas. On my entering, he looked up at me blankly, without changing his position, which was that of absolute lassitude and dejection, his arms loosely folded, his legs stretched before him, his head hanging on his breast. Advancing into the room, I perceived that his face vividly corresponded with his attitude. He was pale, haggard, and unshaven, and his dull and sunken eye gazed at me without a spark of recognition. I had been afraid that he would greet me with fierce reproaches, as the cruelly officious patron who had turned his peace to bitterness; and I was relieved to find that my appearance awakened no visible resentment. "Don't you know me?" I asked as I put out my hand. "Have you already forgotten me?"

He made no response, kept his position stupidly, and left me staring about the room. It spoke most plaintively for itself. Shabby, sordid, naked, it contained, beyond the wretched bed, but the scantiest provision for personal comfort. It was bedroom at once and studio,—a grim ghost of a studio. A few dusty casts and prints on the walls, three or four old canvases turned face inward, and a rusty-looking color-box, formed, with the easel at the window, the sum of its appurtenances. The place savored horribly of poverty. Its only wealth was the picture on the easel, presumably the famous Madonna. Averted as this was from the door, I was unable to see its face; but at last, sickened by the vacant misery of the spot, I passed behind Theobald, eagerly and tenderly. I can hardly say that I was surprised at what I found: a canvas that was a mere dead blank, cracked and discolored by time. This was his immortal work! Though not surprised,

I confess I was powerfully moved, and I think that for five minutes I could not have trusted myself to speak. At last my silent nearness affected him; he stirred and turned, and then rose and looked at me with a slowly kindling eye. I murmured some kind, ineffective nothings about his being ill and needing advice and care; but he seemed absorbed in the effort to recall distinctly what had last passed between us. "You were right," he said with a pitiful smile, "I'm a dawdler! I'm a failure! I shall do nothing more in this world. You opened my eyes; and though the truth is bitter, I bear you no grudge. Amen! I've been sitting here for a week, face to face with the truth, with the past, with my weakness and poverty and nullity. I shall never touch a brush! I believe I've neither eaten nor slept. Look at that canvas!" he went on, as I relieved my emotion in the urgent request that he would come home with me and dine. "That was to have contained my masterpiece! Isn't it a promising foundation? The elements of it are all *here*." And he tapped his forehead with that mystic confidence which had marked the gesture before. "If I could only transpose them into some brain that had the hand, the will! Since I've been sitting here taking stock of my intellects, I've come to believe that I have the material for a hundred masterpieces. But my hand is paralyzed now, and they'll never be painted. I never began! I waited and waited to be worthier to begin, and wasted my life in preparation. While I fancied my creation was growing, it was dying. I've taken it all too hard! Michael Angelo didn't when he went at the Lorenzo! He did his best at a venture, and his venture is immortal. *That's* mine!" And he pointed, with a gesture I shall never forget, at the empty canvas. "I suppose we're a genus by ourselves in the providential scheme,—we talents that can't act, that can't do nor dare! We take it out in talk, in plans and promises, in study, in visions! But our visions, let me tell you," he cried with a toss of his head, "have a way of being brilliant, and a man hasn't lived in vain who has seen the things I have! Of course you'll not believe in them when that bit of worm-eaten cloth is all I have to show for them; but to convince you, to enchant and astound the world, I need only the hand of Raphael. I have his brain. A pity, you'll say, I haven't his modesty! Ah, let me babble now: it's all I have left! I'm the half of a genius! Where in the wide world is my other half? Lodged perhaps in the vulgar soul, the cunning, ready

fingers of some dull copyist, or some trivial artisan who turns out by the dozen his easy prodigies of touch! But it's not for me to sneer at him: he at least does something. He's not a dawdler! Well for me if I had been vulgar and clever and reckless,—if I could have shut my eyes and dealt my stroke!"

What to say to the poor fellow, what to do for him, seemed hard to determine; I chiefly felt that I must break the spell of his present inaction, and remove him from the haunted atmosphere of the little room it seemed such cruel irony to call a studio. I cannot say I persuaded him to come out with me; he simply suffered himself to be led, and when we began to walk in the open air I was able to measure his pitifully weakened condition. Nevertheless he seemed in a certain way to revive, and murmured at last that he would like to go to the Pitti Gallery. I shall never forget our melancholy stroll through those gorgeous halls, every picture on whose walls seemed, even to my own sympathetic vision, to glow with a sort of insolent renewal of strength and lustre. The eyes and lips of the great portraits seemed to smile in ineffable scorn of the dejected pretender who had dreamed of competing with their triumphant authors; the celestial candor, even, of the Madonna in the Chair, as we paused in perfect silence before her, was tinged with the sinister irony of the women of Leonardo. Perfect silence indeed marked our whole progress,—the silence of a deep farewell; for I felt in all my pulses, as Theobald, leaning on my arm, dragged one heavy foot after the other, that he was looking his last. When we came out, he was so exhausted that instead of taking him to my hotel to dine, I called a carriage and drove him straight to his own poor lodging. He had sunk into an extraordinary lethargy; he lay back in the carriage with his eyes closed, as pale as death, his faint breathing interrupted at intervals by a sudden gasp, like a smothered sob or a vain attempt to speak. With the help of the old woman who had admitted me before, and who emerged from a dark back court, I contrived to lead him up the long steep staircase and lay him on his wretched bed. To her I gave him in charge, while I prepared in all haste to seek a physician. But she followed me out of the room with a pitiful clasping of her hands.

"Poor, dear, blessed gentleman," she murmured: "is he dying?"

"Possibly. How long has he been thus?"

"Since a night he passed ten days ago. I came up in the morning to make his poor bed, and found him sitting up in his clothes before that great canvas he keeps there. Poor, dear, strange man, he says his prayers to it! He had not been to bed, nor since then properly! What has happened to him? Has he found out about the Serafina?" she whispered with a glittering eye and a toothless grin.

"Prove at least that one old woman can be faithful," I said, "and watch him well till I come back."

My return was delayed through the absence of the English physician on a round of visits, and my vainly pursuing him from house to house before I overtook him. I brought him to Theobald's bedside none too soon. A violent fever had seized our patient, and the case was evidently grave. A couple of hours later I knew that he had brain fever. From this moment I was with him constantly; but I am far from wishing to describe his illness. Excessively painful to witness, it was happily brief. Life burned out in delirium. A certain night that I passed at his pillow, listening to his wild snatches of regret, of aspiration, of rapture and awe at the phantasmal pictures with which his brain seemed to swarm, recurs to my memory now like some stray page from a lost masterpiece of tragedy.

Before a week was over we had buried him in the little Protestant cemetery on the way to Fiesole. The Signora Serafina, whom I had caused to be informed of his illness, had come in person, I was told, to inquire about its progress; but she was absent from his funeral, which was attended by but a scanty concourse of mourners. Half a dozen old Florentine sojourners, in spite of the prolonged estrangement which had preceded his death, had felt the kindly impulse to honor his grave. Among them was my friend Mrs. Coventry, whom I found on my departure waiting at her carriage door at the gate of the cemetery.

"Well," she said, relieving at last with a significant smile the solemnity of our immediate greeting, "and the great Madonna? Have you seen her after all?"

"I've seen her," I said; "she's mine — by bequest. But I shall never show her to you."

"And why not, pray?"

"My dear Mrs. Coventry, you'd not understand her!"

"Upon my word, you're polite."

"Excuse me: I'm sad and vexed and bitter." And with reprehensible rudeness I marched away. I was excessively impatient to leave Florence: my friend's dark spirit seemed diffused through all things. I had packed my trunk to start for Rome that night; and meanwhile, to beguile my unrest, I aimlessly paced the streets. Chance led me at last to the church of San Lorenzo. Remembering poor Theobald's phrase about Michael Angelo,—"He did his best at a venture,"—I went in and turned my steps to the chapel of the tombs. Viewing in sadness the sadness of its immortal treasures, I fancied, while I stood there, that the scene demanded no ampler commentary. As I passed through the church again to depart, a woman, turning away from one of the side altars, met me face to face. The black shawl depending from her head draped picturesquely the handsome visage of Madonna Serafina. She stopped as she recognized me, and I saw that she wished to speak. Her eye was bright, and her ample bosom heaved in a way that seemed to portend a certain sharpness of reproach. But the expression of my own face apparently drew the sting from her resentment, and she addressed me in a tone in which bitterness was tempered by a sort of dogged resignation. "I know it was you, now, that separated us," she said. "It was a pity he ever brought you to see me! Of course you couldn't think of me as he did. Well, the Lord gave him, the Lord has taken him. I've just paid for a nine-days' mass for his soul. And I can tell you this, signore,—I never deceived him. Who put it into his head that I was made to live on holy thoughts and fine phrases? It was his own fancy, and it pleased him to think so. Did he suffer much?" she added more softly, after a pause.

"His sufferings were great, but they were short."

"And did he speak of me?" She had hesitated, and dropped her eyes; she raised them with her question, and revealed in their sombre stillness a gleam of feminine confidence, which for the moment revived and illumined her beauty. Poor Theobald! Whatever name he had given his passion, it was still her fine eyes that had charmed him.

"Be contented, madam," I answered, gravely.

She dropped her eyes again, and was silent. Then exhaling a full, rich sigh, as she gathered her shawl together: "He was a magnificent genius!"

I bowed, and we separated.

Passing through a narrow side street on my way back to my hotel, I perceived above a doorway a sign which it seemed to me I had read before. I suddenly remembered that it was identical with the superscription of a card that I had carried for an hour in my waistcoat pocket. On the threshold stood the ingenious artist whose claims to public favor were thus distinctly signalized, smoking a pipe in the evening air, and giving the finishing polish with a bit of rag to one of his inimitable "combinations." I caught the expressive curl of a couple of tails. He recognized me, removed his little red cap with a most obsequious bow, and motioned me to enter his studio. I returned his bow and passed on, vexed with the apparition. For a week afterwards, whenever I was seized among the ruins of triumphant Rome with some peculiarly poignant memory of Theobald's transcendent illusions and deplorable failure, I seemed to hear a fantastic, impertinent murmur, "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there!"

JĀMĪ

(1414–1492)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

THE Persian poet Jāmī was the last classic minstrel of Iran, and a master in the historical, lyrical, and mystic literature. He lived during the fifteenth century, and his writings are fired by the last sparks from the torch of Firdausī, Sa'dī, and Hāfiz; so that his name has become one of the shining lights in the Persian temple of poetic fame. Jāmī's native place was Jām, a small town in the neighborhood of Herat in Khorassan. Hence he is called Jām-ī; although he plays upon this appellation as meaning also a "cup," and as significant of his pouring out the spiritual wine of the love of God, the wine of which the mystic Sūfīs so often speak: for Jāmī, like his predecessors, had quaffed draughts from the flagon of the mystic poetry of Sūfīism.

The minstrel's full name is given as Nūr-uddīn 'Abd-urrahmān Jāmī; his birth-year was 1414; and his education from early youth was at the hands of eminent teachers. We know of his marriage, and we are told of his endeavor, through his didactic prose story-book 'Bahāristān,' to give instruction to an only surviving son, born late in life. A religious pilgrimage undertaken by Jāmī to Mecca is also recorded. His poetic fame was so wide-spread that princes unasked were ready to offer him favors: but Jāmī at heart was devoted to Dervish teaching and to Sūfī philosophy, which won for him a sort of saintly reputation; and when in 1492 he passed away, advanced in years, he was mourned by the people of Herat and by the highest dignitaries of State.

According to some accounts Jāmī was the author of nearly a hundred works; it is not an exaggeration to attribute to him at least forty. Fine manuscripts of his writings are not uncommon, and one exquisite codex has been preserved which was prepared for the Emperor of Hindustan, a century after Jāmī's death. This superb specimen of Oriental calligraphy and illumination is said to have cost thousands of dollars. Seven of the best of Jāmī's writings have been gathered into a collection entitled 'Haft Aurang,' 'The Seven Stars of the Great Bear,' or 'The Seven Thrones' as it is sometimes called. One of these seven is the pathetic story of 'Lailā and Majnun'; another is the allegorical moral poem 'Salāman and Absāl,'

an English adaptation of which is to be found in the works of Edward Fitzgerald; the third of the seven stars is the romantic tale of 'Yūsuf and Zulīkhā,' or Joseph and Potiphar's wife. This latter theme had been previously treated by Firdausī among other poets; but it still remains one of Jāmī's masterpieces. The story is not the simple incident of the Bible, but is elaborately developed from the Koran. The beautiful Zulīkhā's dream in her youth of an ideal spouse is thrice repeated. Her disappointment in the marriage with Potiphar is bitter and keen, and is intensified by her discovering that the fair youth Joseph who was purchased in the slave market is the embodiment of that glorious apparition she had beheld in the vision. The poem is then developed on very romantic lines, so as to bring out each of the characters in clearest colors; but after the vicissitudes of years, the poem ends happily when the fair Zulīkhā, now widowed, is united to Joseph as the ideal of manly beauty and purity, and she becomes a worshiper of the true God. Jāmī's prose work the 'Bahāristān,' or 'Abode of Spring,' comprises a series of pithy short stories, entertaining brief tales, or Oriental wisdom, and is modeled on Sa'dī's 'Gulistān.'

Considerable material is accessible to English readers who may be interested in Jāmī: for example, S. Robinson, 'Persian Poetry' (Glasgow, 1883), from which the selections appended are taken; also L. S. Costello, 'Rose Garden of Persia' (London, 1887); Edward Fitzgerald, 'Salāman and Absāl, Translated' (American edition, Boston, 1887); again, 'The Bahāristān Literally Translated' (published by the Kama Shastra Society, Benares, 1887). See also Sir Gore Ouseley, 'Biographical Notices of Persian Poets' (London, 1846); and for bibliographical lists of translations into German and French, consult H. Ethé in Geiger's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' ii. 305, 307.

A. V. Williams Jackson

[The following selections are from Jāmī's 'Joseph and Zulaikha.']

LOVE

A HEART which is void of the pains of love is not heart;
A body without heart woes is nothing but clay and water.
Turn thy face away from the world to the pangs of love;
For the world of love is a world of sweetness.
Let there not be in the world an unloving heart!
Let not the pangs of love be less in the bosom of any one!
Heaven itself is confused with longings after love;

Earth is filled with the tumult at the clamors of its passion.
Become the captive of love, in order to become free; [ness.
Lay its sorrows to thy heart, that thou mayest know its glad-
The wine of love will inebriate and warm thee,
Will free from thee coldness and devotion to self.
In the memories of love the lover renews his freshness;
In his devotion to it he creates for himself a lofty fame.
If Mejnun had never drunk the wine from this cup,
Who would have spread his name throughout the worlds?
Thousands of the wise and learned have passed away,
Passed away — forgotten, because strangers to love;
No name, no trace remains of their existence,
No history of them is left on the records of Time.
Many are the birds of beautiful forms
Which the people closes its lip and refuses to speak of;
When those who have all hearts tell stories of love,
The stories they tell are of the Moth and the Nightingale.
In the world thou mayest be skilled in a hundred arts,—
Love is the only one which will free thee from thyself.
Turn not thy face from love: even if it be shallow,
It is thy apprenticeship for learning the true one;
If thou dost not first learn thine A B C on thy slate,
How wilt thou ever be able to read a lesson from the Koran?
I heard of a scholar who besought a teacher
To assist him in treading the path of his doctrine;
The teacher replied: "Thou hast never yet stirred a foot in
the way of love;
Go — become a lover, and then appear before me;
For till thou hast tasted the symbolical wine-cup,
Thou wilt never drain the real one to the lees."
No! thou must not stay lingering over the image,
But quickly transport thyself over this bridge:
If thou desirest ever to reach the inn,
Thou must not remain standing at the bridge ahead. [tery,
Praise be to God! that so long as I have dwelt in this monas-
I have been a nimble traveler in the road of love!
When the midwife first divided the navel-string,
She divided it with the knife of love;
When my mother first put my lips to her breast,
She gave me to suck the blood-tinged milk of love;
Although my hair is now white as milk,
The savor of love still dwells in my mind.
In youth or in age there is nothing like love;
The enchantment of love breathes upon me forever.
"Jāmī," it says, "thou hast grown old in love:

Rouse thy spirit, and in love die!
Compose a tale on the pleasures of love, [existence!
That thou mayest leave to the world some memorial of thy
Draw thou a picture with thy delicate pencil,
Which, when thou quittest thy place, may remain in thy stead."

Translation of S. Robinson.

BEAUTY

IN THAT solitude in which Being is without a mark,
The universe still lay hidden in the treasure-house of non-existence;
Whilst its substance had not yet taken the form of duality,
And was far from speech and talk, from "We" and "Ye,"—
Beauty was free from the shackles of form,
And by its own light alone was it visible to itself;
It was a lovely bride behind the veil of her nuptial chamber,
Her vesture unsullied by a suspicion of a speck.
There was no mirror to reflect back its countenance,
Nor had ever comb passed a hand through its ringlets;
No breeze had ever ruffled a lock of its tresses;
Its eye had never been touched by a grain of surma dust;
No nightingale had yet nestled under the shade of his rose;
No rose had put yet on her adornment of verdure;
Its cheek was not yet embellished by mole or down,
And no eye had yet beheld it even in imagination;
Its voice of endearment was with itself alone,
And with itself was played its game of affection.

But wherever the power of Beauty exists,
Beauty is angered to be hidden by a veil.
A lovely face will not endure concealment:
Bar but the door, it will escape by the window!
Behold the tulip on the mountain-top,
How smilingly it comes forth in the vernal season;
It shoots out of the earth thro' every cleft of the rock,
And forces itself into notice by its own loveliness.
When a feeling of Beauty once falls upon the sight,
And strangely threads itself on the tie of sensation,
It can never again pass away from the fancy;
It insists henceforth on being heard or spoken of.
Wherever is the Beautiful, this is its law,
Imposed by the action of the Eternal Beauty;

Coming from the realms of the Holy, here it pitched its station,
And revealed itself in every quarter and to every spirit.
In every mirror is reflected its face,
In every place is heard its conversation and language;
And all the holy who are seeking the Holy,
Exclaim in ecstasy, "O thou Holy One!"
And from all the divers in this celestial ocean
Rises the shout, "Glory to the Lord of Angels!"

From its brightness a beam fell upon the Rose, [ingale;
And from the Rose came its melody into the soul of the Night-
From its fire the Taper kindled up its cheek,
And forthwith a hundred Moths were burnt in every chamber;
From its light a spark set on fire the sun,
And straightway the Nile-lily raised its head from the water.
By its countenance Laila arrayed her own,
And Mejnun's passion was inflamed by every hair;
The mouth of Shirin opened its sugared lip,
And stole the heart of Parviz and the soul of Ferhad;
The Moon of Canaan raised its head from its breast,
And bore away reason from the brain of Zulaikha.
Yes!—Beauty unveils its countenance in the private chamber,
Even when hid behind the veil from earthly lovers;
Of every veil which thou seest it is the veil-holder,
'Tis its decree which carries every heart into bondage;
In its love only has the heart its life;
In its love only has the soul its felicity.
The heart of every one who is enamored with the lovely
Is inspired by its love, whether he knows it or not.
Beware that thou fall into no error as to Beauty:
Love we must, when it shows forth its charms;
For as each thing is fair, so it is worthy of love:
It is the stem whence comes the object;
Thou art the mirror, it brings thee the image;
Thou art hid by a veil, it shows itself openly;
When thou lookest on Beauty, it is the mirror also,
For it is not only the treasure, but the treasure-house too.
We have in this matter no right to intermeddle—thou and I:
Our opinions about it are but vain fancies!
Be silent!—for this is a tale which has no ending;
Its language is one which has no interpreter.
Better for us that our business be love,
For without its converse we are nothing—nothing!

Translation of S. Robinson.

ZULAIKHA'S FIRST DREAM

A NIGHT it was sweet as the morning of life,
Joy-augmenting like the days of youth!
Fish and fowl rested from motion,
Business drew its foot within the skirt of its garment.
Within this pleasure-house, full of varieties,
Naught remained open save the eye of the star.
Night, the thief, robbed the sentinel of his understanding;
The bell-ringer stilled the tongue of the bell;
The hound wound its tail round its neck like a collar,
And in that collar stifled its baying;
The bird of the night drew out its sword-like feathers,
And cut off its tuneful reed [*i. e.*, its throat] from its morning song;
The watchman on the dome of the royal palace
Saw in imagination the drowsy poppy-head,
And no longer retained the power of wakefulness—
The image of that poppy-head called him into slumber.
The drummer no longer beat his tymbal,
His hand could no longer hold the drumstick.
The Muessin from the Minaret no longer cried, "Allah! Allah! the Ever-Living!
Roll up your mattresses, ye nightly dead, and neglect not prayer!"
Zulaikha, of the sugar lips, was enjoying the sweetest slumber
Which had fallen on her soft narcissus-like eyes;
Her head pressed the pillow with its hyacinthine locks,
And her body the couch with its roseate burthen.
The hyacinthine locks were parted on the pillow,
And painted the roseate cheeks with silken streaks;
The image-seeing eye was closed in slumber,
But another eye was open—that of the soul:
With that she saw suddenly enter a young man—
Young man, do I say?—rather a spirit!
A blessed figure from the realms of light,
Beauteous as a Huri borne off from the Garden of the Seventh Heaven,
And had robbed trait by trait of each beauty, excellence, and perfection,
Copying one by one every alluring attraction.
His stature was that of the fresh box-tree; [his;
The free-cypress in its freedom was a slave compared with
His hair from above hung down like a chain,
And fettered hand and foot even the judgment of the wise;

From his brow shot so resplendent a flash of light,
That sun and moon bent to the ground before him;
His eyebrows, which might have been a high altar for the saintly,
Were an amber-scented canopy over the sleeper's eyes;
His face was as the moon's from its station in Paradise·
From his eyelashes darted arrows to pierce the heart;
The pearly teeth within the ruby lips
Were lightning flashing from a roseate evening sky;
The smiles of his ruby lips were as sweet as sugar—
When he laughed, his laugh was the lustre of the Pleiades;
The words of his mouth were sugar itself.
When this vision rose before the eye of Zulaikha,
At one glance happened that which needs must happen:
She beheld excellence beyond human limits,
Seen not in Peri, never heard of in Huri.
From the beauty of the image and the dream of its perfection,
She became his captive, not with her one but with a hundred hearts.
Fancy made his form the ideal of her mind,
And planted in her soul the young shoot of love.

Translation of S. Robinson.

SILENT SORROW

On the morrow, when the raven of night had taken its upward flight,
And the cock was crowing its morning carol,
And the nightingales had ceased their soul-moving chant,
And had withdrawn from the rose-bush the veil of the rose-bud,
And the violet was washing its fragrant locks,
And the jessamine was wiping the night dew from its face,
Zulaikha still lay sunk in sweetest slumber,
Her heart-look still fixed on her last night's altar;
Sleep it was not,—rather a delightful bewilderment,
A kind of insanity from her nocturnal passion!
Her waiting-maids impress the kisses on her feet,
Her damsels approach to give the hand-kiss;
Then she lifteth the veil from her dewy tulip cheeks,
And shaketh off the sleep from her love-languishing eyes;
She looketh around on every side, but seeth not a sign
Of the roseate image of her last night's dream.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THOMAS ALLIBONE JANVIER

(1849-)

An American writer with a charming touch, and a quick eye for picturesque features of the native life, is Thomas Allibone Janvier, a Philadelphian now in the prime of his power. Janvier first entered journalism, and then turned by a natural deflection to more distinctive literary work. His profession and his tastes brought him within the confines of the alluring land of Bohemia, and he reproduces this experience delightfully in some of his books, particularly in the short stories. In New York he has been a student of humanity, who has tempered the realism with which he depicts the characteristics of the French, Spanish, and other Romance foreign elements there commingled, with a kindly humor and a pleasant romanticism. His first book, 'Color Studies: Four Stories,' is made up of slight but clever and agreeable sketches of New York life with a flavor of the studio, carried even to the naming of the personages after the colors used by the painter,—Rose Madder, Gamboge, Mangan Brown, and the like. Mr. Janvier, however, did not confine himself to the American metropolis for his studies. He has made a thorough study of Mexico, and this knowledge is marked in his 'Mexican Guide' (1886), an admirable book of its class; while the romantic novel 'The Aztec Treasure House: A Romance of Contemporaneous Antiquity' (1890), makes ingenious use of that *locale* by the motive of a buried treasure. In spite of its fantastic character, the novel has genuine romantic power and charm, is rich in detail, and of sustained narrative interest. 'An Embassy to Provence' (1893)—graceful, happily touched travel sketches—gives another side of his interest in the Latin races. Janvier's humor comes pleasantly out in 'The Woman's Conquest of New York: By a Member of the Committee of Safety of 1908,' published anonymously in 1894. 'In Old New York,' dating the same year, is made up of sympathetic papers on bygone Gotham; the picturesqueness of the past even in the practical United States again appealing to him. Of

Thomas A. Janvier

After painting by Carroll Beckwith

late he has been interested especially in the Provençal land and literature: a long sojourn in Provence, and acquaintance with the bards Mistral and Gras and the Félibrige group of singers, has led him, with the aid of his wife, to introduce Gras's spirited 'The Reds of the Midi' to English readers, Mr. Janvier writing a preface to Mrs. Janvier's felicitous translation. But whether at home or abroad, Janvier's interest is plainly and increasingly in the picturesque exotic scenes and character types which are furnished by those sun-loving southern peoples, with their song, romance, and *riant* charm. He has been little touched by the realism of the day, except as his studies use the realistic method in reproducing the details of his pictures. But humor, sentiment, the touch of illusion, are always present, making him not only a pleasant but a wholesome writer.

THE EPISODE OF THE MARQUES DE VALDEFLORES

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I

Antonio Hilarion Dominguez Medrano y Corella, Marques de Valdeflores. When this brilliant name, with its pendent rubrica, was written by the nobleman to whom it pertained upon the register of the Casa Napoléon,—a modest hostelry, founded in the interest of the traveling Franco-Hispano public temporarily resident in the city of New York,—there ran through that establishment a thrill which may be said to have shaken it, figuratively speaking, from stem to stern.

As a rule the frequenters of the Casa Napoléon were not noblemen. The exceptions to this rule were sporadic French counts, whose costly patronage by no means was to be desired. Thanks to Madame's worldly wisdom,—sharpened to a very fine edge by five-and-twenty years of hotel-keeping,—these self-constituted members of the French nobility rarely got ahead of her. She "zized 'em up," as she expressed it, promptly; and as promptly they received their deserts: that is to say, they were requested to pay in advance or to move on. Then they moved on.

But a nobleman from Old Spain, a genuine nobleman, and so exalted a personage as a Marques, was quite another thing. This was a splendor the like of which was unknown in all the eighteen years during which the Casa Napoléon had run its somewhat checkered, but on the whole successful, career. Madame, though an Imperialist rather than a Legitimist in her political

creed, had a soulful respect for a title; which respect she manifested on this occasion by putting the silk coverlet on the bed in the best apartment, and by hurriedly removing the brown holland slips from the red-plush sofa and from the two red-plush armchairs. Don Anastasio — whose royalist tendencies had led him into a revolution in Mexico, that had ended in not leading him but in most violently projecting him out of it — rejoiced in the honor attendant upon entertaining so distinguished a representative of the principles for which, he was accustomed to declare, he had suffered martyrdom. That he might lift himself to the high plane of the situation, he lighted one of the choicest of his reserved stock of smuggled cigars, and smoked it to the health of the King of Spain. Telésforo, the Cuban negro who waited in the dining-room upon the Spanish-speaking patrons of the house, retired hurriedly to his den in the basement and put on his clean shirt; which was not due, in the natural order of things, until the ensuing Sunday. Even Jules — the one-eyed French waiter; a pronounced Red, who openly boasted that he had lost his eye while fighting in the Commune behind a barricade — so far yielded to the spirit of the hour as to put on the clean paper collar that (keeping it in the rarely used large soup tureen) he held in reserve for occasions of especial festivity. Marie, the trig chambermaid, stuck a bow of cherry-colored ribbon in her black hair. No more was required of her. Without any extra adornment, Marie at all times was as fresh and as blooming as the rose.

As it was with the proprietors and the retainers of the Casa Napoléon, so was it also with the *habitués* of that rather eccentric but most comfortable establishment. Colonel Withersby, who had not been wholly successful in his latest venture in tramway promotion in Nicaragua, — who had been compelled, in fact, to leave Nicaragua with such inconsiderate celerity that his exodus might with propriety be termed a flight, — was cheered by the hope that Heaven had thrown in his way an opportunity to promote a tramway in some city (any city, he was not particular) in Spain. Monsieur Duvent, the dealer in a very respectable French gambling establishment in South Fifth Avenue, stroked thoughtfully his respectable gray mustache, and made a few trifling mental calculations in regard to the relative values of current Spanish and American coins. Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who was connected with the press, perceived at least a society item in

the situation; possibly, should the Marques prove to be in any way a scandalous personage, a half-column article for the Sunday edition. Mrs. Mortimer — who presumably was a person of substance, for she occupied a handsome apartment on the first floor, yet she toiled not, neither did she spin — listened to Marie's account of the arrival of the Marques with an expression of much interest. Thereafter she descended to dinner clad in raiment of price that far outshone in splendor the modest beauty of the lilies of the field — a species of vegetation with which, in point of fact, Mrs. Mortimer had but little in common.

Dr. Théophile (French creole, expatriated from the island of Guadeloupe) alone refused to accept the Marques at his face value. "Pooh!" said Dr. Théophile rudely, when Don Anastasio called him into the office that evening and showed him the magnificent name upon the register. "Pooh! He is not a real Marques. That is moonshine. A nobleman of that calibre, Don Anastasio, does not come to the Casa Napoléon. Now and then, I grant you, you have here a rich planter from the Islands or from the Spanish Main; and now and then a revolutionist who has been lucky enough — as you were — to get away with some of the revolutionary swag. But a genuine Marques, and from Old Spain, and rich? Oh no, Don Anastasio: that is only a dream! If he is a Marques he certainly is without money; if he has money he certainly is not a Marques — and the chances are that he has neither title nor cash. I saw something in the Epoca last week about a monté dealer who had to leave Barcelona in a hurry. No doubt your Marques is that very man."

However, Dr. Théophile was a natural-born remonstrant. It was he who assailed Don Anastasio's claim to martyrdom in the royalist cause. The Doctor's contention was that Don Anastasio would have lived a most miserable life, ending in an early and uncomfortable death, had not good fortune wafted him hurriedly out of Mexico and safely deposited him in New York; where his days were long in the land, and very pleasant to him in the comfortable haven in the Casa Napoléon that he had secured by his judicious marriage with Madame. Don Anastasio, who could afford to be heroic under the circumstances, denied Dr. Théophile's points absolutely, and clung to the belief in his martyrdom with an affectionate fervor — that did not in the least interfere, however, with his contentedly wearing shabby raiment and soiled linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Indeed, the excellent

food that Madame gave him to eat, and the sound Bordeaux that she gave him to drink, would have gone a long way toward squaring accounts with a martyr whose martyrdom had been of a much more vigorous sort.

After this denial of the validity of the Marques there was something of a coolness between Dr. Théophile and Don Anastasio, that endured until too much of Madame's rich food, and too much of that especial old Bordeaux, brought on one of Don Anastasio's bilious attacks, and so compelled him to resort to Dr. Théophile for physicking. Madame, who was short and round, and of a most quick and resolute temperament, did not suffer her resentment of the aspersions upon the genuineness of the Marques to take the form of a mere coolness: it took the form of a very positive warmth. In her native clipped and softened French of Toulouse, she rated Dr. Théophile most roundly for venturing to call in question the honor of the nobleman within her gates—who, in a most nobleman-like manner, was running up a bill at the rate of from five to seven dollars a day. To this rating Dr. Théophile, in his much more clipped and still softer French of Guadeloupe, replied temperately that he would not then discuss the matter further; but that he would have much pleasure in resuming it at a later period, when time in its fullness should have tested their conflicting opinions in the crucible of practical results. He was wise in his generation, was this Dr. Théophile. His warrings were not with womenkind. With a man, he said, he was ready at all times to do battle with tongue or pistol or sword. But with a woman—no! A woman, he declared, was an inconclusive animal. You might grind her between irrefutable arguments until you had reduced her to figurative fragments, and at the end of this somewhat shocking process she simply would reiterate her original proposition with a calmly superior smile. Yet the women liked Dr. Théophile. There was current an old-time rumor that the cause of his leaving Guadeloupe was a dismal blight that had fallen upon his heart. A man whose past has in it a bit of sad romance like that is an object of tender solicitude to every right-natured woman; and he easily finds forgiveness on the part of such gentle judges for saying evil things about the sex that has done him so cruel a wrong.

II

Meanwhile, the Marques de Valdeflores — blissfully ignorant of the doubts cast by Dr. Théophile upon his wealth and his patent of nobility, and ignorant also of the very amiable designs formed by the resident population of the Casa Napoléon for assisting in the distribution of that wealth, and for rendering that nobility commercially valuable — continued in apparent contentment to occupy Madame's best apartment, to eat largely of the admirable food which she caused daily to be prepared for him, and to drink most liberally of her excellent wines.

He was a very affable personage, was the Marques. "You might think that he wasn't a nobleman at all!" was Madame's admiring comment when telling of the frank and entirely unaffected way in which he had borrowed a dollar of Telésforo, the Cuban negro, to pay his cab fare.

"You might know that he was not," was the cynical comment of Dr. Théophile, to whom this gracious fact was told.

Fortunately for the credit for hospitality of the Casa Napoléon, Dr. Théophile was the only one of the several dwellers in or frequenters of that establishment who manifested the least disposition toward standing the Marques off. The others, to do them justice, more than atoned for Dr. Théophile's coldness by their effusive friendliness. With a frank cordiality charming to contemplate, they severally and collectively did their very best to make him feel that, so far from being a stranger in a strange land, he was very much at home among genuine friends. As tending still further to emphasize this international comity, it was even more delightful to observe the gracious friendliness with which these friendly advances were met and reciprocated. Having lived long enough in the world — he was a personable man, in the prime of his mature manhood — to know how rarely the perfect flower of friendship blooms, and possessing moreover the open-hearted temperament of the South, it was only natural, though on that account none the less pleasing, that the Marques should do his part to show his grateful appreciation of the hospitable kindness that was showered upon him. That he did his part was admitted by everybody but the remonstrant Dr. Théophile, who declared morosely that he overdid it.

Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who sat beside him at the ordinary, succeeded in getting a good column article out of him on the very

first evening of their acquaintance. The Marques told her some very racy stories about Spanish court life; and she worked them up — her knowledge of Spanish, a language universally current in the Casa Napoléon, enabling her to throw in a word here and there that gave them local color — in a fashion that made them still racier. As special correspondence under a Madrid date, they were a decided hit in the Sunday edition. The editor voluntarily gave her six dollars and a half the thousand words, and told her to go ahead and get some more. It was as good stuff as he ever had come across, he said. It certainly was admirably scandalous. Mrs. Vane perceived that she had opened a gold mine, — for the story-telling powers of the Marques appeared to be inexhaustible, — and she worked it with a will. Feeling under a real obligation to the nobleman who so considerably was increasing her weekly income, — she was a kind-hearted soul, not nearly so sophisticated as her very highly spiced illiterary productions would have led one to suppose, — she was glad to have an opportunity to show her appreciation of his kindness by inviting him to accompany her, on a press order, to an evening at the play. In the spirit in which it was offered, the Marques accepted this polite invitation. It struck him that there was something slightly pathetic about it. After the performance he treated Mrs. Vane — at a certain restaurant well known for its shady reputation and for the brilliant achievements of its *chef* — to the very best supper that she had eaten in the whole course of her life.

"He's a perfect high-toned gentleman," Mrs. Vane declared when recounting to Mrs. Mortimer rapturously — for little suppers came rarely in her life — this extraordinary and delightful experience. "He ordered all the highest priced things on the bill of fare, and he set up the wine as if it was water; and he never offered to do more than just nicely squeeze my hand. I don't care what spiteful things Dr. Théophile says about him: after that I know that he's a perfect high-toned gentleman all the way through!"

Inasmuch as Mrs. Mortimer, according to the repeated assertion of Colonel Withersby, was a high-toned lady herself, it is reasonable to suppose that she found pleasure in listening to this handsome eulogy; and it is creditable to her generous impulses to suppose, also, that when a few days later she invited the Marques to a little supper in her own apartment, she was

actuated by an amiable desire to repay his kindness to her friend in kind.

Mrs. Mortimer was a delightful hostess, and her little suppers were renowned. To be sure, those who partook of them were apt to find that in the long run they came rather high; but this trifling drawback upon a pure enjoyment of her hospitality was immaterial, inasmuch as, with a characteristic thoughtfulness, she uniformly selected her guests from that moneyed class which is superior in matters of amusement to considerations of expense.

On this particular occasion, it is needless to say that the Marques enjoyed his supper with Mrs. Mortimer. That Mrs. Mortimer enjoyed her supper with the Marques is a matter less absolutely assured. When he bade her good-night, bowing over her hand very gracefully, and with a gallant and high-bred courtesy kissing the tips of her white fingers, it is undeniable that he left her in a decidedly bewildered state of mind. All that Mrs. Vane had told of his dignified reserve she perceived was true. Her acquaintance with the higher nobility was extremely limited. If this were a fair specimen of that class, she was fain to admit that its members were anything but easy to understand. Her one coherent concept in the premises was the unpleasant conviction that her little supper had not been an unqualified success.

Nor did Monsieur Duvent, as the result of his lavish expenditure of friendship upon the Marques, receive any very adequate return. Having traveled a great deal professionally in Spain, he began his friendly advances by intelligent encomiums of that country. The Marques met his complimentary comments by the polite declaration that praise of his native land always was dear to him, but that it was doubly dear when bestowed with accurate discrimination by one who obviously knew it well; after which he made several exceeding handsome speeches to Monsieur Duvent in regard to France. Their talk running lightly upon the more superficial characteristics of their respective countries, there was nothing forced in Monsieur Duvent's remark that he had been much struck — he did not add that his opportunities for being struck in this fashion had been decidedly exceptional — by observing the passionate and universal devotion of the Spanish race to gaming. In reply the Marques courteously denied that the taste for gaming was universal among his countrymen, but at the same time admitted frankly that it was very general; he even

added smilingly that he shared in it himself. To permit one's self to be carried away by this passion, he observed with an admirable morality, was a most serious mistake; but within due bounds, he continued with a morality less severe, he knew of no amusement more interesting than judiciously conducted games of mingled chance and skill, played for heavy yet not excessive stakes.

Naturally this discourse was very exactly to Monsieur Duvent's mind; and still more to his mind was the prompt acceptance by the Marques of the obliging offer to afford him an opportunity for gratifying his taste for gaming in New York. As for the moral reflections that had accompanied the avowal by the Marques of his amiable weakness, Monsieur Duvent attached but little importance to them. In the course of his very extensive experience in these matters he frequently had heard expressed sentiments of this temperate sort; and as frequently had seen them scattered, in time of trial, like smoke before the wind.

What very much surprised Monsieur Duvent, therefore,—when in due course the Marques was introduced into the quiet and intensely respectable gambling establishment in South Fifth Avenue,—was to observe that the temperateness of his new friend in deeds was precisely in keeping with his temperateness in words. The Marques played with a handsome liberality, but also with a most phenomenal coolness. He followed his luck boldly yet prudently; he dropped his bad luck instantly; and his experienced wisdom was manifested by the obvious fact that he adhered to no "system," and recognized in the game no principle save that of the purest chance. At the end of an hour or so, when he nodded pleasantly to Monsieur Duvent and withdrew, the bank was much the worse for his visit. Monsieur Duvent, whose income was largely in the nature of commissions, was decidedly dissatisfied. In this case the commission had gone the wrong way. The unpleasant fact must be added that in the course of the subsequent visits paid by the Marques to the quiet banking establishment,—fortunately he did not come often,—his aggravating good fortune remained practically unchanged. Being only human, Monsieur Duvent suffered his friendship for the Spanish nobleman appreciably to cool.

III

Colonel Withersby's acquaintance with the Marques opened under circumstances so auspicious as to inspire in the breast of that eminent promoter the most sanguine hopes. At that particular juncture the Colonel, as he himself expressed it, was "in a blanked bad hole." He had made the fatal mistake, in the hope of larger winnings, of standing by the Nicaragua tramway enterprise until it was too late for him to get out before the smash. As the result of his unwise greed he had lost — not what he had put into the tramway company, for he had not put anything into it, but what he had expected to take out of it. Further, — and this was where the pinch came, — his reputation as a promoter had been most seriously injured. Owing to circumstances over which he had had entire control, the Colonel's reputation — either as a promoter or as anything else — was of a sort that no longer could be trifled with. There was very little of it left, and that little was bad. But until this unlucky twist in Nicaragua, his shrewdness in invariably getting out before the smash, and his handsome conduct in uniformly giving the straight tip to his fellow occupants of the ground floor, always had enabled him to smile at disasters in which only the innocent suffered; and presently, with a fresh supply of innocents, to make a fresh and not less profitable start.

In the Nicaragua affair, no unpleasant reflections were cast upon the Colonel's honesty by his immediate friends; had any one suggested that he possessed a sufficient amount of honesty to catch even a very small reflection, they doubtless would have smiled: but they frankly and profanely admitted that their confidence in his sagacity was destroyed. In their coarse but hearty manner they declared that they would be blanked before they would chip in with such a blank fool again. When the most intimate friends of a promoter use language of this sort about him, it is evident that his sphere of usefulness in promotion must be materially contracted. In the case of Colonel Withersby it was contracted about to the vanishing point. In his prompt military way (he had served, with a constantly increasing credit to himself, as a sutler in the late war) he perceived how shattered were his frontiers, and how gloomy was the outlook toward their rectification; and therefore it was that he described himself as being

"in a blanked bad hole." His profane emphasis was borne out by the facts.

Naturally the coming of the Marques de Valdeflores at this critical juncture was regarded by the Colonel as nothing less than providential. Not only was the acquaintance of a rich nobleman desirable on general principles,—since such a personage might reasonably be expected to subscribe liberally to any stock, and to give strength to any company by permitting the use of his name on the board of direction,—but the Colonel saw much that was comforting in the opening possibility of shifting his promoting interests from Spanish America to Old Spain. In the colonies he was forced to contend against the adverse influence of his own widely diffused reputation as a far too skillful financier—a reputation that most seriously militated against his promoting anything whatever. In the parent country, as both hope and modesty advised him, there was a fair chance that he might carry on business quietly, unhampered by his own renown.

Taking this cheerful view of what a friendship with the Marques was likely to do for him, he spoke only the literal truth when he told that nobleman that he would have much pleasure in showing him the town. As the event proved, the Marques was not desirous of seeing the town within the full meaning of the Colonel's words; but he repeatedly did accept invitations to the theatre, and also accepted cheerfully the refreshments of a vinous nature offered to him by the Colonel, with an excellent hospitality, in the intervals and at the ends of the several performances which they witnessed together. That on these and on all other possible occasions he should have his attention pointedly directed to the subject of tramways was a foregone conclusion, for tramways were the very essence of the Colonel's life. What was more surprising, and to the Colonel eminently pleasing, was the fact that he manifested in regard to tramways an intelligent interest. He mentioned, by way of explaining his possession of so unusually large a fund of accurate information upon this subject, that he owned some shares in a tramway company recently organized in Madrid. The enterprise had turned out very well, he said; so well, indeed, that he greatly regretted that when the shares first were put upon the market he had not taken a larger block. This was a sentiment that the Colonel never had heard advanced by a single one of the numerous purchasers of shares which he himself had floated. It surprised and delighted him.

Here indeed was a field the working of which promised well. And so vigorously did Colonel Withersby proceed to work it, that within a week he and the Marques were discussing energetically the details of a plan for building an urban tramway — eventually to have suburban extensions — in the city of Tarazona. That the Colonel never before had so much as heard the name of this city — it was selected because the most considerable of the estates of the Marques lay near to it — did not in the least interfere with his going into the enterprise heart and soul. The name was a good one for a prospectus. That was quite enough for him. He sat down quickly at a writing-table and wrote a prospectus,— his skill was prodigious in this line of composition,— in which he proved conclusively that the Compañia Limitada de Ferrocarriles de la Ciudad de Tarazona y sus Alrededores was the most promising financial enterprise in which the investing public ever had been permitted to purchase the few remaining shares.

But pleased though the Colonel naturally was at having thus struck what had every appearance of being a pay streak of phenomenal thickness and width, he was not a little disheartened, as time went on without materially advancing the Tarazona tramway enterprise, by the conviction that the ore was of an eminently refractory type. So far as projection was concerned, the Marques was all that the most sanguine promoter could ask; but in the matter of coming down to the hard-pan, to use the Colonel's phrase, he left a good deal to be desired. Under other and more favorable circumstances the Colonel's vigorous method would have been to get his scheme into tangible shape by the organization of a company, which he then would have asked the Marques to join as chairman; and by the printing of some thousands of certificates of shares, a considerable portion of which he would have "placed" with his friends, and the remaining more considerable portion of which he would have asked the Marques to purchase. Then he would have strewn the prospectus broadcast throughout the land. If it took, and there was a demand for the stock — well, then the Colonel and his friends would see that the demand was supplied, even at the sacrifice of their own holdings. Should they be compelled by a high sense of duty to make a sacrifice of this nature, they would then of course retire from the management. Having enabled it to win its way to popular favor, they would permit the Compañia Limitada de Ferrocarriles de la Ciudad de Tarazona y sus Alrededores to go it alone.

Under the existing highly unfavorable circumstances, this masterly line of action could not be pursued. Those who had been the friends of his bosom before the Nicaragua catastrophe, standing ready to help in the organization of anything, and willing to permit any number of shares of it to stand in their names, now would have none of him. Their disposition was wholly that of priests and Levites. They declined with maledictions to act as directors. They declared in the most profanely positive terms that they would not lend him a solitary imprecated cent. Yet without some slight advance of ready money — his own scant savings from the Nicaragua wreck being about expended — he could do nothing. His prospectus must be printed, and so must his share certificates; and even the most sanguine of the bank-note companies declined to execute his order save on a basis of fifty per cent. deposited in advance.

The only line of action that appeared to be open to him in the premises was to induce the Marques to come down with the trifling amount demanded by the bank-note company, and to permit the use of his name as chairman of the yet-to-be-organized board. With that much of a start, the Colonel's hopeful nature led him to believe that he could scare up a board of direction somehow; and if he could not, he was prepared to fill in the gap temporarily with a list of names copied from the nearest tombstones. But when this modest plan — not including, however, a statement of the source whence the names of his fellow directors might be drawn — was formulated and presented, the Marques toyed with it in a manner that provoked Colonel Withersby to violent profanity in private, and that seemed more than likely to end by driving him mad. One day he would manifest every disposition to fall in with the Colonel's proposals, and the very next day he would treat the whole matter as though it had been at that moment opened to him for the first time. That he continued to accept the various entertainments, with their accompanying refreshments, which the Colonel offered him, only made the situation the more trying. Having been begun, these hospitalities could not well be abandoned. But it was entirely obvious to the Colonel that they could not go on much longer unless he could succeed in making some sort of a strike. As he put it, in the mining phraseology that was habitual with him, the dumps were cleaned up, there was nothing but wall in sight, and he had either to open a new prospect or go flat on his back on the

bed-rock. Truly, by this time the hole that he was in was a desperately deep one, and he was at the very bottom of it. With all his vigor — and in the matter of cursing he had a great deal of vigor — he cursed the hour in which the Marques de Valdeflores had come out of Spain.

Being in this bitter mood, Colonel Withersby turned to Monsieur Duvent and Mrs. Mortimer — whose disposition toward the Marques he shrewdly inferred was quite as bitter as his own — with a request for aid in realizing a little plan by which their several sacrifices of cash upon the altar of a singularly barren friendship certainly would be restored to them; and even might be restored to them as much as fourfold.

In presenting his plan to his friends, Colonel Withersby's supporting argument was statesmanlike. If the Marques were a genuine Marques, he said, and as rich as he professed himself to be, the loss of five hundred dollars, or even of five thousand dollars, could make no possible difference to him. If on the other hand he were a bogus Marques, and his wealth also a sham, no harm could come from shearing him in so far as he could be shorn, and thereafter turning him adrift to run away with the flock of black lambs to which, as then would be demonstrated, he properly belonged. Indeed, so far from harm coming of this preliminary snipping, it would yield the valuable result of proving beyond a peradventure the quality of the fleece; and so would determine whether or not his, the Colonel's, time and talents could be employed to advantage in endeavoring to effect the more radical shearing that would remove every vestige of merchantable wool. In brief, the Colonel's plan, the logical conclusion from these premises, was that they should relieve the Marques of a few of his Spanish dollars in the course of a quiet evening at play.

Argument of this able sort, especially when addressed to persons already more than disposed to fall in with its conclusions, was convincing. Mrs. Mortimer, it is true,—she was a cautious person, who played slowly and prudently the interesting games in which she was engaged,—did hesitate a little; but presently said with an agreeable cordiality that the Colonel had done her many good turns in the past, and that she gladly would do him a good turn now by assisting to the best of her ability in making his plan a working success. Probably there was a great store of womanly tenderness and self-sacrifice in Mrs. Mortimer's

nature. Indeed, the accumulation of these gentle qualities must have been very considerable, for she rarely made any use of them.

Monsieur Duvent did not hesitate at all. The chance of getting a shot direct at the Marques delighted him. Unhampered by the arbitrary and annoying regulations of a banking system that he despised but could not defy, he felt a comfortable conviction that he could balance, even to the extent of tipping it decidedly in the other direction, the account that stood so heavily against him. He therefore willingly promised to provide the five hundred dollars of visible capital that the occasion called for; and even consented to divide with Mrs. Mortimer — in the improbable event of failure to secure from the Marques at least this trifling amount — the cost of the little supper that would precede the more serious entertainment in which their Spanish friend would be requested to take part.

IV

By those privileged to enjoy them, as already has been intimated, the coziness of Mrs. Mortimer's little suppers was justly esteemed. Usually they were limited to herself and a single guest; under no circumstances were they suffered to exceed the sociable number of four. Mrs. Mortimer's tastes were not precisely simple; but she was of a shy, retiring nature, and she detested a crowd.

On the present occasion it was pleasant to behold — had there been anybody to behold it — the warm cordiality that was developed between these four agreeable people, as this charming little supper moved smoothly along from the cocktails which began it (cocktails before supper had the merit of novelty to the Marques; he took to them most kindly) to the coffee that brought it to an end. Mrs. Mortimer's fine social qualities enabled her to make each one of her guests appear at his very best, and also to appreciate at its full value his own appearance. She was well acquainted with Colonel Withersby's best stories, and she skillfully led up to them; she understood Monsieur Duvent's professional disposition toward taciturnity, and covered it so admirably as to give the impression that he was positively loquacious; when the conversation showed the least tendency toward flagging, she herself was as prompt to fill the impending pause with sparkling anecdote as in its more lively periods she was ready still further

to stimulate it by sprightly repartee. Being conducted in the French and Spanish tongues,—the Marques did not speak English,—the talk naturally followed the genius of these languages, and was possibly a trifle freer than it would have been had English been employed as the medium for the interchange of thought. As the evening advanced, this liberal tendency became somewhat more marked.

It was, however, in her demeanor toward the Marques that Mrs. Mortimer's admirable qualities as a hostess most brilliantly were displayed. Her gracious friendliness was manifested by a hand frankly placed upon his shoulder as she bent over him to offer coffee (her merry conceit being to serve this beverage herself); by exchanging glasses with him when she drank his health; by her use of her prodigiously handsome brown eyes—and in a hundred other artless and pretty ways. As to her cleverness in creating conversational situations that enabled him to say bright things, it really was astonishing. As has been stated, the disposition of the Marques at all times was friendly; under these exceptionally agreeable circumstances he became positively effusive. Yet, though his manner really was frankness itself, Mrs. Mortimer's fine perception suggested to her mind the troubling doubt that perhaps his effusiveness in some small part was assumed. Possibly a similar thought was entertained by Monsieur Duvent; but in the case of Monsieur Duvent, the fact must be remembered that his professional experience had begotten in him what might be termed an almost morbid suspicion of his kind.

Until the middle of the feast was passed, Colonel Withersby also debated within himself whether or not the good feeling that the Marques so liberally manifested was wholly genuine. After that period—his own generous nature being then warmed and stimulated by the very considerable quantities of the excellent food and drink which had become a part of it—he dismissed all such evil suspicions from his manly breast as being alike unworthy of himself and his noble friend. The Marques, as he declared heartily in his thought, was as straight as a string, and a jolly good fellow all the way through. It was a peculiarity of Colonel Withersby's temperament—a peculiarity that on more than one occasion had betrayed his substantial interests—that his usually keen and severe judgment of men and things was subject to serious derangement by an access of what may be termed vinous benevolence. Mrs. Mortimer and Monsieur Duvent, being among

the most intimate of the Colonel's friends, were well acquainted with this genial failing in his lofty character; and because of their knowledge of it, they viewed with increasing alarm his evident intention to make the spirit of the occasion so largely a part of himself. They were sustained however by the comforting knowledge — bred of an extended acquaintance with his methods — that even when the Colonel had associated an extraordinary quantity of extraneous spirits with his own, he still could play a phenomenally good game of cards.

Without thought of the anxiety that his cheerful conviviality was occasioning his friends, the Colonel rattled away in his most lively manner, and manifested toward the Marques a constantly increasing cordiality. Indeed, by the time that they had reached the coffee and cigars (Mrs. Mortimer was considerate enough to permit the gentlemen to smoke) his disposition was to vow eternal friendship with the Marques, and to seal his vow, in the Spanish fashion, with a fraternal embrace. But in despite of this tendency of his affectionate nature toward overflow, the confidence of his friends in his sound judgment remaining unimpaired in the midst of its alcoholic environment was not misplaced. His heart, it is true, was mellowed almost to melting; but it also is true that his head remained admirably cool. Sentiment with the Colonel was one thing; business was another. His warm fraternal feeling for the Marques did not for one moment interfere with his fixed intention to work him, as he somewhat coarsely had expressed it, for all that he was worth.

It was with this utilitarian purpose full in view that the Colonel suggested — the pleasures of eating being ended but the pleasures of drinking still continuing — that they should end their agreeable evening with a quiet game of cards. Being gentlemen of the world, the Marques and Monsieur Duvent readily fell in with this proposal. Mrs. Mortimer, it is true, entered a gentle remonstrance against so engrossing a form of amusement, on the ground that it would check the flow of brilliant conversation, and also, as she playfully added, would deprive her of the undivided attention which was her due. The gentlemen however explained that as the game would be played merely as a pastime, and for insignificant stakes, it would not in the smallest degree interfere with conversation; and they vowed and protested that under no circumstances could they fail to pay their tribute of homage to Mrs. Mortimer's charms. In view of this explanation, and of the

gallant declaration that accompanied it, the lady was pleased to withdraw her objections, and even to consent to take part in the game. But she was a very stupid player, she said; and she expressed much good-humored regret for whoever should be unlucky enough to be her partner — she was *so* careless, she protested, and did make such perfectly horrid mistakes.

There was a trifling delay in beginning the game, due to Mrs. Mortimer's professed inability to find the cards with which to play it. She was perfectly sure, she said, that somewhere about her apartment there was a little bundle containing half a dozen new packs; they had been given to her quite recently by one of her friends: where she had put them she could not remember at all. Her memory was so outrageously bad, she added while continuing her search, that her life was made a veritable burden to her. Truly, Mrs. Mortimer's memory could not have been a very good one, for the package had been presented to her — the amiable anonymous friend to whom she owed it being, in point of fact, Colonel Withersby — at a period no more remote than that very afternoon; yet a good ten minutes passed before she could remember that she had placed it in a drawer of her escritoire upon receiving it from the Colonel's hands.

She laughed merrily over her own stupidity when at last the missing package was found; and she laughed still more when, having cut for partners, what she gayly referred to as the dreadfully bad luck of the Marques made them allies against Colonel Withersby and Monsieur Duvent. Their defeat, she declared, was a foregone conclusion: it really was too bad! The Marques, for his part, vowed that he was so indifferent a player that he would be grateful to her for the mistakes which would keep his own lapses in countenance; and politely added that defeat in her company would give him a pleasure far superior to that conferred by a victory in which she had no share. In the matter of making handsome speeches the Marques de Valdeflores was not easily to be outdone.

Yet in despite of Mrs. Mortimer's bad play, — concerning which, politeness aside, there could be no question, — and in despite of the far from brilliant play of her partner, the game for some little time went decidedly in their favor. This was in part accounted for by the fact that the hands which they held were phenomenally good, while the hands held by their adversaries were correspondingly bad. So marked was the run of luck

in their favor — being most marked, indeed, when the deal lay with Colonel Withersby or Monsieur Duvent — that the Colonel swore in his bluff, hearty way, that the devil himself was in the pack, and was manipulating it for the express purpose of punishing him, the Colonel, for his sins; at which humorous sally there was a general laugh.

However, at the end of an hour — by which time rather more than half of the capital provided for the occasion by Monsieur Duvent was arranged before Mrs. Mortimer in a gay little pile — the Colonel said quite seriously that the luck of the pack certainly was against him, and begged that it might be changed. There was a smile, of course, at the Colonel's superstition; but the Marques promptly conceded the favor requested, and induced Mrs. Mortimer also to grant it: which was not an easy matter, for she declared that she needed all that good luck could do for her in order to hold her own. The event really seemed to justify the Colonel's superstitious fancy; for with the very first deal of the new pack — he dealt it himself — the luck entirely changed. In view of this fact, of the agreement that the stakes should be increased so that the losers might have a better chance to recoup, and of the marked increase in the number of Mrs. Mortimer's mistakes, it will be perceived that there were several excellent reasons why the handsome accumulation of gold in front of Mrs. Mortimer should go even more quickly than it had come. But oddly enough it did not go. The play of the Marques was made in the same negligent manner that it had been made from the start; but Monsieur Duvent observed — not without a touch of that admiration which every professional, even though unwillingly, concedes to professional skill — that its quality had entirely changed. It was not brilliant, but it was cautious, firm, and extraordinarily sure. When he dealt, his own hand was as strikingly good as it was strikingly bad when the deal lay with the Colonel or with Monsieur Duvent; Mrs. Mortimer's mistakes — they were very numerous — were handsomely covered, and even sometimes were turned to advantage; his conduct of the game, in short, was masterly — and the gay little pile in front of his partner, so far from diminishing, steadily increased. Monsieur Duvent shot an inquiring glance from under his bushy gray eyebrows across the table at the Colonel. As understood by that gentleman it meant, "Who have we got here, any way?" The Colonel's answering glance was intended to convey his strong

conviction that — to paraphrase euphemistically his thought — the cloven hoof of their adversary was invisible only because it was covered with a neatly made patent-leather boot. At the end of the second hour the entire capital provided by Monsieur Duvent had changed hands.

At this stage of proceedings Monsieur Duvent and the Colonel, taking advantage of an interruption in the game caused by the serving of fresh coffee, held a short conference. Monsieur Duvent expressed decidedly the opinion that they had better stop. The Marques, if he were a Marques, evidently knew more than they did. The part of prudence was to make the best of a bad bargain and to drop him then and there. But the Colonel, whose fighting spirit was thoroughly aroused, would not for a moment consent to such ignominious surrender. He insisted that Monsieur Duvent should provide another five hundred — merely for a show, he said — and that the game should go on. By sheer force of will — the Colonel was a most resolute person — he succeeded in carrying his point. Sorely against his better judgment, but still yielding, Monsieur Duvent produced from a reserve fund in his private chamber the sum required; whereupon, the coffee being finished, the game went on. But it went on so disastrously that at the end of another hour the fresh supply of capital was exhausted, and Monsieur Duvent's thousand was arranged in front of Mrs. Mortimer in ten neat little piles. Gratifying though it was on abstract grounds to perceive his own wisdom thus triumph over the Colonel's fatuous folly, there was such substantial cause for annoyance in the situation that Monsieur Duvent found no enjoyment in it. With a smile that lacked a little in spontaneity, he suggested that they now had played long enough.

In this temperate proposition, with excellent good-breeding, the Marques at once concurred. But the Colonel — having continued as the night wore on to expand his spirits factitiously — would not listen to it at all. He was for fighting as long as any sort of a shot remained in the locker. He advanced this view with emphasis; and suggested that in lieu of cash the Marques should receive — should his very extraordinary luck continue — his, the Colonel's, written promises of payment, to be redeemed on the ensuing day. Monsieur Duvent, of course, could not reasonably object to going on when capital of this possibly attenuated nature was employed; and the Marques accepted

the proposal with a polite alacrity that quite touched the Colonel's heart.

On the promissory basis thus established, but with the luck steadily against the Colonel and his partner, the game was continued until four o'clock in the morning. When this hour arrived, the Marques announced placidly that inasmuch as he was habitually an early riser, it really was time for him to go to bed. He had greatly enjoyed his evening, he said; it was one of the most agreeable and amusing evenings, in fact, that he had ever passed. In handsome terms he smilingly congratulated Mrs. Mortimer upon the good luck that had attended her bad play, and insisted that two-thirds of their joint winnings should be hers. Nothing could be more liberal than this arrangement. In pursuance of it he turned over to her the two thousand dollars represented by Colonel Withersby's paper, and slipped the thousand dollars in gold into his own pocket as his own modest share. Then he shook hands heartily with the gentlemen; gallantly kissed the tips of Mrs. Mortimer's white fingers; and bidding the company a most cordial good-night, left the room. As the door closed behind him there was a moment of silence, and then the Colonel accurately expressed the sense of the meeting in the terse observation, "Well, I'll be ——!"

V

In the early afternoon of the day that had begun for them so disastrously, a little council of war was held by the vanquished in Mrs. Mortimer's apartment. In a general way, the council was swayed by a common motive; but its several members contemplated this motive through the media of widely different moods.

Mrs. Mortimer, sitting with her back to the carefully adjusted light, apparently was none the worse for her late hours; and she was by no means cast down by the defeat that she had witnessed but in which she had not precisely shared. Her net loss, after all, was only half the cost of the little supper; and she was not by any means certain that this loss was absolute — rather was she inclined to look upon it in the light of an investment. Marques or no Marques, the Spanish gentleman had commended himself heartily to her good graces by his obviously masterful qualities in the acquisition of property. Mrs. Mortimer had seen too much of the world to be dazzled by a title: that which

inspired her respect and won her esteem was substantial wealth — and her liberal spirit held her high above all petty and trivial objections to the manner in which the wealth was acquired. That it actually existed was quite enough for her. She was absolutely indifferent, therefore, as to whether the Marques de Valdeflores possessed large hereditary estates in Spain or large hereditary skill in playing games of so-called chance. In either case the result practically was the same: he was a man of substance, with whom the most friendly relations eminently were to be desired. She had observed also with pleasure that his caution was equal to his skill. Although herself the sufferer by it, she had commended him rather than blamed him for his intelligent division of their joint winnings. On the face of it, this division had been characterized by a magnificent generosity; but no one knew better than she did that the generosity was more apparent than real. Before retiring, she had used twelve hundred dollars' worth of Colonel Withersby's paper in crimping her hair, and carelessly had thrown the remainder of these valuable securities into her waste-paper basket. Some disagreeable reflections, it is true, had attended her prodigal use of the impotentiality of wealth that the Marques had lavished upon her; but at the same time, she had been unable to withhold her profound respect for the delicate adroitness that his conduct of this transaction had displayed. His method had nothing coarse about it. It was not bludgeon work: it was the effective finesse of the rapier. Mrs. Mortimer was not a bad hand, in a ladylike way, at rapier practice herself. She felt that could she but ally herself with such a past master of the art as the Marques had proved himself to be, her future would be assured. She came to the council therefore in the spirit of doves and olive branches, with every fibre of her tender being prepared to thrill responsive to the soft phrase of peace. Her proposition was, the Marques having proved himself to be a good deal more than a match for them, that they should cease to regard him as an enemy, and should frankly invite him to be their associate and friend.

In opposition to these peaceful views of Mrs. Mortimer's, Colonel Withersby — coming to the council with the vigor and in the temper of a giant refreshed with cocktails — was all for war. The Colonel's pride was wounded; his finer sensibilities were hurt. The very qualities which Mrs. Mortimer most admired in the Marques — his delicate method, his refined skill, his perfect

savoir-faire—were precisely the qualities which the Colonel most strongly resented. It was cruelly galling to his self-respect to be conquered with weapons which he perceived were infinitely superior to his own, and which he also perceived were hopelessly beyond his power to use. In the course of his rather remarkably variegated career, Colonel Withersby repeatedly had received what he was wont to describe, in his richly figurative language, as black eyes; but he always had had at least the poor satisfaction of knowing how and why the darkening of his orbs of vision had been achieved. In this case however he did not know how, still less why, his adversary had triumphed over him. Certainly Monsieur Duvent had made no mistakes; save in the matter of unwisely prolonging the play, he himself had made no mistakes; and Mrs. Mortimer, to do her justice, had made all the mistakes expected of her, and even a few to spare. Rarely had three intelligent persons contrived a more effective programme; rarely had such a programme been more exactly carried out. Humanly and logically its results should have been honorable victory attended by substantial spoils. Yet its diabolical and illogical result actually was humiliating disaster attended by substantial loss. Being at the best of times but a heathen, it is not surprising that under these trying circumstances Colonel Withersby raged; nor that raging, he cast his voice for war.

Monsieur Duvent, whose temperament was conservative, rejected the Colonel's truculent suggestions and ranged himself with Mrs. Mortimer on the side of a profitable peace. Their Spanish friend, he declared, speaking out of the wealth of his experience of the world, evidently was not a Marques: he was one of themselves. It was generally conceded, he continued, that dog ought not to eat dog (Monsieur Duvent expressed this concept, of course, in its French equivalent, *les loups ne se mangent pas entre eux*); and it was universally admitted that when a feast of this unnatural sort took place, only the dog who did the eating got any real good from it. They themselves, he pointed out,—especially he himself, since his was the capital that the Marques had absorbed,—occupied the position of the other dog, the eaten one. Obviously that position was as unprofitable as it was humiliating. Consequently, he concluded, their rational course in the premises was that which Mrs. Mortimer had indicated: to seek an alliance with this most accomplished person—which should be continued at least until they had mastered the

secrets of his superior skill. When they knew as much as he did, said Monsieur Duvent, they could throw him over and have done with him; just at present he knew a great deal more than they, and it was largely to their interest to make him their friend. There was no false pride about Monsieur Duvent. His thirst for professional knowledge was inexhaustible, and he was eager at all times to slake it at any source.

Colonel Withersby was not pleased to find himself in so conspicuous a minority; and he was open, not to say violent, in expressing his displeasure. His was a bold, aggressive nature, and the cocktails wherewith he had refreshed himself had not tended to take any of the fighting spirit out of him. Had he not occupied the trying position of a dependent,—for without the assistance of his friends he would lack sinews for his intended war,—he would have been abusive. Under the existing circumstances he was argumentative. The Spaniard, he admitted, certainly knew a great deal about cards; in that line of gentlemanly amusement, no doubt, it would be well to avoid any further trial of conclusions with him. But when it came to dice the case was different. In throwing dice, the Colonel declared with a sincere immodesty, he had yet to meet the man who could get ahead of him. Let him but have a square chance to settle matters on that basis with the Marques, and all would yet be well. The others, if they did not want to, need not appear in the matter at all. If they would but set him up with a beggarly hundred—merely enough to make a show with—he would ask no more of them. Being thus started, he would go ahead and win the victory alone. And finally, with the most convincing self-imprecations if he didn't, the Colonel protested that he would divide on the square.

Monsieur Duvent stroked doubtfully his respectable gray mustache. On the one hand he had great confidence in the Colonel's skill in the manipulation of dice. On the other hand his estimate of the skill of the Marques in all directions was very high. It was altogether probable, he thought, that a man who evidently had made so profound a study of the scientific possibilities of pasteboard had pressed his researches not less deeply into the scientific possibilities of ivory. If he had, then would the Colonel be but as wax in his hands. Therefore Monsieur Duvent hesitated; and with each moment of his hesitation his disposition tended the more strongly to take the ground that he declined to throw good money after bad.

Fortunately for Colonel Withersby, the tender nature of Mrs. Mortimer had not been appealed to in vain. As she herself had said, the Colonel had done her many good turns in the past; and she saw no reason for doubting that he might do her many more good turns in the future — which latter consideration may have been remotely the cause of the flood of kindly intention that now welled up within her gentle breast. She was a pronounced free-trader, and her knowledge of the world assured her that reciprocity could not always be only on one side. Had the Colonel asked her to join him openly in carrying on his campaign against the Marques, she certainly would have refused his request. That would have been asking too much. But the Colonel's proposal to fight his battle alone — and to divide the spoils in case he should be victorious — put the matter on a basis that enabled her to give free play to the generous dictates of her heart. She therefore added her entreaties to his appeal to Monsieur Duvent for assistance; and even went so far as to offer to join equally with that gentleman in providing the small amount of capital without which the little venture in ivory could not be launched.

Whether or not this liberal offer would have sufficed to overcome Monsieur Duvent's parsimonious hesitancy, never will be known. At the very moment that he opened his mouth to speak the words which no doubt would have been decisive, there was a knock at the door; then a servant entered bearing a great bunch of magnificent roses — all of which, however, being very full-blown, were somewhat past their prime. An envelope directed to Mrs. Mortimer was attached to this handsome yet slightly equivocal floral tribute. Within the envelope was the card of the Marques de Valdeflores, on which was penciled the request that she would accept the accompanying trifling souvenir of the very agreeable evening that he had passed in her company and in the company of her friends. In the right-hand bottom corner of the card were added the letters P. P. C. In many ways Mrs. Mortimer was not a perfect woman; but among her imperfections was not that of stupidity. As she looked at this bunch of too-full-blown roses, and realized the message that it was intended delicately to convey, the dove-like and olive-branching sentiments departed from her breast — and in their place came sentiments compounded of daggers and bowstrings and very poisonous bowls!

As for Colonel Withersby, having but glanced at the fateful letters on the card that Mrs. Mortimer mutely handed him, he

descended to the office of the Casa Napoléon in little more than a single bound. In little more than two bounds he returned to the first floor. Consternation was written upon his expressive face, and also rage. In a sentence that was nothing short of blistering in its intensity, he announced the ruinous fact that the Marques de Valdeflores had sailed at six o'clock that morning on the French steamer, and at that moment must be at least two hundred miles out at sea!

VI

Dr. Théophile had but little to say when Madame told him with triumphal sorrow that the Marques de Valdeflores had paid his bill in full and had departed for his native Spain. Madame's mixture of sentiments was natural. Her triumph was because her estimate of the financial integrity of the Marques had been justified by the event; her sorrow was because so profitable a patron was gone from the Casa Napoléon. The few words which Dr. Théophile spoke, in his softened French of Guadeloupe, were to the effect that a man was not necessarily a Marques because he happened to pay his bill at a hotel. Madame resented this answer hotly. It was more, she said, than ungenerous: it was heartlessly unjust. She challenged Dr. Théophile to disprove by any evidence save his own miserable suspicions that the Marques was not a Marques; she defied him to do his worst! Dr. Théophile said mildly that he really could not afford the time requisite for abstract research of this nature, and added that he had no worst to do. Madame declared that his reply was inconclusive; an obvious endeavor to evade the question that he himself had raised. Dr. Théophile smiled pleasantly, and answered that as usual, she was quite right.

Had Madame only known it, she might have called Colonel Withersby as a witness in her behalf; for the Colonel, had he been willing to testify, could have made her triumph over Dr. Théophile complete. Being curious to get down to what he termed the hard-pan in regard to the Marques, he had made an expedition of inquiry to the Spanish consulate on the very day that that nobleman had sailed away.

"Certainly," said the polite young man who answered his pointed question: "the Marques de Valdeflores had been in New York for nearly a month. His visit had been one of business: to arrange with a firm of American contractors for the building

of a tramway in the city of Tarazona. He had completed his business satisfactorily."

The Colonel's usual ruddy face whitened a little as he listened to this statement. The tramway project really, then, had been a substantial one after all! This was bitter indeed. But perhaps it was not true; the young man might be only chaffing him. His voice was hoarse, and there was a perceptible break in it as he said, "Honest Injun, now — you're giving it to me straight?"

The young man looked puzzled. He was by no means familiar with the intricacies of the English language, and his mental translation of these words into literal Spanish did not yield a very intelligible result.

Perceiving the confusion that was caused by his use of a too extreme form of his own vernacular, the Colonel repeated his question in substance in the Spanish tongue: "Of a truth he is a Marques, and rich? There is no mistake?"

The young man perceptibly brightened. "Oh, of a truth there is no mistake, señor," he answered. "He is a Marques, and enormously rich. To see him you would not think so, perhaps; for his habits are very simple, and he is as modest in his manner as in his dress. You see he has given much of his time to business matters; and he has traveled a great deal."

Colonel Withersby withdrew from the consulate. His desire for information was more than satisfied: it was satiated. In the relative privacy of the passageway outside the consulate door, his pent-up feelings found vent.

"Traveled, has he?" ejaculated the colonel, with a series of accessory ejaculations of such force that the air immediately around him became perceptibly blue. "Traveled! Well, I should say he had! I've traveled a little myself, but I'll be" — the Colonel here dropped into minor prophecy — "if he hasn't gone two miles to my one every time!"

LOVE LANE

From 'In Old New York.' Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

As all the world knows — barring, of course, that small portion of the world which is not familiar with old New York — the Kissing Bridge of a century ago was on the line of the Boston Post Road (almost precisely at the intersection of the

Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street of the present day), about four miles out of town. And all the world, without any exception whatever, must know that after crossing a kissing-bridge the ridiculously short distance of four miles is no distance at all. Fortunately for the lovers of that period, it was possible to go roundabout from the Kissing Bridge to New York by a route which very agreeably prolonged the oscupontine situation: that is to say, by the Abingdon Road, close on the line of the present Twenty-first Street, to the Fitzroy Road, nearly parallel from Fifteenth Street to Forty-second Street with the present Eighth Avenue; thence down to the Great Kiln Road, on the line of the present Gansevoort Street; thence to the Greenwich Road, on the line of the present Greenwich Street — and so, along the river-side, comfortably slowly back to town.

It is a theory of my own that the Abingdon Road received a more romantic name because it was the first section of this devious departure from the straight path, leading townward into the broad way which certainly led quite around Robin Hood's barn, and may also have led to destruction, but which bloomed with the potentiality of a great many extra kisses wherewith the Kissing Bridge (save as a point of departure) had nothing in the world to do. I do not insist upon my theory; but I state as an undeniable fact that in the latter half of the last century the Abingdon Road was known generally — and I infer from contemporary allusions to it, favorably — as Love Lane.

To avoid confusion, and also to show how necessary were such amatory appurtenances to the gentle-natured inhabitants of this island in earlier times, I must here state that the primitive Kissing Bridge was in that section of the Post Road which now is Chatham Street; and that in this same vicinity — on the Rutgers estate — was the primitive Love Lane. It was of the older institution that an astute and observant traveler in this country, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, wrote in his journal a century and a half ago: — "Just before you enter the town there is a little bridge, commonly called 'the kissing-bridge,' where it is customary, before passing beyond, to salute the lady who is your companion;" to which custom the reverend gentleman seems to have taken with a very tolerable relish, and to have found "curious, yet not displeasing."

YOKOHAMA

(Japan)

JAPANESE LITERATURE

BY CLAY MACCAULEY

CIVILIZATION in Japan bears date from a time much more recent than that generally ascribed to it. The uncritical writers who first made Japan known to Western peoples accepted the historical traditions treasured by the Japanese as a record of fact. In the popular imaginings of the West, consequently, Japan is a land in which for at least twenty-five centuries an organized society, under a monarchy of unbroken descent, possessed of a relatively high though unique culture in the sciences and arts, has had place and development. But during the last twenty years, competent students have discovered that Japanese civilization is comparatively modern. They cannot carry its authentic history much farther back than about halfway over the course that has been usually allowed for it. No reliance can be placed upon any date or report in Japanese tradition prior to near the opening of the fifth Christian century. Undoubtedly there was, as in all other lands, some basis for long-established tradition; but the glimpses of Japan and its people obtained through the Chinese and Korean annals of the early Christian centuries disclose the inhabitants of these islands, not with an organized State and society, peaceful, prosperous, and learned, but as segregated into clans or tribes practically barbarous and wholly illiterate; the clan occupying the peninsula east of the present cities of Kyōto and Ōsaka having then become leader and prospective sovereign. Certainly before the third Christian century was well advanced there was no knowledge whatever of letters in Japan; and certainly too, for a long time after the art of writing had been brought into the country there was no popular use or knowledge of the art.

I.—HISTORICAL SKETCH

The knowledge of letters was in all probability introduced into Japan by Korean immigrants. Their language and writing were Chinese. In the fourth century there may have been among the Japanese some learners of this new knowledge. The Japanese claim positively that in the fifth century their national traditions, hitherto transmitted orally, were written down by adepts in the new art. But whatever may be true of the earlier centuries, it is perfectly

clear that in the first half of the sixth century many scholars came to these islands from the continent, and were given positions of trust in the administration of the dominant government in Yamato; and that from the year 552 A. D., with the acceptance of Buddhism by those highest in authority, and the full inflow of Chinese influence upon society, literature in Japan began to have permanent place and power.

But literature in Japan and Japanese literature are two quite different things. They are as unlike as the Latin writings of mediæval Germany and the German writings of later times. Japanese literature does not date from the notable acquisition by the Japanese of a knowledge of letters. Not with that, nor for a long time afterwards, was any serious attempt made among them to express in writing the language of the people. In all probability this was not done until towards the end of the seventh century. The higher officials of State and of the Church — the new Buddhism — had a monopoly of learning; and their writings prior to the eighth century were, so far as is known, wholly Chinese in word and in form. But as the eighth century opened, a medium for the production of a Japanese literature was receiving shape. A kind of script devised from Chinese ideographs for the purpose of expressing Japanese speech was coming into use: that is, Chinese characters were being written for the sake of their phonetic values; their sounds, not their meanings, reproducing Japanese words and sentences. In this so-called *manyokana* the first material embodied was in all probability that for which verbatim transliteration was necessary, such as ancient prayers and songs. With this phonetic writing a literature distinctively Japanese was made possible, and had its beginnings.

The earliest Japanese literary product now existing is a marvelous summary of treasured tradition, called the 'Kojiki' or 'Record of Old Things' (see page 8155), written by imperial command in the year 712. The 'Kojiki' is a professed history of creation, of the Divine genesis of the imperial family of Japan, and of the career of this "people of the gods" down into the early part of the century preceding its composition. To the student of Japanese literature the 'Kojiki' is especially valuable, because in it are preserved the oldest known products of the purely literary impulses of the Japanese. Long before the Japanese could write, they could sing; and there is good reason to accept the songs given in the 'Kojiki' as heritages from the much farther past.

Within nine years after the appearance of the 'Kojiki,' another compilation of national tradition was made, bringing the story of the nation down to the close of the seventh century. This work (year 720) is called 'Nihongi' or 'Japanese Records' (see page 8156). But it

is almost wholly Chinese in language and in construction. Its special value, considered as part of Japanese literature, lies in its preservation of some old Japanese verse.

The chief depository, however, of Japanese literature in its beginnings is the treasury of poems (completed about 760) gathered during the Nara Era,—the 'Manyōshū' or 'Collection of Myriad Leaves' (see pages 8157 to 8161). In these books the choicest utterances in Japanese verse then existing were garnered. They remain now an invaluable memorial of the intellectual awakening that followed Japan's first historic intercourse with Korea and China.

But the *manyokana*, as a means for Japanese literary expression, was altogether too cumbersome and difficult for continued and enlarged use. Consequently, as writing in the language of the people increased, the ideographs that had been utilized for phonetic purposes became simpler and more conventional. At about the time the 'Manyōshū' was finished, from among these ideographs two syllabaries, the *katakana* (757), and the *hiragana* (834), were formed, and a free writing of the Japanese language at last became possible. These syllabaries were gradually extended in use, and at the close of the ninth century gained honored recognition as the medium for embodying Japanese speech by their adoption in the writing of the preface to, and in the transcription of, a new collection of poems made under imperial order,—the 'Kokinshū' or 'Ancient and Modern Songs' (905: see pages 8161, 8162). These poems show at its full fruition whatever poetic excellence the Japanese people have gained. They are to-day the most studied and most quoted of all the many gatherings from Japanese song.

Japanese literature, having received a vehicle adequate to its expression, and indorsement by the highest authority, with the opening of the ninth century entered upon an era lasting for nearly four hundred years; an era in which, with the co-operation of the general maturing culture of the empire, it passed through what is now known as its Classic Age. During these four centuries the capital of the empire lost the nomadic character it had had from time immemorial. With the removal of the imperial family from Nara in 794, the capital became fixed in Kyōto, to stay there for the next eleven hundred years. Through these four centuries the national development was for the most part serene. The ruling classes entered upon a career of high culture, refinement, and elegance of life, that passed however in the end into an excess of luxury, debilitating effeminacy, and dissipation. During the best part of these memorable centuries Japanese literature as *belles-lettres* culminated; leaving to after times, even to the present day, models for pure Japanese diction. The court nobles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries had abundant leisure for the

culture of letters, and they devoted their time to that, and to the pursuit of whatever other refined or luxurious pleasures imagination could devise. For instance, among the many notable intellectual dissipations of the age were reunions at daybreak among the spring flowers, and boat rides during autumnal moonlighted nights, by aristocratic devotees of music and verse who vied with one another in exhibits of their skill with these arts. The culture of literature in the Chinese language never wholly ceased; but from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries the creation of a literature in the language of the people was the chief pastime of the official and aristocratic Japanese. Before the rise of the Shōgunate at the close of the twelfth century, no less than seven great compilations of the poetry of the times were made.

Especially notable among the works of this classic age are the prose writings. Critics call attention first to the diary of a famous poet, Tsurayuki: notes of a journey he made in 935, from Tosa where he was governor, to Kyōto the capital. This diary, the 'Tosa Nikki' (see page 8164) is said to be not only a simple and charming story of travel, but to be the best extant embodiment of uncontaminated Japanese speech. Then there remain from the same epoch many "romances" or "tales," *monogatari*, now much studied and valued for their linguistic excellences. Probably the earliest among them, the 'Taketori Monogatari' or 'Story of a Bamboo Cutter' (850–950: see pages 8165, 8166), which tells of the fortunes of a Moon maiden exiled for a while in this world, is said to have, for purity of thought and language, no rival in Japanese or Chinese fiction. The 'Ise Monogatari' or 'Story of Ise' (850–950) has also admiring critics. Its prose and poetry are both studied as models to-day, its poetry being ranked next to that of the 'Kokinshū.' The 'Sumiyoshi' and the 'Yamato Monogatari,' too (900–1000: see pages 8162 to 8164) must be named as choice tenth-century classics. The culmination of Japanese classic prose, however, as nearly all critics agree, was reached with the writing of the 'Romance of Prince Genji' and the 'Book of the Pillow': the 'Genji Monogatari' (1003–4), and the Makura no Sōshi' (1000–1050), both appearing early in the eleventh century (see pages 8166 to 8170). They are the work of two ladies of the court, Murasaki Shikibu and Sei Shōnagon. The 'Genji' romance leads all works in Japanese literature in the fluency and grace of its diction; but the 'Pillow Book' is said to be matchless in the ease and lightness and general artistic excellence of its literary touch. These works stand as the consummate achievements of the classic age in prose. They mark also the end of this memorable literary epoch. At the close of the twelfth century Japan became a battle-field for civil wars. War and the interests of war became supreme. Learning

and letters were gradually relegated to priests, and literature soon ceased to exist. The Chinese language again became the chief vehicle of whatever literary work was done.

From the twelfth century to the rise of the Tokugawa Shōgunate in the seventeenth century, the empire passed through its Middle or "Dark" Age. During these five centuries, although numerous writings for political and religious (see page 8178) purposes appeared, but little work of importance for the history of Japanese literature was produced. Some collections of verse may be excepted from this judgment. Two bits of prose writing, the 'Hōjōki' (1212?) of Chomei (see pages 8170, 8171), and the 'Tsure-zure gusa' (1345?) of Yoshida Kenkō' (see pages 8171, 8172), have qualities that make them especially noteworthy. The 'Hōjōki,'—the meditations of a hermit priest in a mountain hut, written near the beginning of the thirteenth century,—simple, fluent, vivacious, and yet forcible in style,—are esteemed as preserving for the language an excellence like that of the 'Makura no Sōshi.' And the 'Tsure zure gusa' or 'Weeds of Idleness,' short essays composed in the fourteenth century, is the last notable example of the form and speech that gave to the classic age its commanding position in the development of pure Japanese literature. The 'Weeds of Idleness,' moreover, has the distinction of opening the way for the literary speech that came into full development in the seventeenth century, and has since been the language of the literature of Japan. In these essays, Chinese words were set into Japanese forms of speech without doing violence to Japanese modes of expression. The 'Tsure-zure gusa' has thereby the double merit of embodying the highest literary excellence of a past age, and the beginnings of a new linguistic development.

Further, the mediæval centuries are of importance to the literature of Japan from the development in them of a form of musical drama called the *Nō no Utai* (see pages 8173, 8174); originating in the ancient sacred dances and temple amusements cared for by the priests, —the only men of letters of the time. These lyric plays are dateless and anonymous, but they have considerable literary worth. Accompanying the severer sacred drama and serving as interludes for them, many comedies, *kyōgen*, written in the ordinary colloquial of the day, were produced. These comic writings possess small literary but much linguistic value.

The next noteworthy event in Japan's literary history was the revival, under the early Tokugawa Shōguns, of the study of the ancient imperial records, and of the writings of the classic age. The great first Tokugawa Shōgun, Ieyasu, at the beginning of the seventeenth century subjected and quieted the warring clans of the country. An age of peace, to last for the next two hundred and fifty years, was

then entered upon. One of the most important results of the literary revival that accompanied these happy days for the State was the full maturing of a standard language for literature. What Yoshida Kenkō had begun in 'Tsure-zure gusa'—the amalgamation of a Chinese vocabulary with purely Japanese forms of speech—was well carried forward by the Mito school of historians towards the opening of the eighteenth century (the "Age of Genroku," 1688–1703); and as the century advanced, was perfected by the accomplished critics, novelists, and dramatists of the times. To such critics as Keichiu (1640–1701), Mabuchi (1700–1769), Motoori (1730–1800: see page 8184), and Hirata (1776–1843), Japanese literature is indebted for elaborate critical commentaries upon the 'Kojiki,' the 'Manyōshū, and the ancient Shintō ritual; and from them the writers of after days received models in composition and style. The novelists, especially Bakin (1767–1840: see pages 8183, 8184), and Ikku (1763–1831), created much-prized works in fiction; Bakin, master of a style almost classical in quality, and Ikku, notwithstanding an objectionable coarseness of subjects, displaying great literary skill. In the Tokugawa period appeared, among many others, two remarkable dramatists: Takeda Izumo (1690–1756: see pages 8179 to 8182), and Chikamatsu Monzayemon (1652–1724),—the latter showing such minute analysis of the motives of human character and action that he has been called the Japanese Shakespeare.

With mention of the work of these writers this mere sketch of the course of Japanese literature may close. Within the last half-century the life of the Japanese people as a whole has been subjected to a radical revolution. This secluded nation has opened its borders to free intercourse with the rest of the world. The recent history of Japanese literature, interesting though it be, is yet in largest measure but a story of the importation and adaptation of Western thought to Japanese uses. For present purposes it need not come under consideration.

We may take a glance, in passing, at the literature of Japan in general considered. As a whole, it has been for the greater part Chinese in language and script. As distinctly Japanese, this literature has had in fact only one period of dominance and high excellence,—that lying between the eighth and the thirteenth centuries. The eighteenth-century literary revival was not a return to either the *kana* writing or to the native language of the classics; it was at the best an extension of the Chinese vocabulary, and the amalgamation of Chinese ideographs with the *kana* script in sentences that were Japanese in idiom and in construction. The Japanese literature of modern times has consequently been a composite of Chinese and Japanese words and writing. Chinese literature as affected by

Japanese writers is at the present day rapidly decreasing in mass and in value.

Looked at as literature only, literature in Japan is exceedingly voluminous. It exists as extensive libraries of history, State records, and private historical digests; as regulations of court ceremonial; as codifications and commentaries upon civil and other law; as statements and expositions of doctrine and ritual for Shintō and Buddhism in religion, and of the ethics of Confucianism; as treatises upon Chinese philosophies; as biographies, records of travel, and works in fiction; as disquisitions on art; as general encyclopædias of topography, zoölogy, botany, and other departments of natural phenomena; as dramatic works; as records of folk-lore; and though last, by no means the least in mass, as poetry and comment upon the poems. The art of printing, as block-printing, was brought to Japan as early as the eighth century. Printing from movable types was known at the end of the fourteenth century. In the seventeenth century the use of the press became general, and large quantities of the manuscripts hoarded for centuries reappeared as printed books, increasing in numbers until in recent times they have become one of the common possessions of the people throughout the empire.

II.—Content and Value

Turning now from the history of Japanese literature, let us look for a moment at its content. How shall we characterize this? What is its value?

At the outset it must be acknowledged that in general the literature of Japan does not abound in matter of direct or living interest to Western readers. It had its springs in conditions and circumstances very different from those of the literature of the Occident. Its references to custom, to historic events, to personages and places of tradition, introduce the European and American reader into an environment almost wholly unfamiliar. Its motives for action, its praise and censure of conduct, are governed by standards which in many ways are unlike those dominant in the life of far-away peoples. Then its modes of expression have scarcely anything in common with the ways of speech to which the mind of the West has become habituated, and which the Western mind enjoys. In fact, the Occidental reader, generally speaking, has neither the requisite mental habit and intelligence, nor the peculiar mood, needed for an appreciative interest in the literature of the Japanese.

It would be injustice however to much that is of real value, to turn this judgment into a sweeping condemnation. Japanese literature is strange and alien; it is to the dweller in the West, as a rule, dull and

unmeaning; its speech is painstakingly minute, dwelling upon details that in European speech are passed with hardly a touch,—the verboseness dragging its way through sentences that seem at times interminable. And then, in much that must be accepted as literature proper, as the *belles-lettres* of the Japanese, there is a free display of thought and act forbidden in recent centuries by the moral standard of the approved literature of the West. But this literature holds the records of a peculiar and extensive mythology and folk-lore; it shows the origin and development of a unique system of government; it exhibits the elaboration of a social order of remarkable stability, and the operation of society under a system of ceremonial etiquette in the highest degree complex and refined. In this literature the ethnologist, the psychologist, the student of comparative religion, the art critic, the historian, and often the general reader, can find much pleasant entertainment and profitable study. There is in it, notwithstanding a mass of dull, prolix, and profitless matter, a considerable contribution to the world's means of diversion and stores of knowledge. The reader, it must be said, will look in vain into Japanese literature for intellectual creativeness or invention. The Japanese mind is characteristically neither original nor adventurous. In Japanese history, no philosophy or science has been started or been much advanced. From a remote past the people of this empire have been learners and followers of nations endowed as pioneers and discoverers. Their genius for the most part has lain in the appropriation and refinement of the gains first made by others. Accepting their monarchy as a direct descent of heavenly power into the lower world, the Japanese from ancient times have subordinated themselves to it under the sway of the twin chief virtues of the Confucian ethics, loyalty and filial piety. Under the influence of these principles a social order was developed, marked by a devotion to emperor, lord, parent, and to all superiors in the relations of man with man, that showed a self-abnegation such as has probably never been seen among any other people. Accompanying this universal social systematization was a ceremonial refinement, a graceful complexity of etiquette, developed with consummate excellence, and dominating even the humblest parts of the civil and domestic organism. As results of their social discipline, the Japanese as a people long ago accepted life as they were born to it, without disturbing impatience or restless ambitions; they achieved great contentment with but small means for self-gratification; and they were prepared to yield life itself with a readiness almost unknown among self-assertive peoples. The learning of Japan—that is, the religion really directing the people; Buddhism; the principles and much of the detail of their law; whatever might be classed as science and philosophy—was received from abroad. Among the Japanese these things

gained elaboration, and in most of their relations received refinement with the lapse of the centuries. Hardly any of the industries, and we may say none of the fine arts, were originated by this people. The Japanese however have carried such interests, their arts especially, to degrees of excellence that have drawn to them universal admiration. Of all this and of much else, Japanese literature bears good record, and therefore has noteworthy interest and value to the peoples of remote lands.

In one department of letters, however, it may be said that the Japanese have wrought from a beginning, and have produced results that are specifically their own. Their poetry had its origin in a prehistoric age, and it has had a culture down to the present day distinctively individual and unique. Much Chinese poetry has been written in Japan, and by Japanese writers; but unlike prose, Japanese verse has never been subjected to Chinese ways of thought and expression. With but little variation the oldest native song is still the model for Japanese poetry. In form it is an alternation of verses of five and seven syllables (*naga uta:* see page 8178); in expression it is exceedingly compact and limited. There are a few poems, like the legend of 'Urashima Taro' (see page 8157), having some length; but the versification most in favor consists of only three or five of the fixed five and seven syllable measures. The standard model is the *tanka*, a five-verse composition, containing in all thirty-one syllables; like the most ancient song just referred to, the song of the god Susano-ō, sung at the building of a bridal palace for the gods. "When this Great Deity first built the palace of Suga," says the 'Kojiki,' "clouds rose up thence. Then he made an august song. That song said:—

'Yakumo tatsu;
Izumo yae gaki;
Tsuma gomi ni
Yae gaki tsukuru:
Sono yae gaki wo!'"

Or in somewhat free translation:—

"Many clouds appear:
Eightfold clouds a barrier raise
Round the wedded pair.
Manifold the clouds stand guard;
Oh that eightfold barrier-ward!"

In the construction of Japanese verse there are certain special oddities, such as redundant expletives, and phrases called "pillow-words" and "introductions." These expressions are purely conventional ornaments or euphonisms. Much of the superior merit of this verse-writing

depends also upon a serious use of puns and of other word-plays. The subject-matter of the poetry is almost always some simple and serene emotion in reference to person or nature. Its quality is daintiness, and its mood is meditation. Poetic imagination, as known in the West, has no place in Japanese verse; instead, the verse is given over to lyric fancies. It is conventional, suggestive, impressionist, like Japanese painting. It is not a chosen means for sounding and recording the depths of profound spiritual experience. It has never been the vehicle of an epic. Japanese poetry however is well worth study. It is "the one original product of the Japanese mind."

It must be said that as a whole, Japanese literature does not take a place among the great achievements of the human intellect. Yet its limitations came almost of necessity. The people of this empire — from time immemorial isolated in the farthest East; dependent for their letters, laws, philosophy, religious faith, ethics, science, industrial and fine art, upon their neighbors of the continent; also hitherto denied by nature the creative or inventive genius — as a matter of course have been unable to go far or to rise to any great height in literary achievement. What they may hereafter do, no one can foretell. To-day they are living in an environment unlike any they have ever before known. Japan is now in intimate intercourse with the whole world. The Japanese people are now appropriating with marvelous speed the civilization of Europe and America. What may be called a world-consciousness and culture is becoming dominant among them. To what heights they may reach, actuated by this power, to what grand goal they may yet move, the future only can show.

ARCHAIC WRITINGS

700–900 A. D.

WHY UNIVERSAL DARKNESS ONCE REIGNED

[From the 'Kojiki,' compiled in 711–12 by Yasumaro, a high official of the Imperial Court. The 'Kojiki' (Records of Ancient Matters) is the sacred book of Shintōism, and thus practically the Bible of Japan. Translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain.]

As THE Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu [Sun goddess] sat in her sacred work-room, seeing to the weaving of the Grand Garments of the Gods, her brother Haya-Susano-ō made a hole in the roof, and dropped down through it a Heavenly Piebald Horse which he had flayed backwards; at whose aspect the maidens weaving the Heavenly Garments were so much alarmed that they died. . . . At this sight was the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu so much terrified that, closing behind her the door of the Rocky Abode of Heaven, she made it fast and disappeared. Then was the whole High Plain of Heaven darkened, and darkened was the Middle Land of Reed-Plains [*i. e.*, Japan], in such wise that perpetual night prevailed. And the clamor of the myriad evil spirits was like unto the buzzing of flies in the fifth moon, and all manner of calamities did everywhere arise. Therefore did the eight myriad Gods assemble in a Divine Assembly on the banks of the river Ame-noyasu, and bid the God Omoikane devise a plan. And Her Grandeur Ame-no-Uzume, binding up her sleeve with the Heavenly Moss from Mount Ame-no-Kagu, and braiding the Heavenly Masaki in her hair, and bearing in her hands the leaves of the bamboo-grass from Mount Ame-no-Kagu, did set a platform before the door of the Heavenly Abode, and stamp on it until it resounded. Then did the High Plain of Heaven tremble, and the eight myriad Gods did laugh in chorus. Then the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu was filled with amazement, and setting ajar the door of the Rocky Abode of Heaven, spake thus from the inside: "Methought that my retirement would darken the Plain of Heaven, and that darkened would be the whole Middle Land of Reed-Plains. How then cometh it to pass that Ame-no-Uzume thus frolics, and that all the eight myriad Gods do laugh?" To which Ame-no-Uzume replied: "If we laugh and rejoice, 'tis because there is here a Goddess more illustrious

than thou.» And as she spake, their Grandeurs Ame-no-Koyane and Futotama brought out the mirror, and respectfully showed the same to the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu, who, ever more and more amazed, gradually came forth from the door to gaze upon it; whereupon the God Ame-no-Tajikarao, who had been lying in ambush, took her by the hand and drew her out. . . . And so when the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu had come forth, light was restored both to the High Plain of Heaven and to the Middle Land of Reed-Plains.

WHY THE SUN AND THE MOON DO NOT SHINE TOGETHER

[From the 'Nihongi' (Chronicles of Japan): a rendering and amplification in Chinese of the 'Kojiki,' completed under the direction of Prince Toneri and Ono Yasumaro in 720. The 'Nihongi' is the popular embodiment of ancient tradition. This extract was translated by B. H. Chamberlain.]

One account says that the Great Heaven-Shining Deity, being in heaven, said, «I hear that in the Central Land of Reed-Plains [Japan] there is a Food-Possessing Deity. Do thou thine Augustness Moon-Night-Possessor go and see.» His Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor, having received these orders, descended and arrived at the place where the Food-Possessing Deity was. The Food-Possessing Deity forthwith, on turning her head towards the land, produced rice from her mouth; again on turning to the sea, she also produced from her mouth things broad of fin and things narrow of fin; again on turning to the mountains, she also produced from her mouth things rough of hair and things soft of hair. Having collected together all these things, she offered them to the Moon-God as a feast on a hundred tables. At this time his Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor, being angry and coloring up, said, «How filthy! how vulgar! What! shalt thou dare to feed me with things spat out from thy mouth?» and with these words he drew his sabre and slew her. Afterwards he made his report to the Sun-Goddess. When he told her all the particulars, the Heaven-Shining Great Deity was very angry, and said, «Thou art a wicked Deity, whom it is not right for me to see;» and forthwith she and his Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor dwelt separately day and night.

URASHIMA TARO

[From the 'Manyōshū,' a collection of ancient verse compiled about 760, by Prince Moroe and the poet Yakamochi. This poem, relating the adventures of "the Japanese Rip Van Winkle," is supposed to be much older than the eighth century. Translation of W. G. Aston.]

WHEN the days of spring were hazy,
I went forth upon the beach of Suminoe;
And as I watched the fishing-boats rock to and fro
I bethought me of the tale of old:
[How] the son of Urashima of Midzunoe,
Proud of his skill in catching the *katsuwo* and *tai*,
For seven days not even coming home,
Rowed on beyond the bounds of the ocean,
Where with a daughter of the god of the sea
He chanced to meet as he rowed onwards.
When with mutual endearments their love had been crowned,
They plighted their troths, and went to the immortal land,
Where hand in hand both entered
Into a stately mansion, within the precinct
Of the palace of the god of the sea,
There to remain for everlasting,
Never growing old, nor ever dying.
But this was the speech which was addressed to his spouse
By the foolish man of this world:—
"For a little while I would return home,
And speak to my father and my mother;
To-morrow I will come back."
When he had said so, this was the speech of his spouse:
"If thou art to return again to the immortal land
And live with me as now,
Open not this casket at all."
Much did she impress this on him;
But he, having returned to Suminoe,
Though he looked for his house,
No house could he see:
Though he looked for his native village,
No village could he see.
"This is strange," said he; thereupon this was his thought:
"In the space of three years since I came forth from my home,

Can the house have vanished without even the fence being left?
If I opened this casket and saw the result,
Should my house exist as before?"
Opening a little the jewel-casket,
A white cloud came forth from it
And spread away towards the immortal land.
He ran, he shouted, he waved his sleeves,
He rolled upon the earth, and ground his feet together.
Meanwhile, of a sudden, his vigor decayed and departed:
His body that had been young grew wrinkled;
His hair, too, that had been black grew white;
Also his breath became feebler night by night;
Afterwards, at last his life departed:
And of the son of Urashima of Midzunoe,
The dwelling-place I can see.

In the immortal land
He might have continued to dwell,
But of his own natural disposition:
How foolish was he, this wight!

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT

[From the 'Manyōshū': written by Lady Sakanōe, 700–750, daughter of a prime minister and wife of the Viceroy of the Island of Shikoku. Her writings are much praised. This poem, together with the five poems following, all from the 'Manyōshū,' are translations by B. H. Chamberlain — parts of his admirable work 'The Classical Poetry of the Japanese.']

Full oft he sware with accents true and tender,
"Though years roll by, my love shall ne'er wax old!"
And so to him my heart I did surrender,
Clear as a mirror of pure burnished gold;

And from that day, unlike the seaweed bending
To every wave raised by the autumn gust,
Firm stood my heart, on him alone depending;
As the bold seaman in his ship doth trust.

Is it some cruel god that hath bereft me?
Or hath some mortal stolen away his heart?
No word, no letter since the day he left me;
Nor more he cometh, ne'er again to part!

In vain I weep, in helpless, hopeless sorrow,
From earliest morn until the close of day;
In vain, till radiant dawn brings back the morrow,
I sigh the weary, weary nights away.

No need to tell how young I am, and slender—
A little maid that in thy palm could lie:
Still for some message comforting and tender
I pace the room in sad expectancy.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

[Author unknown.]

Wife

While other women's husbands ride
Along the road in proud array,
My husband up the rough hillside
On foot must wend his weary way.

The grievous sight with bitter pain
My bosom fills, and many a tear
Steals down my cheek, and I would fain
Do aught to help my husband dear.

Come! take the mirror and the veil,
My mother's parting gifts to me;
In barter they must sure avail
To buy a horse to carry thee!

Husband

An I should purchase me a horse,
Must not my wife still sadly walk?
No, no! though stony is our course,
We'll trudge along and sweetly talk.

MY CHILDREN

[Written by Yamagami no Okura, governor of the province of Chikuzen, —700–750.]

What use to me the gold and silver hoard?
What use to me the gems most rich and rare?
Brighter by far—ay! bright beyond compare—
The joys my children to my heart afford!

ELEGY

[Written by a poet named Nibi, of whom nothing is known.]

THE gulls that twitter on the rush-grown shore
When fall the shades of night,
That o'er the waves in loving pairs do soar
When shines the morning light,—
'Tis said e'en these poor birds delight
To nestle each beneath his darling's wing
That, gently fluttering,
Through the dark hours wards off the hoar-frost's might.

Like to the stream that finds
The downward path it never may retrace,
Like to the shapeless winds,
Poor mortals pass away without a trace:
So she I love has left her place,
And in a corner of my widowed couch,
Wrapped in the robe she wove me, I must crouch
Far from her fond embrace.

TO A FRIEND

[Written by Hitomaru, probably without a peer among Japan's ancient poets. Hitomaru was not of high rank among nobles, though of imperial descent. He became a provincial officer, and died in the year 737.]

JAPAN is not a land where men need pray,
For 'tis itself divine:
Yet do I lift my voice in prayer, and say,
"May every joy be thine!

"And may I too, if thou those joys attain,
Live on to see thee blest!"
Such the fond prayer that, like the restless main,
Will rise within my breast.

ODE TO FUJI-YAMA

[The name of the writer of this ode is not known.]

THERE on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand,
See Fuji-yama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause;
Nor may the birds those giddy heights essay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdeth Narusawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujikawa's waters spring.

Great Fuji-yama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou given to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan;
On thee forever let me feast mine eye!

SPRING

[These verses and the three following stanzas are taken from the 'Kokinshū,' B. H. Chamberlain's translation. The 'Kokinshū' (Collection of Songs Ancient and Modern) was compiled 905–922, by Kino Tsurayuki and others. Sosei, the writer of these verses on Spring, was a Buddhist abbot living in the latter part of the ninth century.]

Amid the branches of the silvery bowers
The nightingale doth sing: perchance he knows
That spring hath come, and takes the later snows
For the white petals of the plum's sweet flowers.

SUMMER

[Written by Henjō, who was a Buddhist bishop and one of the leading men of his time, 830–890. Prior to his taking the vows of religion Henjō was prominent in court circles, and was married. The poet Sosei was his son.]

O lotos-leaf! I dreamt that the wide earth [true:
Held naught more pure than thee,—held naught more
Why then, when on thee rolls a drop of dew,
Pretend that 'tis a gem of priceless worth?

AUTUMN

[By Chisato, Vice-governor of Iyo, etc.; a prolific writer,— 850–900.]

A THOUSAND thoughts of tender vague regret
Crowd on my soul, what time I stand and gaze
On the soft-shining autumn moon; and yet
Not to me only speaks her silvery haze.

WINTER

[Tsurayuki, the writer of these lines, was probably the leading poet of his day,— 880–950. He compiled the 'Kokinshū.' He was also the first master of Japanese written prose. His preface to the 'Kokinshū,' and his diary the 'Tosa Nikki,' marked the beginning of a new age in Japanese literature.]

WHEN falls the snow, lo! every herb and tree,
That in seclusion through the wintry hours
Long time had been held fast, breaks forth in flowers
That ne'er in spring were known upon the lea.

AGE OF THE PROSE CLASSICS

900–1200 A. D.

THE MAID OF UNAI

[From the 'Yamato Monogatari,' 900–1000, translated by B. H. Chamberlain. Author of these 'Stories of Yamato' (Japan) unknown, but said to have been, in part at least, the retired Emperor Kwanzan, 983–985. The stories contain nearly three hundred poems.]

IN DAYS of old there dwelt a maiden in the land of Settsu, whose hand was sought in marriage by two lovers. One, Mubara by name, was a native of the same country-side; the other, called Chinu, was a native of the land of Idzumi. The two were alike in years, alike in face, in figure, and in stature; and whereas the maiden thought to accept the wooing of him that should the more dearly love her, lo! it fell out that they both loved her with the same love. No sooner faded the light of day than both came to do their courting, and when they sent her gifts the gifts were quite alike. Of neither could it be said that he excelled the other, and the girl meanwhile felt sick at heart. Had they been men of lukewarm devotion, neither would ever have obtained

the maiden's hand; but it was because both of them, day after day and month after month, stood before the cottage gate and made evident their affection in ten thousand different ways, that the maiden pined with a divided love. Neither lover's gifts were accepted, and yet both would come and stand, bearing in their hands gifts. The maiden had a father and a mother, and they said to her: — "Sad is it for us to have to bear the burden of thine unseemly conduct in thus carelessly, from month to month and from year to year, causing others to sorrow. If thou wilt accept the one, after a little time the other's love will cease." The maiden made answer, "That likewise was my thought. But the sameness of the love of both has made me altogether sick at heart. Alas! what shall I do?"

Now in olden days the people dwelt in houses raised on platforms built out into the river Ikuta. So the girl's father and mother, summoning to their presence the two lovers, spake thus: "Our child is pining with a love divided by the equal ardor of your worships. But to-day we intend, by whatever means, to fix her choice. One of you showeth his devotion by coming hither from a distant home; the other is our neighbor, but his love is boundless. This one and that are alike worthy of our pitying regard." Both the lovers heard these words with respectful joy; and the father and mother continued: — "What we have further in our minds to say is this: Floating on our river is a water-bird. Draw your bows at it; and to him that shall strike it will we have the honor to present our daughter." "Well thought!" replied the lovers twain; and drawing their bows at the same instant, one struck the bird in the head and the other in the tail, so that neither could claim to be the better marksman. Sick with love, the maiden cried out: —

"Enough, enough! Yon swiftly-flowing wave
Shall free my soul from her long anxious strife;
Men call fair Settsu's stream the stream of life,
But in that stream shall be the maiden's grave!"

and with these words, let herself fall down into the river from the platform that overlooked it.

While the father and mother, frantic with grief, were raving and shouting, the two lovers plunged together into the stream. One caught hold of the maiden's foot and the other of her hand, and the three sank together and perished in the flood. Terrible

was the grief of the girl's father and mother, as, amid tears and lamentations, they lifted her body out of the water and prepared to give it burial. The parents of the two lovers likewise came to the spot, and dug for their sons graves beside the grave of the maiden. But the father and mother of him that dwelt in the same country-side raised an outcry, saying, "That he who belongs to the same land should be buried in the same place, is just. But how shall it be lawful for an alien to desecrate our soil?" So the parents of him that dwelt in Idzumi laded a junk with Idzumi earth, in which, having brought it to the spot, they laid their son. And to this day the maiden's grave stands there in the middle, and the graves of her lovers on either side.

HOW THE SEA WAS CALMED

[From the 'Tosa Nikki'; W. G. Aston's translation. Tsurayuki traced his descent to one of the Mikados. He held office his life throughout. This diary was written in 935, on the return journey from Tosa, a province he had been governing, to Kyōto the capital.]

MEANWHILE a sudden gale sprung up, and in spite of all our efforts we fell gradually to leeward, and were in great danger of being sent to the bottom. "This god of Sumi-yoshi," said the captain, "is like other gods. What he desires is not any of the fashionable articles of the day. Give him *nusa** as an offering." The captain's advice was taken, and *nusa* were offered; but as the wind, instead of ceasing, only blew harder and harder, and the danger from the storm and sea became more and more imminent, the captain again said, "Because the august heart of the god is not moved for *nusa*, neither does the august ship move: offer to him something in which he will take greater pleasure." In compliance with this advice I thought what it would be best to offer. "Of eyes I have a pair; then let me give to the god my mirror, of which I have only one." The mirror was accordingly flung into the sea, to my very great regret. But no sooner had I done so than the sea itself became as smooth as a mirror.

* Pieces of silk carried by worshipers as temple offerings.

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLE OF IMMORTAL YOUTH, MT. HŌRAI

[From the 'Taketori Monogatari,' 850–950; translated by F. Victor Dickins. Authorship unknown, but ascribed to one Minamoto Jun. Materials of the story taken from Chinese and Indian sources. This extract is part of a description of the wanderings of a "Japanese Ulysses."]

THEN the Ancient fell to busying himself with putting the chamber in order, and after a while went out and accosted the Prince again, saying, "Your servant would fain know what manner of place it may be where grows this tree,—how wonderful a thing it is, and lovely and pleasant to see!" And the Prince answered: "The year before yester-year, on the tenth of the second month, we took boat at Naniwa and sculled out into the ocean, not knowing what track to follow: but I thought to myself, what would be the profit of continuing life if I might not attain the desire of my heart; so pressed we onwards, blown where the wind listed. If we perished even, what mattered it? While we lived we would make what way we could over the sea-plain, and perchance thus might we somehow reach the mountain men do call Hōrai. So resolved, we sculled further and further over the heaving waters, until far behind us lay the shores of our own land. And as we wandered thus, now, deep in the trough of the sea we saw its very bottom; now, blown by the gale we came to strange lands, where creatures like demons fell upon us and were like to have slain us. Now, knowing neither whence we had come nor whither we tended, we were almost swallowed up by the sea; now, failing of food we were driven to live upon roots; now again, indescribably terrible beings came forth and would have devoured us; or we had to sustain our bodies by eating of the spoil of the sea. Beneath strange skies were we, and no human creature was there to give us succor; to many diseases fell we prey as we drifted along, knowing not whitherwards; and so tossed we over the sea-plain, letting our boat follow the wind for five hundred days. Then about the hour of the dragon, four hours ere noon, saw we a high hill looming faintly over the watery waste. Long we gazed at it, and marveled at the majesty of the mountain rising out of the sea. Lofty it was and fair of form; and doubting not it was the mountain we were seeking, our hearts were filled with awe. We plied the oar and coasted it for two days or three, and then we saw a woman arrayed like an angel come forth out of the hills,

bearing a silver vessel which she filled with water. So we landed and accosted her, saying, 'How call men this mountain?' and she said, ''Tis Mount Hōrai;' whereat our hearts were filled with joy."

COURT FESTIVALS IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

[From the 'Makura no Sōshi,' 1000–1050; W. G. Aston's translation. The author, Sei Shōnagon, was a direct descendant from a Mikado, and was for some time chief lady-in-waiting to the Empress. With the death of her mistress in the year 1000 she left the court, entered a convent, and there composed this 'Pillow Book,' a masterpiece in Japanese prose.]

WHAT delightful anniversaries festivals are! Each one brings its special pleasures, but none to my mind is so enjoyable as New Year's Day. It is early springtime then, when the weather is settled, and the morning breaks serenely. A quiet haze is spread over hill and dale, which the sun disperses when he rises, and shows the dewdrops sparkling in his rosy beams. The world seems glad and happy; and in the shining faces of the neighbors, glowing from the frosty air of morning, content and peace is plainly written. How pleasant it is to watch them as they pass, in holiday attire, intent on making their congratulations to their master, and ignorant the while that their very lightness of heart is an unconscious compliment to themselves.

It is the 7th day of the month when people, tempted by the fineness of the weather, go out in company to pick the *wakana* (wild pot-herbs). The snow is off the ground, and great is the excitement amongst the ladies of the court, who have so seldom the opportunity of a country trip. What fun to watch the farmers' wives and daughters, arrayed in all their hoarded finery, and riding in their wagons (made clean for the occasion), as they come to see the races in the court-yard of the palace. It is most diverting to observe their faces from our grated windows. How prim and proper they appear, all unconscious of the shock their dignity will get when the wagon jolts across the huge beam at the bottom of the gate, and knocks their pretty heads together, disarranging their hair, and worse still, mayhap breaking their combs. But that is after all a trifle when compared to their alarm if a horse so much as neighs. On this account the gallants of the court amuse themselves by slyly goading the horses with spear and arrow-point, to make them rear and plunge and frighten the

wenches home in fear and trembling. How silly too the men-at-arms look, their foolish faces painted with dabs of white here and there upon their swarthy cheeks, like patches of snow left on a hillside from a thaw!

Then there is the 15th of the first month, when appointments for the next four years are made. How eagerly candidates for office rush here and there through falling snow and sleet, with their memorials in their hands! Some have the jaunty air and confidence of youth; but others, more experienced, are weary and dejected-looking. How the old white-headed suitors crave an audience of the ladies of the palace, and babble to them of their fitness for the places they seek! Ah! little do they suspect when they have turned their backs what mirth they have occasioned! How the ladies mimic them — whining and drawling!

ON THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

[From the 'Genji Monogatari,' 1004, translated by Kenchō Suyematsu. This romance of Prince Genji was written by Murasaki Shikibu, a lady of noble birth and a member of the great family of the Fujiwara, who were at the time practically rulers of Japan. It is said that not only does the classic literature of Japan find consummate illustration in this story, but that the history of the time, especially in its social characteristics, is here most vividly set forth.]

"How varied are the characters and the dispositions of women! Some who are youthful and favored by nature strive almost selfishly to keep themselves with the utmost reserve. If they write harmlessly and innocently, yet at the same time they are choice in their expressions, which have delicate touches of bewitching sentiment, this might possibly make us entertain a suddenly conceived fancy for them; yet they would give us but slight encouragement. . . .

"Among characters differing from the above, some are too full of sentimental sweetness; whenever occasion offers them romance they become spoilt. Such would be decidedly better if they had less sentiment and more sense.

"Others again are singularly earnest — too earnest, indeed — in the performance of their domestic duty; and such, with their hair pushed back, devote themselves like household drudges to household affairs. Man, whose duties generally call him from home all the day, naturally hears and sees the social movements

both of public and private life, and notices different things, both good and bad. Of such things he would not like to talk freely with strangers, but only with some one closely allied to him. Indeed, a man may have many things in his mind which cause him to smile or to grieve. Occasionally something of a political nature may irritate him beyond endurance. These matters he would like to talk over with his fair companion, that she might soothe him and sympathize with him. But a woman as above described is often unable to understand him, or does not endeavor to do so; and this only makes him more miserable. At another time he may brood over his hopes and aspirations; but he has no hope of solace. She is not only incapable of sharing these with him, but might carelessly remark, 'What ails you?' How severely would this try the temper of a man!

"If then we clearly see all these, the only suggestion I can make is that the best thing to do is to choose one who is gentle and modest, and strive to guide and educate her according to the best ideal we may think of. This is the best plan; and why should we not do so? Our efforts would surely not be all in vain. But no! A girl whom we thus educate, and who proves to be competent to bear us company, often disappoints us when she is left alone. She may then show her incapability, and her occasional actions may be done in such an unbecoming manner that both good and bad are equally displeasing. Are not all these against us men? Remember however that there are some who may not be very agreeable at ordinary times, yet who flash occasionally upon us with a potent and almost irresistible charm."

Thus Sama-no-Kami, though eloquent, not having come to one point or another, remained thoughtful for some minutes, and again resumed.

"After all, as I have once observed, I can only make this suggestion: That we should not too much consider either birth or beauty, but select one who is gentle and tranquil, and consider her to be best suited for our last haven of rest. If in addition she is of fair position, and is blessed with sweetness of temper, we should be delighted with her, and not trouble ourselves to search out or notice any trifling deficiency. And the more so as, if her conscience is clear and pure, calmness and serenity of features can naturally be looked for.

"There are women who are too diffident and too reserved, and carry their generosity to such an extent as to pretend not to be

aware even of such annoyances as afford them just grounds for of complaint. A time arrives when their sorrows and anxieties become greater than they can bear. Even then, however, they cannot resort to plain speaking and complain; but instead thereof they will fly away to some remote retreat among the mountain hamlets, or to some secluded spot by the seaside, leaving behind them some painful letter or despairing verses, and making themselves mere sad memories of the past. . . .

"Worse than this, the woman — led astray perhaps by ill advice — may even be beguiled into more serious errors. In the depth of her despairing melancholy she will become a nun. Her conscience when she takes the fatal vow may be pure and unsullied, and nothing may seem able to call her back again to the world which she forsook. But as time rolls on, some household servant or aged nurse brings her tidings of the lover who has been unable to cast her out of his heart, and whose tears drop silently when he hears aught about her. Then when she hears of his affections still living, and his heart still yearning, and thinks of the uselessness of the sacrifice she has made voluntarily, she touches the hair on her forehead, and she becomes regretful. She may indeed do her best to persevere in her resolve, but if one single tear bedews her cheek she is no longer strong in the sanctity of her vow. Weakness of this kind would be in the eyes of Buddha more sinful than those offenses which are committed by those who never leave the lay circle at all, and she would eventually wander about in the 'wrong passage.'

"But there are also women who are too self-confident and obtrusive. These, if they discover some slight inconsistency in men, fiercely betray their indignation and behave with arrogance. A man may show a little inconsistency occasionally, but yet his affection may remain; then matters will in time become right again, and they will pass their lives happily together. If therefore the woman cannot show a tolerable amount of patience, this will but add to her unhappiness. She should, above all things, strive not to give way to excitement; and when she experiences any unpleasantness, she should speak of it frankly but with moderation. And if there should be anything worse than unpleasantness, she should even then complain of it in such a way as not to irritate the man. If she guides her conduct on principles such as these, even her very words, her very demeanor, may in all probability increase his sympathy and consideration for her.

One's self-denial, and the restraint which one imposes upon one's self, often depend on the way in which another behaves to us. The woman who is too indifferent and too forgiving is also inconsiderate. Remember, 'The unmoored boat floats about.' Is it not so?"

Tō-no-Chiūjiō quickly nodded assent, as he said:—"Quite true! A woman who has no strength of emotion, no passion of sorrow or of joy, can never be a holder of us. Nay, even jealousy, if not carried to the extent of undue suspicion, is not undesirable. If we ourselves are not in fault, and leave the matter alone, such jealousy may easily be kept within due bounds. But stop," added he suddenly: "some women have to bear, and do bear, every grief that they may encounter, with unmurmuring and suffering patience."

So said Tō-no-Chiūjiō, who implied by this allusion that his sister was a woman so circumstanced. But Genji was still dozing, and no remark came from his lips.

MEDIÆVAL LITERATURE

(1200–1600 A. D.)

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT

[From the 'Hōjōki,' 1212; translated by J. M. Dixon. The writer, Kamo no Chomei, the son of a priest, disappointed with life, sought seclusion from the world in a ten-feet-square hut (*hōjō*), on Mt. Ohara. There he made a record of his thoughts, this 'Hōjōki,' now valued as a literary treasure.]

THE water incessantly changes as the stream glides calmly on; the spray that hangs over a cataract appears for a moment only to vanish away. Such is the fate of mankind on this earth and of the houses in which they dwell. If we gaze at a mighty town we behold a succession of walls, surmounted by tiled roofs which vie with one another in loftiness. These have been from generation to generation the abodes of the rich and of the poor, and yet none resist the destructive influence of time. Some are allowed to fall into decay; others are replaced by new structures. Their fate is shared by their inmates. If after the lapse of a long period we return to a familiar locality, we scarcely recognize one in ten of the faces we were accustomed to

meet long ago. In the morning we behold the light, and next evening we depart for our long home. Our destiny resembles the foam on the water. Whence came we, and whither are we tending? What things vex us, what things delight us, in this world of unreality? It is impossible truly to say. A house and its occupant, changing perpetually, may well be compared to a morning-glory flecked with dew. Sometimes it happens that the dew evaporates and leaves the flower to die in the first glare of day; sometimes the dew survives the flower, but only for a few hours; before sunset the dew also has disappeared.

VAGRANT REVERIES

[From 'Tsure-zure Gusa,' 1345; translated by C. S. Eby. Yoshida Kenkō, the writer of these 'Weeds of Idleness,' was a court official, who upon the death of the Mikado entered the priesthood and became a monk. He was poet as well as prose writer; was also a profound student of philosophy and of the Chinese classics.]

If man did not disappear like the dew of the field, or vanish like the mists of Toribe hills, and continued his stay upon earth, then tenderness of heart, sympathy, pity, would perish. The unsettled changeableness of the present sublunary life is vastly to be preferred.

Of all living creatures man is the most long-lived. The ephemeral gnat comes into existence in the morning, and vanishes ere evening falls. The summer cicada knows never a spring or autumn. One year of a man's life in comparison with these things must be considered laborious and long. A life of a thousand years, if passed in discontent and clung to, would seem to fly away as a dream of the night. What profit is there in clinging to a life which results in deformity, and cannot after all continue forever? Longevity produces shame and disgrace. It is better to die before forty years are passed, and thus escape the shame of decrepitude.

A quiet talk with one perfectly of your own turn of mind is a very pleasant thing. It would give one great delight to speak freely with such a friend about things that are pleasant, and about the instability of earthly joys. But no such friendship is possible.

THE changes of the seasons are full of things which arouse our souls to deep emotion.

TO SIT opposite to and converse with a man like oneself in every respect would be as good as sitting by oneself. Two persons in many respects alike could sometimes raise a dispute. And that would be very useful in dissipating the gloomy thoughts of solitude.

TO SPREAD open your books under the light of your lamp, and hold communion with men of bygone ages, is surpassingly comfortable.

JAPANESE poetry is especially charming. Even the toil of an awkward peasant or of a woodman, expressed in poetic form, delights the mind. The name of the terrible wild boar also, when styled "*fusui no toko*," sounds elegant.

EVERY one says that the autumn is the most affecting season of the year. Perhaps so But the springtime transformations of nature are more delightful, giving buoyancy to the heart. The warbling of cheery songsters gives signal for the full outburst of spring-tide glory. The wild grass sprouts under the hedge in answer to the mild rays of the kindly sun. The spring advances and the mists melt into translucent air. The flowers seem ready to burst into bloom. But rain and wind still make their reckless attacks, and flowers are shattered to our dismay. The changefulness of the days before the leaves are all green cause us much distress. The past is brought back to our loving memories more by the fragrance of the plum than by the *hana tachibana*,* which is noted in this respect. The pure appearance of the *yamabuki*† and the uncertain condition of the *fuji*‡ cannot be missed without pain.

THE heart of man has been compared to flowers; but unlike them, it does not wait for the blowing of the wind to be scattered abroad. It is so fleeting and changeful.

* A small orange flower. † A kind of yellow wild rose. ‡ Wistaria

THE DANCE OF THE MOON FAIRY

[This beautiful translation by B. H. Chamberlain, of the second and third parts of the lyric drama 'Hagoromo' (Robe of Feathers), is an excellent illustration of the mediæval *Nō no Utai*. These dramas bear a striking resemblance to the drama of ancient Greece. In this, Hagoromo, a fisherman, finds on a tree on Mio beach a feather robe. The robe is claimed by a lovely maiden, a moon fairy, who regains possession of her treasure by showing to the fisherman one of the dances of the immortals.]

CHORUS — Where'er we gaze the circling mists are twining:
Perchance e'en now the moon her tendrils fair
Celestial blossoms bear.
Those flowerets tell us that the spring is shining —
Those fresh-blown flowerets in the maiden's hair.
Fairy — Blest hour beyond compare!
Chorus — Heaven hath its joys, but there is beauty here.
Blow, blow, ye winds! that the white cloud-belts driven
Around my path may bar my homeward way:
Not yet would I return to heaven,
But here on Mio's pine-clad shore I'd stray,
Or where the moon in bright unclouded glory
Shines on Kiyómi's lea,
And where on Fujiyama's summit hoary
The snows look on the sea,
While breaks the morning merrily!
But of these three, beyond compare
The wave-washed shore of Mio is most fair,
When through the pines the breath of spring is playing.
What barrier rises 'twixt the heaven and earth?
Here too on earth the immortal gods came straying,
And gave our monarchs birth,
Fairy — Who in this empire of the rising sun,
While myriad ages run,
Shall ever rule their bright dominions,
Chorus — E'en when the feathery shock
Of fairies flitting past with silvery pinions
Shall wear away the granite rock!
Oh magic strains that fill our ravished ears!
The fairy sings, and from the cloudy spheres
Chiming in unison, the angels' lutes,
Tabrets and cymbals and sweet silvery flutes,
Ring through the heaven that glows with purple hues,
As when Soméiro's western slope endues

The tints of sunset, while the azure wave
From isle to isle the pine-clad shores doth lave,
From Ukishima's slope — a beauteous storm —
Whirl down the flowers; and still that magic form,
Those snowy pinions, fluttering in the light,
Ravish our souls with wonder and delight.

Fairy — Hail to the kings that o'er the moon hold sway!
Heaven is their home, and Buddhas too are they.

Chorus — The fairy robes the maiden's limbs endue

Fairy — Are, like the very heavens, of tenderest blue;

Chorus — Or, like the mists of spring, all silvery white,

Fairy — Fragrant and fair — too fair for mortal sight!

Chorus — Dance on, sweet maiden, through the happy hours!
Dance on, sweet maiden, while the magic flowers
Crowning thy tresses flutter in the wind
Raised by thy waving pinions intertwined!
Dance on! for ne'er to mortal dance 'tis given
To vie with that sweet dance thou bring'st from heaven:
And when, cloud-soaring, thou shalt all too soon
Homeward return to the full-shining moon,
Then hear our prayers, and from thy bounteous hand
Pour sevenfold treasures on our happy land;
Bless every coast, refresh each panting field,
That earth may still her proper increase yield!
But ah! the hour, the hour of parting rings!
Caught by the breeze, the fairy's magic wings
Heavenward do bear her from the pine-clad shore,
Past Ukishima's widely stretching moor,
Past Ashidaka's heights, and where are spread
The eternal snows on Fujiyama's head,—
Higher and higher to the azure skies,
Till wandering vapors hide her from our eyes!

THE TRUE SAMURAI

[This illustration of the spirit of the true samurai is taken from a mediæval drama entitled 'Dwarf Trees,' translated by «Shinehi.» The drama tells of the award made to a poverty-stricken knight by the *de facto* ruler of Japan, 1190, for great kindness shown to the latter when once abroad in the garb of a mendicant priest. The samurai had sacrificed even his dwarf trees to warm his mean-looking guest.]

TSUNEYO — Hail, traveler! Is it true that the troops are gathering towards Kamakura?* Why do such immense numbers now advance to the capital? [*Following in the train.*] Why, here are all the barons and knights of the eight provinces of Adzuma in splendid equipment, all aiming for Kamakura! Their weapons are brilliantly flashing, their armor resplendent with silver and gold, mounted on well-fattened horses, with numerous steeds for relief in the train. Amid them all this poor Tsuneyo cuts a sorry figure, with horse and weapons and all so mean on this rough road. Doubtless they will laugh at me, though my soul is by no means inferior. Still this lean, slow horse renders the heart's courage abortive.

Chorus — Though he hastens, hastens, as a quivering willow twig he is so weak, so very weak. Though he twist and pull, the horse is ill-fed; though he beat him and whack his flanks, yet he can scarcely make him budge. There is no better conveyance for him; but he eventually comes in last of all with weary weakly feet.

Saimiōji [*in state in Kamakura*] — Is my attendant there?

Attendant — At your service, my lord.

Saimiōji — Have the troops arrived from all the provinces?

Attendant — All have safely come.

Saimiōji — Among the troops is a single retainer in ragged armor, with rusty spear, and leading himself a starved steed. Go find him and order him into my presence.

Attendant — Your orders shall be executed. [*Goes out.*] Any one there?

Servant — At your service, sir.

Attendant — My lord's orders are that we go out immediately, and find among the troops a samurai in battered armor, with a

* The seat of the Shōgunate from 1192 to 1455.

rusty spear, leading a lean horse, and bring him at once into his august presence.

Servant — I will attend to the matter. [*Goes out and hails Tsuneyo.*] Hail! Art thou my man?

Tsuneyo — Why am I called?

Servant — Haste there; come into the presence of our Lord Saimiōji.

Tsuneyo — And am I called to appear in his august presence?

Servant — Most assuredly.

Tsuneyo — Alack, but this is unexpected! You must have mistaken your man.

Servant — Not at all: you are the man intended. The way of it is this: my lord has ordered into his presence the worst-looking samurai of all the assembled armies; I have looked well over the hosts, and am sure that there is none that can compare with you for hideous appearance. So it is settled. Come, haste to the palace.

Tsuneyo — What do you say? He wants the worst-looking samurai in the army!

Servant — Most positively; those are the orders.

Tsuneyo — Then I must be the man. Go; say I'm coming.

Servant — Very well.

Tsuneyo [*approaching the palace*] — Verily, this is incomprehensible. Some enemy has accused me of treason, and this being ordered into my lord's presence is but the prelude of having my head taken off. Well, well, I can do nothing to help it. I will go in at any risk; please show me the way.

Chorus — Then in an instant, suddenly ushered into the midst of assembled soldiers ranged like blazing stars, rank on rank of samurai of the armies, besides many other notables. Their eyes are drawn to him, and many point the scornful finger.

Tsuneyo — What is well sewed may yet be ripped.

Chorus — His old armor and rusty spear are not useless to him, nor cares he for the ridiculous figure he cuts.

[*He appears before Saimiōji.*]

Saimiōji — Ha! That is the man. [*To Tsuneyo.*] Art thou Genzaemon Tsuneyo of Sano, and hast thou forgotten the wandering priest who sought shelter of thee yon snowy night?

Thou declaredst then that should trouble arise at Kamakura thou wouldst don thy battered armor, seize thy rusty spear, mount thy shadowy steed, and speed thee first of all to Kamakura. Now thou hast valiantly kept thy word; for this I admire thee. [*To the assembly.*] The object of this gathering of vassals in the capital was for no other cause than to test the truth or falsehood of Tsuneyo's words. However, if there is any person here with a grievance to state, let him now plead his cause, and judgment shall be given according to justice and law. But first of all I give judgment in the case of Tsuneyo. His former inheritance in Sano, over thirty counties, must be forthwith returned to him. Moreover, besides this, for that in the cold snow-storm he willingly cut down his precious ornamental trees to warm the stranger guest, in hope of reward in some other world, I now in return for the *ume* [plum], *sakura* [cherry], *matsu* [pine] trees, bestow upon him *Ume*-da in Kaga, *Sakura*-i in Etchu, and *Matsu*-eda in Kōdzuke, three portions as a perpetual inheritance for himself and his heirs to all generations; in testimony whereof, I now give official documents signed and sealed.

Chorus — With gladness of heart he accepts the benefactions of his lord.

Tsuneyo — Tsuneyo accepts the gifts.

Chorus — He accepts, and three times makes humble obeisance. O ye who erst laughed him to scorn, look now upon him excelling in honor. The warriors all return to their homes, and among them Tsuneyo, his face all bright with new-found joy. Now riding bravely on a gorgeous steed, away he speeds to his home in Sano of Kamitsuke with joyous heart.

THE DOMINANT NOTE OF THE LAW

[This is one of the Buddhist 'Wasan,' or hymns, from the latter part of the sixteenth (?) century, written by a priest, Kwaihan; translation by Clay MacCauley. The translation follows the Japanese metre of the *naga uta*, each line containing two series of alternating five and seven syllable measures.]

In spending my days chasing things that are trifles,
In sowing the seed of the sixfold migration,
I pass through the world with my life-purpose baffled.
Since gaining a birth among those that are human,
Just now I have learned that I may become godlike;
So now I seek Buddha's help, trusting the promise.
This world, after all,—it is only a dream-world;
And we, after all, are vain selves with dust mingled.
Our jealousies, angers, and scoffing reproaches,
All evils we do, though disguised by our cunning,
At last become massed like the bulk of a mountain,
And we are cast down to "The River of Three Paths";*
A fitting reward for our self-prompted actions,
Whose ills each must bear, never blaming another.
Live I a long life,—'tis like flashing of lightning.
Live I but one life,—lo! 'tis lived in a dream-world.
Grow I into one life with wife and with children,
The love of such one life abides but a moment.
Think, how to the depths has my heart been affected!
Engrossed by my bonds to a world that is fleeting,
Naught led me to pray,—"*Namu Amida Buddha;*"†
As wind to a horse-ear were things of the future;
Reminded of death's blast, I answered, "When comes it?"
The preacher I trusted not; thought he spoke falsely:
And so has my time sped to this very moment.
Desire I thought was for good that would follow;—
Oh! how I lament as I think of what has been.
But yet in this troubled life comes consolation:
Adorable Buddha enlightens the dark way;
Has pity on all those who live in these last days;
To all gives compassion and blessed redemption,
Whose depth or whose height passes ocean or mountain.
To Buddha's salvation so bountiful, boundless,

*A river in the underworld over which the souls of the dead must go. Three paths there lead to the realms of "Demons," "Brutes," and the "Hungry Ones."

†A sacred phrase by repetition of which salvation may be gained.

Thanksgiving forever;—to me it is given.
Up pointing towards heaven, down pointing 'neath heaven,*
The Buddha sheds light upon all who are living.
Now, knowing the Law as the Law has been given,
The blest triple treasure,—Rite, Priesthood, and Buddha,†—
I lift up my song, though I sing in a dream-world.
If sorrow and knowing are both the mind's flowering,
If demon or Buddha with each is attendant,
Then let all my faith upon knowing be centred.
Up-striving, away from "The River of Three Paths,"
A glance at the Fullness Divine of all Goodness
Will gladden my eyes,—the reward of my striving.
Recite then the Prayer;—for by its mere virtue
Your pathway will enter the "Land of the Holy."

MODERN LITERATURE UNDER THE TOKUGAWA SHOGUNATE

1600–1850 A. D.

CLOSING SCENE FROM THE 'CHIUSHINGURA'

[This story, 'Chiushingura,' records the celebrated fidelity of the "Forty-seven Ronin," the great heroes of feudal Japan, 1701–2. Translation by F. Victor Dickins. It embodies the dearest ideals of a large part of the Japanese people. In dramatic form it receives repeated rendering in Japanese theatres. Mr. Dickins's translation follows the modified text of a famous dramatist, Takeda Izumo, who shares with Chikamatsu a wide popularity.]

ANOTHER moment, and the body of Moronao lay on the floor, covered with wounds.

The conspirators crowded round it, wild with excitement, shouting:—

"Oh, rare sight! Oh, happy fortune! Happy are we as the *móki* when he found his waif,‡ fortunate as though we gazed upon the flower of the *udonge*, that blossoms but once in three thousand years."

* The attitude taken by the Buddha immediately after his birth into this world.

† The three precious things of Buddhism — Law, Church, and Nirvana.

‡ Some drift-wood by which this sea-tortoise (*móki*) saw the light it had longed in vain to see for three thousand years.

Cutting off their enemy's head with the dagger with which their dead master had committed *seppuku*,* they resumed their orgy, exclaiming:—

"We deserted our wives, we abandoned our children, we left our aged folk uncared-for, all to obtain this one head. How auspicious a day is this!"

They struck at the head in their frenzy, gnashed at it, shed tears over it; their grief and fury, poor wretches, beggared description.

Yuranosuke, drawing from his bosom the *ihai*† of his dead master, placed it reverently on a small stand at the upper end of the room; and then set the head of Moronao, cleansed from blood, on another opposite to it. He next took a perfume from within his helmet, and burnt it before the tablet of his lord, prostrating himself and withdrawing slowly, while he bowed his head reverently three times, and then again thrice three times.

"O thou soul of my liege lord, with awe doth thy vassal approach thy mighty presence, who art now like unto him that was born of the lotos-flower,‡ to attain a glory and eminence beyond the understanding of men! Before the sacred tablet tremblingly set I the head of thine enemy, severed from his corpse by the sword thou deignedst to bestow upon thy servant in the hour of thy last agony. O thou that art now resting amid the shadows of the tall grass, look with favor on my offering." Bursting into tears, the *Karō* of Yenya thus adored the memory of his lord.

"And now, comrades," he resumed after a pause, "advance each of you, one after the other, and burn incense before the tablet of your master."

"We would all," cried Yoshida, "venture to ask our chief first among us to render that honor to our lord's memory."

"Nay," answered the *Karō*, "'tis not I who of right should be the first. Yazama Jiutarō, to you of right falls that honor."

"Not so," cried Yazama: "I claim no such favor. Others might think I had no right to it, and troubles might thus arise."

"No one will think that," exclaimed Yuranosuke. "We have all freely ventured our lives in the struggle to seize Moronao,

* Suicide by *hara kiri*, or cutting open the abdomen.

† Tablet holding the posthumous name of the dead, and date of death.

‡ Buddha.

but to you,—to you fell the glory of finding him, and it was you who dragged him here alive, into our presence. 'Twas a good deed, Yazama, acceptable to the spirit of our master; each of us would fain have been the doer of it. Comrades, say I not well?"

Yoshida assented on behalf of the rest.

"Delay not, Yazama," resumed Yuranosuke; "for time flies fast."

"If it must be so," cried Yazama, as he passed forward, uttering *gomen** in a low tone, and offered incense the first of the company.

"And next our chief," exclaimed Yoshida.

"Nay," said the *Karō*, "there is yet one who should pass before me."

"What man can that be?" asked Yoshida wonderingly, while his comrades echoed his words.

The *Karō*, without replying, drew a purse made of striped stuff from his bosom. "He who shall precede me," cried the *Karō*, "is Hayano Kampei. A negligence of his duty as a vassal prevented him from being received into our number; but, eager to take at least a part in the erection of a monument to his liege lord, he sold away his wife, and thus became able to furnish his share toward the expense. As his father-in-law had the money, and was murdered, and I caused the subscription to be returned to him, mad with despair he committed *seppuku* and died—a most miserable and piteous death. All my life I shall never cease to regret having caused the money to be returned to him; never for a moment will be absent from my memory that through my fault he came to so piteous an end. During this night's struggle the purse has been among us, borne by Heiyemon. Let the latter pass forward, and in the name of his sister's dead husband, burn incense before the tablet of our lord."

Heiyemon, thus addressed, passed forward, exclaiming, "From amidst the shadows of the tall grass blades the soul of Kampei thanks you for the unlooked-for favor you confer upon him." Laying the purse upon the censer, he added:—

"'Tis Hayano Kampei who, second in turn, offers incense before the tablet of his liege lord."

The remainder followed, offering up in like manner—amid loud cries of grief, and with sobs and tears, and trembling in the anguish of their minds—incense before the tablet of their master.

*"Pardon me" (for going forward).

Suddenly the air is filled with the din of the trampling of men, with the clatter of hoofs, and with the noise of war drums.

Yuranosuke does not change a feature.

"'Tis the retainers of Moronao who are coming down upon us: why should we fight with them?"

The *Karō* is about to give the signal to his comrades to accomplish the final act of their devotion, by committing *seppuku* in memory of their lord, when Momonoi Wakasanosuke appears upon the scene, disordered with the haste he had used, in his fear of being too late.

"Moroyasu, the young brother of Moronao, is already at the great gate," cries Momonoi. "If you commit *seppuku* at such a moment it will be said that you were driven to it by fear, and an infamous memory will attach to your deed. I counsel you to depart hence without delay, and betake yourselves to the burial-place of your lord, the Temple of Kōmyo."

"So shall it be," answered Yuranosuke after a pause. "We will do as you counsel us, and will accomplish our last hour before the tomb of our ill-fated lord. We would ask you, Sir Wakasanosuke, to prevent our enemies from following us."

Hardly had Yuranosuke concluded, when Yakushiji Jirōza-yemon and Sagisaka Bannai suddenly rushed forth from their hiding-places, shouting—"Oboshi, villain, thou shalt not escape!" and struck right and left at the *Karō*. Without a moment's delay Rikiya hastened to his father's assistance, and forced the wretches to turn their weapons against himself. The struggle did not last long. Avoiding a blow aimed at him by Yakushiji, Rikiya cut the fellow down, and left him writhing in mortal agony upon the ground. Bannai met with a similar fate: a frightful gash upon the leg brought him to his knee,—a pitiable spectacle enough,—and a few moments afterward the wretch breathed his last.

"A valiant deed, a valiant deed!"

Forever and ever shall the memory endure of these faithful clansmen; and in the earnest hope that the story of their loyalty —full bloom of the bamboo leaf*—may remain a bright example as long as the dynasty of our rulers shall last, has the foregoing tale of their heroism been writ down.

*The name of each heir to the Tokugawa Shōgunate contained the name *take* (bamboo).

OPENING TO 'GLIMPSES OF DREAMLANDS'

[This extract from the preface to one of Bakin's famous novels, published 1809–10, is part of a translation by Ludovic Mordwin, who characterizes Bakin as a rationalist of the most modern Teutonic type; and his grim satire and good-tempered cynicism best remind us alternately of Carlyle and Thackeray.]

THE length of man's life is fifty years, and even in ancient times men rarely reached seventy. A merely limited life is received from Heaven-and-Earth by man, but his passions have no limit. He is bound like a slave to the cent which he wears his nails to the very quick to obtain. Before the six-monthly term days arrive, payments and receipts are being briskly carried on, pleadings for grace or money, and loud lamentations; men borrowing with the meek, downcast look of a stone saint, yet rushing off to evil deeds with it whenever they grasp the desired treasure, and then repaying their loan with visage scowling like the King of Hell when he has his mouth smeared with red incense.

The popular proverb that "even in hell sins are estimated in money" is, alas! esteemed a *golden* saying. "My property," and "this or the other man's," although receiving the titles of their owners, remain but a little time, like a passing traveler who tarries for a night; for if there is income there is also expenditure. Eating and drinking, after all, are the pegs which give strength and continuity to life; and when you are really hungry perhaps nothing tastes nasty. Barbarous foreigners buy the first *bonitos* of the season with a golden *koban*, and when they have devoured them still crave for more. If you try to fare on plain rice flavored only with tea, it will travel but about three inches down your throat, and soon all will find its way to the public boats. A tight little house that you can get your knees into is quite large enough. The grand palace of the Chinese Emperor Shikō and a straw hovel differ only in being spacious or narrow, and in being placed in the country or in the capital. If you have but a room which a single mat covers, and in which you can just manage to stretch your legs, your body will be completely protected. So again, when you have packed your five feet of carcass into clothes, they form a convenient temporary skin to your frame; while the finest brocade or the coarsest rags differ only in being brilliant or dirty. When men die and become mere clay, no one by looking at their flayed [unclothed] bodies only can tell which of

them wore the grandest raiment during life. 'A waist-cloth made of silk crape is after all only a waist-cloth. When the true principles which ought to regulate these things have been apprehended, our shoulders and knees will no doubt be covered with such patches of all sorts and hues as may first come to hand; but when one knowing of any costly article for which he has no special purpose strikes a bargain on the condition of two six-monthly payments, adorns himself with a borrowed wadded gown, and points his toes to the pawn-shop, it is really a most pitiful state of affairs!

According to the kind of costume they wear, men are divided into great and mean; and if one follows simply the laws of etiquette in regard to the cut and color of his clothes, putting on even tattered pants and carrying a rusty sword in his girdle, though his possessions may be slender, still he can pay his debts. Performing all the duties assigned to him by Heaven, seizing the opportunity which a little leisure affords to turn over the green covers of an old book, viewing the ways and manners of the ancients, and resolving henceforth to mend his own ways, this is better far than purchasing pain with money. The Religion of Heaven does not give superabundantly. If a man has money he may have no children to bestow it upon; if his family is large his means may be small; handsome men are often fools, ugly men clever; taking sorts of fellows are frequently lascivious, and men poor in speech are strong in will.

ON PAINTING

[This illustration of art criticism is from the 'Tamagatsuma' (Wicker Basket) of Motoori, an entertaining miscellany by this modern master of Japanese prose. Professor Chamberlain, translator of the extract given here, says that "as a stylist Motoori stands quite alone amongst Japanese writers. His elegance is equaled only by his perspicuity. . . . This greatest scholar and writer of modern Japan" was born in Matsuzaka in Ise in the year 1730, and died in 1801. "To him more than to any other one man is due the movement which has restored the Mikado to his ancestral rights."]

THE great object in painting any one is to make as true a likeness of him as possible,—a likeness of his face (that is of course the first essential), and also of his figure, and even of his very clothes. Great attention should therefore be paid to the smallest details of a portrait. Now in the present day,

painters of the human face set out with no other intention than that of showing their vigor of touch, and of producing an elegant picture. The result is a total want of likeness to the subject. Indeed, likeness to the subject is not a thing to which they attach any importance. From this craving to display vigor and to produce elegant pictures there results a neglect of details. Pictures are dashed off so sketchily that not only is there no likeness to the face of the person painted, but wise and noble men are represented with an expression of countenance befitting none but rustics of the lowest degree. This is worthy of the gravest censure. If the real features of a personage of antiquity are unknown, it should be the artist's endeavor to represent such a personage in a manner appropriate to his rank or virtues. The man of great rank should be represented as having a dignified air, so that he may appear to have been really great. The virtuous man, again, should be painted so as to look really virtuous. But far from conforming to this principle, the artists of modern times, occupied as they are with nothing but the desire of displaying their vigor of touch, represent the noble and virtuous alike as if they had been rustics or idiots.

The same ever-present desire for mere technical display makes our artists turn beautiful women's faces into ugly ones. It will perhaps be alleged that a too elegant representation of mere beauty of feature may result in a less valuable work of art; but when it does so the fault must lie with the artist. His business is to paint the beautiful face, and at the same time *not* to produce a picture artistically inferior. In any case, fear for his own reputation as an artist is a wretched excuse for turning a beautiful face into an ugly one. On the contrary, a beautiful woman should be painted as beautiful as possible; for ugliness repels the beholder. At the same time it often happens in such pictures as those which are sold in the Yedo shops, that the strained effort to make the faces beautiful ends in excessive ugliness and vulgarity, to say nothing of artistic degradation.

Our warlike paintings (that is, representations of fierce warriors fighting) have nothing human about the countenances. The immense round eyes, the angry nose, the great mouth, remind one of demons. Now, will any one assert that this unnatural, demoniacal fashion is the proper way to give an idea of the very fiercest warrior's look? No! The warrior's fierceness should indeed be depicted, but he should at the same time be recognized

as a simple human being. It is doubtless to such portraits of warriors that a Chinese author alludes, when, speaking of Japanese paintings, he says that the figures in them are like those of the anthropophagous demons of Buddhist lore. As his countrymen do not ever actually meet living Japanese, such of them as read his book will receive the impression that all our countrymen resemble demons in appearance. For though the Japanese, through constant reading of Chinese books, are well acquainted with Chinese matters,—the Chinese, who never read our literature, are completely ignorant on our score, and there can be little doubt that the few stray allusions to us that do occur are implicitly believed in. This belief of foreigners in our portraits as an actual representation of our people will have the effect of making them imagine—when they see our great men painted like rustics and our beautiful women like frights—that the Japanese men are really contemptible in appearance and all the Japanese women hideous. Neither is it foreigners alone who will be thus misled. Our own very countrymen will not be able to resist the impression that the portraits they see of the unknown heroes of antiquity do really represent those heroes' faces.

JACQUES JASMIN

(1798–1864)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

JACQUES JASMIN, the barber-poet of Gascony, and the legitimate father of modern Provençal song, was born at Agen, in the Department of Lot-et-Garonne, March 6th, 1798. He wrote with charming ease and vivacity in his native Languedocian dialect; which is closely allied to that of the Bouches-du-Rhône, made famous not long afterward by the more formal efforts of Frédéric Mistral and the self-styled *Félibres*. The humble parents of Jasmin, after a signally unsuccessful effort to prepare him for the priesthood, apprenticed the boy to a barber; and he gayly gave to his first volume of verses, which appeared in 1825, the appropriate name of 'Papillotos,' or Curl-Papers. These naïve compositions consisted mainly of such occasional pieces as are always in request from the local poet of a provincial neighborhood: hymns for celebrations, birthday odes, dedications, and elegies: "*improvisations obligées*," as Sainte-Beuve impatiently called them, which, while they showed the musical capacities of the Gascon patois, and its great richness in onomatopœic words and phrases, were far from revealing the full range of the singer's power. "One can only pay a poetical debt by means of an impromptu," was Jasmin's own quaint apology, in after years, for the conventionality of his youthful efforts; "but impromptus, though very good money of the heart, are almost always bad money of the head."

JACQUES JASMIN

At the age of thirty-two, five years after the adventurous flight of the 'Papillotos,' Jasmin told with fascinating simplicity and an inimitable mixture of pathos and fun, in an autobiographical poem entitled 'Soubenes' or Souvenirs, the tale of his own early struggles and privations (he came literally of a line of paupers), and his audacious conquest of a position among men of letters. The touching story of 'The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé,' admirably translated into English verse by Longfellow, appeared about 1835; 'Françonette' in 1840;

and subsequently, at intervals of several years, 'The Twin Brothers,' 'Simple Martha,' and 'The Son's Week.'

'Françonette,' a romantic and highly wrought narrative in verse, of religious persecution, sorcery, and passion, was held, both in Jasmin's own frank judgment and that of his ablest critics, to be the Gascon's masterpiece. It won him warm and wide recognition, not only in France but throughout literary Europe. Writers of the rank of Pontmartin and Charles Nodier, and highest of all Sainte-Beuve, proceeded to make elaborate studies of the poems and their dialect, lauded their originality, and confessed their distinction. Learned societies and foreign potentates caused medals to be struck in honor of the whilom barber's apprentice. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1846; in 1852 his works were crowned by the French Academy, and he received the very exceptional prize of five thousand francs. The head of the parvenu poet was not at all turned by his abrupt recognition in high quarters. Sainte-Beuve had said, with his own exquisite discrimination, that the finest of Jasmin's qualities as a writer was his intellectual *sobriety*. He proved that he possessed this rare quality in the moral order as well. It is the trait by which he is most distinguished from the younger school of Provençal poets, with their proposed immortalities; — their somewhat over-solemn and oppressive consciousness of descent from the Troubadours, and a mighty poetic mission to fulfill. Jasmin is never pompous, and hardly ever dithyrambic. He is above everything natural and humane; equally impulsive and spontaneous in his laughter and his tears, and always essentially clean. He wrote slowly and with untiring care; bringing out his principal poems, as we have seen, about five years apart. "I have learned," he said on one occasion, "that in moments of heat and emotion we are all alike eloquent and laconic — prompt both in speech and action; that is to say, we are unconscious poets. And I have also learned that it is possible for a muse to become all this wittingly, and by dint of patient toil." No man was ever better pleased by the approval of high authorities than Jasmin; and he was so far reassured about his first metrical experiments by the commendation of Sainte-Beuve, that he issued a new edition of his early lyrics, including a mock-heroic poem called 'The Charivari,' which he merrily dedicated to the prince of critics. "Away on your snow-white paper wings!" is the burden of his light-hearted *envoi*, "for now you know that an angel protects you. He has even dressed you up in fine French robes, and put you in the Deux Mondes!" But he was also quite equal to forming an independent opinion of his own performances; and when some one congratulated him on having revived the traditions of the Troubadours, the irrepressible Gascon shouted in reply, "Troubadours indeed! Why,

I am a great deal better poet than any of the Troubadours! Not one of them has written a long poem of sustained interest like my 'Françonette'!" There is at least no petty vanity here.

Jasmin may almost be said to have introduced the fashion, in modern times, of reading or reciting his own poems in public. He had a powerful and mellow voice, and declaimed with great dramatic effect. He made none of those bold and brilliant experiments in metre which allured the younger *Félibres*, but clung always to the measures long approved in "legal" French poetry; especially to Alexandrines and iambic tetrameters, and to their association in that sort of irregular ballad measure of which La Fontaine had proved the flexibility in classic French, and its peculiar fitness for poetical narrative. Jasmin lived always in the South, but visited the capital occasionally in his later years, and took the lionizing which he received there as lightly as he had taken the medals and snuff-boxes of royal *dilettanti*, or the habitual starvation, varied by frequent floggings, of his wayward and squalid infancy. He died at Agen on the 4th of October, 1864, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

A popular edition of his complete works, in parallel Gascon and French, was issued in Paris in 1860 — one year after the first publication there of Mistral's 'Mirèio.' The rather coarse wood-cut likeness which serves as a frontispiece to this volume represents a striking and very attractive face: broad, open, and massive in feature, shrewd and yet sweet in expression. It is a peasant's face in every line, but full of power; and the head is carried high, with all the unconscious *fierté* of old South-European race.

Full details concerning the first and most interesting period of Jasmin's remarkable career are to be found in the 'Souvenirs,' which begin, as the poet always preferred to begin a story, in a low and quiet key, confidentially and colloquially: —

> "Now will I keep my promise, and will tell
> How I was born, and what my youth befell."

Harriet Waters Preston

A SIMPLE STORY

From 'My Souvenirs'

Now will I keep my promise, and will tell
How I was born, and what my youth befell.

The poor decrepit century passed away;
Had barely two more years on earth to stay,
When in a dingy and a dim retreat,
An old rat-palace in a narrow street,
Behind a door, Shrove Tuesday morn,
Just as the day flung its black nightcap by,
Of mother lame, and humpbacked sire, was born
A boy,—and it was I.

When princes come to life, the cannon thunder
With joy; but when I woke,
Being but a tailor's son, it was no wonder
Not even a cracker spoke.
Only a certain charivarian band
Before our neighbor's door had ta'en its stand,
Whereby my little virgin ears were torn
With dreadful din of kettle and of horn,
Which only served to echo wide the drone
Of forty couplets of my father's own. . . .

Suddenly life became a pastime gay.
We can but paint what we have felt, they say:
Why, then must feeling have begun for me
At seven years old; for then myself I see,
With paper cap on head and horn in hand,
Following my father in the village band.
Was I not happy while the horns were blowing?
Or better still, when we by chance were going,
A score or more, as we were wont to, whiles,
To gather fagots on the river isles?
Bare heads, bare feet, our luncheon carrying,
Just as the noontide bells began to ring,
We would set forth. Ah, that was glee!
Singing 'The Lamb thou gavest me!'
I'm merry at the very memory! . . .

Nathless, I was a dreamy little thing;
One simple word would strike me mute full often,
And I would hark, as to a viol string,
And knew not why I felt my heart so soften:

And that was *school*,— a pleasant word enow;
But when my mother at her spinning-wheel
Would pause and look on me with pitying brow,
And breathe it to my grandsire, I would feel
A sudden sorrow as I eyed the twain,—
A mystery, a long whole moment's pain.

And something else there was that made me sad:
I liked to fill a little pouch I had,
At the great fairs, with whatso I could glean,
And then to bid my mother look within;
And if my purse but showed her I had won
A few poor coins, a sou for service done,
Sighing, "Ah, my poor little one," she said,
"This comes in time;" and then my spirit bled.
Yet laughter soon came back, and I
Was giddier than before, a very butterfly. . . .

At last a winter came when I could keep
No more my footstool; for there chanced a thing
So strange, so sorrowful, so harrowing,
That long, long afterwards it made me weep.

Sweet ignorance, why is thy kind disguise
So early rent from happy little eyes?
I mind one Monday,—'twas my tenth birthday,—
The other boys had throned me king, in play,
When I was smitten by a sorry sight:
Two cartmen bore some aged helpless wight,
In an old willow chair, along the way.
I watched them as they near and nearer drew;
And what saw I? Dear God, could it be true?
'Twas my own grandsire, and our household all
Following. I saw but him. With sudden yearning,
I sprang and kissed him. He, my kiss returning,
For the first time some piteous tears let fall.
"Where wilt thou go? and why wilt thou forsake
Us little ones who love thee?" was my cry.
"Dear, they are taking me," my grandsire spake,
"Unto the almshouse, *where the Jasmins die.*"
Kissed me once more, closed his blue eyes, passed on.
Far through the trees we followed them, be sure.
In five more days the word came he was gone.
For me sad wisdom woke that Monday morn:
Then knew I first that we were very poor. . . .

Myself, nor less nor more, I'll draw for you,
And, if not fair, the likeness shall be true. . . .
Now saw I why our race, from sire to son,
For many lives, had never died at home;
But time for crutches having come,
The almshouse claimed its own.
I saw why one brisk woman every morn
Paused, pail in hand, my grandame's threshold by:
She brought her — not yet old, though thus forlorn —
The bread of charity.
And ah, that wallet! by two cords uphung,
Wherein my hands for broken bread went straying, —
Grandsire had borne it round the farms among,
A morsel from his ancient comrades praying.
Poor grandsire! When I kept him company,
The softest bit was evermore for me!

All this was shame and sorrow exquisite.
I played no more at leap-frog in the street,
But sat and dreamed about the seasons gone.
And if chance things my sudden laughter won, —
Flag, soldier, hoop, or kite, — it died away
Like the pale sunbeam of a weeping day. . . .

One morn my mother came, as one with gladness crazed,
Crying, "Come, Jacques, to school!" Stupid, I stood and gazed.
"To school! What then? are we grown rich?" I cried amazed.
"Nay, nay, poor little one! Thou wilt not have to pay!
Thy cousin gives it thee, and I am blessed this day."

Behold me then, with fifty others set,
Mumbling my lesson in the alphabet.
I had a goodly memory; or so they used to say.
Thanks to this pious dame, therefore,
'Twixt smiles and tears it came to pass
That I could read in six months more;
In six months more could say the mass;
In six months more I might aspire
To *tantum ergo* and the choir;
In six months more, still paying nothing,
I passed the sacred college gate;
In six months more, with wrath and loathing
They thrust me forth. Ah, luckless fate!

'Twas thus: a tempting prize was offered by-and-by
Upon the term's last week, and my theme won the same.

(A cassock 'twas, and verily
As autumn heather old and dry.)
Nathless, when mother dear upon Shrove Monday came,
My cheeks fired when we kissed; along my veins the blood
Racing in little *blobs* did seem.
More darns were in the cassock, well I understood,
Than errors in my theme;
But glad at heart was I, and the gladder for her glee.
What love was in her touch! What looks she gave her son!
"Thank God, thou learnest well!" said she;
"For this is why, my little one,
Each Tuesday comes a loaf, and so rude the winter blows,
It is welcome, as He knows."

Thereon I gave my word I would very learned be;
And when she turned away, content was in her eyes.
So I pondered on my frock, and my sire, who presently
Should come and take my measure. It happened otherwise.
The marplot de'il himself had sworn
It should not be, so it would seem,
Nor holy gown by me be worn.

Wherefore my steps he guided to a quiet court and dim,
Drove me across, and bade me stop
Under a ladder slight and tall,
Where a pretty peasant maiden, roosted against the wall,
Was dressing pouter pigeons, there atop.

Oft as I saw a woman, in the times whereof I write,
Slid a tremor through my veins, and across my dreary day
There flashed a sudden vision on my sight
Of a life all *velvet*, so to say:

Thus, when I saw Catrine (rosy she was, and sweet),
I was fain to mount a bit, till I discerned
A pair of comely legs, a pair of snowy feet,
And all my silly heart within me burned.
One tell-tale sigh I gave, and my damsel veered, alas!—
Then huddled up with piteous cries;
The ladder snapped before my eyes.
She fell!—escape for me none was!
And there we twain lay sprawling upon the court-yard floor,
I under and she o'er! . . .

But while so dulcet vengeance is wrought me by my stars,
What step is this upon the stair? Who fumbles at the bars?

Alackaday! Who opes the door?
The dread superior himself! And he my pardon bore!

Thou knowest the Florence Lion,—the famous picture where
The mother sees, in stark despair,
The onslaught of the monster wild
Who will devour her darling child;
And, fury in her look, nor heeding life the least,
With piercing cry, "My boy!" leaps on the savage beast;
Who, wondering and withstood,
Seemeth to quench the burning of his cruel thirst for blood,
And the baby is released:
Just so the reverend canon, with madness in his eye,
Sprang on my wretched self, and "My sweetmeats!" was his cry;
And the nobler lion's part, alas, was not for me!
For the jar was empty half and the bottom plain to see!

"Out of this house, thou imp of hell:
Thou'rt past forgiveness now! Dream not of such a thing!"
And the old canon, summoning
His forces, shook my ladder well.
Then with a quaking heart I turned me to descend,
Still by one handle holding tight
The fatal jar, which dropped outright
And shattered, and so came the end!

Behold me now in dire disgrace,
An outcast in the street, in the merry carnival,
As black as any Moor, with all
The sweetmeat stains upon my face!
My woes, meseemed, were just begun.
"Ho for the masque!" a gamin cried;
Full desperately did I run,
But a mob of howling urchins thronged me on every side,
Raised at my heels a cloud of dust,
And roared, "The masque is full of must!"
As on the wind's own pinions borne
I fled, and gained our cot forlorn,
And in among my household burst,
Starved, dripping, dead with rage and thirst.

Uprose a cry of wonderment from sisters, mother, sire,
And while we kissed I told them all, whereon a silence fell.
Seeing bean-porridge on the fire,
I said I would my hunger quell.

Wherefore then did they make as though they heard not me,
Standing death-still? At last arose my mother dear,
Most anxiously, most tenderly.
"Why are we tarrying?" said she,
"No more will come. Our all is here."

But I, "No more of what? Ah, tell me, for God's sake!"—
Sorely the mystery made me quake,—
"What wast thou waiting, mother mild?"
I trembled, for I guessed. And she, "The loaf, my child!"
So I had ta'en their bread away! O squalor and distress!
Accursed sweetmeats! Naughty feet!
I am base indeed! O silence full of bitterness!
Gentles, who pitying weep for every woe ye meet,
My anguish ye may guess!

No money and no loaf! A sorry tale, I ween.
Gone was my hunger now, but in my aching heart,
I seemed to feel a cruel smart,
A stab as of a brand, fire-new and keen,
Rending the scabbard it is shut within.

Silent I stood awhile, and my mother blankly scanned,
While she, as in a dream, gazed on her own left hand;
Then put her Sunday kerchief by,
And rose and spake right cheerily,
And left us for a while; and when she came once more,
Beneath her arm a little loaf she bore.

Then all anew a-talking fell,
And to the table turned. Ah, well!
They laughed, but I was full of thought,
And evermore my wandering eyes my mother sought.
Sorry was I, and mute, for a doubt that me possessed,
And drowned the noisy clamor of the rest.
But what I longed to see perpetually withdrew
And shyly hid from view,
Until at last, soup being done,
My gentle mother made a move
As she would cut the loaf, signing the cross above.
Then stole I one swift look the dear left hand upon,
And ah, it was too true!—the wedding-ring was gone! . . .

One beauteous eve in summer, when the world was all abroad,
Swept onward by the human stream that toward the palace bore,
Unthinkingly the way I trod,
And followed eager hundreds o'er

The threshold of an open door.
Good Heaven! where was I? What might mean
The lifting of that linen screen?
O lovely, lovely vision! O country strange and fair!
How they sing in yon bright world! and how sweetly talk they too!
Can ears attend the music rare,
Or eyes embrace the dazzling view?
"Why, yon is Cinderella!" I shouted in my maze.
"Silence!" quoth he who sat by me.
"Why, then? Where are we, sir? What is this whereon we gaze?"
"Thou idiot! This is the *Comedy!*"

Ah, yes! I knew that magic name,
Full oft at school had heard the same;
And fast the fevered pulses flew
In my low room the dark night through.
"O fatherland of poesy! O paradise of love!
Thou art a dream to me no more! Thy mighty spell I prove.
And thee, sweet Cinderella, my guardian I make,
And to-morrow I turn player for thy sake!"

But slumber came at dawn, and next the flaming look
Of my master, who awoke me. How like a leaf I shook!
"Where wast thou yesternight? Answer me, ne'er-do-weel!
And wherefore home at midnight steal?"
"O sir, how glorious was the play!"
"The *play*, indeed! 'Tis very true what people say:
Thou art stark crazy, wretched boy,
To make so vile an uproar through all the livelong night!
To sing and spout, and rest of sober souls destroy.
Thou who hast worn a cassock, nor blushest for thy plight!
Thou'lt come to grief, I warn thee so!
Quit shop, mayhap, and turn thyself a player low!"
"Ay, master dear, that would I be!"
"What, what? Hear I aright?" said he.
"Art blind? and dost not know the gate
That leadeth to the *almshouse* straight?"
At this terrific word, the heart in me went down
As though a club had fallen thereon;
And Cinderella fled her throne in my light head.
The pang I straightway did forget;
And yet, meseems, yon awful threat
Made softer evermore my attic bed.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston, in 'Troubadours and Trouvères.'
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THE SIREN WITH THE HEART OF ICE

From 'Françonette'

THOU whom the swains environ,
O maid of wayward will,
O icy-hearted siren,
The hour we all desire when
Thou too, thou too shalt feel!
Thy gay wings thou dost flutter,
Thy airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only mutter
In ecstasy complete
At thy feet.
Yet hark to one who proves thee
Thy victories are vain,
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learned to love again!

Sunshine, the heavens adorning,
We welcome with delight;
But thy sweet face returning
With every Sunday morning
Is yet a rarer sight.
We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like swift paces;
Thy song the soul upraises;
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair—
All are fair.
Yet hark to one who proves thee
Thy victories are vain,
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learned to love again!

Thy going from them widows
All places utterly.
The hedge-rows and the meadows
Turn scentless; gloomy shadows
Discolor the blue sky.
Then, when thou comest again,
Farewell fatigue and pain!
Life glows in every vein.
O'er every slender finger
We would linger.

Yet hark to one who proves thee
  Thy victories are vain,
Until a heart that loves thee
  Thou hast learned to love again!

Thy pet dove, in his flitting,
  Doth warn thee, lady fair!
Thee, in the wood forgetting;
Brighter for his dim setting
  He shines, for love is there!
Love is the life of all:
Oh, answer thou his call,
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
  And the grace whereof we wot
    Be forgot!
For, till great love shall move thee,
  Thy victories are vain.
'Tis little men should love thee:
  Learn thou to love again.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston, in 'Troubadours and Trouvères.'
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THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLÉ

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright:
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I

At the foot of the mountain height
  Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
  This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's Eve:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
  So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
  So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
  Seemed from the clouds descending;

When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Towards St. Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,—
A rustic bridal, ah, how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters,
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest,

While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries: —
"Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it St. Joseph would say to us all
That love o'erhasty precedeth a fall?
Oh no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is that half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight —
The pestilence that walks by night —
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw;
He is enticed and onward led;

To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain:
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day;
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers:
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe;
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"
And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear.
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

II

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary:—
"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;
Arrived, yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above;
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget — and heaven — and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
What then — when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah, woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Savior dear;

He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see!
And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!"

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms but sightless eyes;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—
"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by:
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
"My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay:
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed as in a vise!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for awhile alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul;
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death:
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long:
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy;
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste — what sayest thou?
It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:—
"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;—
Go, pray to God that thou mayst love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles!
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;
So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!
This morning, in the fullness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak stealing up the sky
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,—
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"
And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare,
At the base of the rock is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof
Above each jealous cottage roof

Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul: I feel that I am dying!'
And thou and he and I all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set:
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
Come in! The bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started,
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell
With booming sound
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, iwis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
The wedding-ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side
"'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The 'De Profundis' filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the church-yard forth they bear;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:—

"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

Longfellow's Translation. By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston

JAYADEVA

(About the Twelfth Century A. D.)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

JAYADEVA was a Sanskrit lyric poet, author of the 'Gīta-Govinda' or 'Shepherd's Canticle,' an Indian 'Song of Songs.' This passionate lyrist, who is presumed to have lived in the twelfth century of our era, is believed to have been a native of Kinduvilva in the district of Bengal. With all the fervor of a Theocritus piping in the vales of Sicily, he sang in melting strains the divine love of the god Vishnu, incarnate as herdsman and shepherd on the banks of the Indian Jumna. Little is known of his life. A passing mention in his poem implies that his father's name was Bhoja-deva, and that his mother's name was Rāma-devī; but that is all. We know also from the poem that he was a religious devotee of the Vaishnavite sect, for the praise of Vishnu forms the burden of the refrains in his song. He is to be distinguished, according to general opinion, from a Sanskrit dramatist of the same name. The article 'Indian Literature' should be consulted in order to give an idea of the age in which Jayadeva flourished.

The poem 'Gīta-Govinda' (literally "song of the cowherd") is one of the most celebrated compositions in Sanskrit literature. It is a lyrical-dramatic piece, a musical pastoral, or a sort of Oriental opera in narrative. As before remarked, the theme of this religious canticle is the story of the love of Vishnu, incarnate as Krishna or Hari, for his devoted Rādhā. The half-human yet divine Krishna, a very Apollo in beauty, has strayed from the true love of his heart, the herdsman's daughter Rādhā, and he disports himself with the *gōpīs*, or shepherd damsels, in all the enchanting ecstasies of transitory passion. The neglected and grieving Rādhā searches for her erring lover to reclaim him. A handmaiden, her lone companion, bears the messages to Krishna, whose fleeting frenzied passion for the shepherdesses is soon spent, and who longs for reunion with his soul's idol, the perfect maiden Rādhā. All this is rendered with genuine dramatic power, yet there is no dialogue: the poet simply tells the story, but he tells it in so vivid a way that it is truly dramatic. The handmaid finally brings about the reconciliation of the lovers, and accomplishes their reunion in a moonlit bower amid a scene flooded with Oriental coloring.

Like the Song of Solomon, which should be read in this connection, the 'Gīta-Govinda' is frequently interpreted as an allegory, portraying figuratively a struggle of the soul amid human passions and the final attainment of supreme spiritual bliss. Such figurative methods of expression and symbolic imagery in poetry have indeed prevailed in the East since time immemorial, as is seen in the case of Hāfiz (the article on whom might be consulted); and it is hardly to be questioned that a religious element is present in the 'Gīta,' for Jayadeva's oft repeated refrains of pious devotion stand out in quite clear tone amid the erotic strains. On the other hand, the sacred erotism of the poem may show something of the sensuality of the Vishnu-Krishna cult. In whichever way we criticize the poem, we must allow the presence of a devotional element and the consequent possibilities, as we would in Solomon's Divine Song.

As a poem, the 'Gīta-Govinda' is a masterpiece of art. To read it in the original is the true way to gain an idea of the charm and artistic finish of the composition. The ever changing rhythms, the rich rhymes which are often interlaced or concealed, the alliteration, assonance, fanciful metrical devices, and a dozen subtle graces which belong to the Sanskrit art poesy, surprise by their variety and their abundance. The diversity in tone and shade adds to the effect; the feeling is tender and delicate, but sometimes it is passionate to excess, and is expressed with a warmth and fervor or a lavishness of Oriental coloring that is occasionally too exuberant for Occidental taste. The poem is divided into twelve short cantos, and it contains more than twenty lyrical gems. The text provides for musical accompaniments in different measures and modes, suited to the lyrical effusion which forms its burden or which is expressed in its refrain. It is almost impossible in translation to convey a true idea of the finish and delicacy of the original. The German poetical rendering by Rückert is believed to have come nearest to success in this. Sir Edwin Arnold's paraphrase, 'The Indian Song of Songs,' may well be read to catch something of the spirit of the composition. Lassen's Latin version is one of the classic works on the subject. The prose rendering into English by Sir William Jones in the fourth volume of his Collected Works, in spite of abridgment and some alterations, is sufficiently near to the original to convey a good idea of the merits — and to our mind, of some of the defects — of this Sanskrit masterpiece. Selections from that rendering, with slight changes in spelling, are appended. Rādhā is searching for her erring lover Krishna.

A. V. Williams Jackson

RĀDHĀ AND KRISHNA

RĀDHĀ long sought her love Krishna in vain, and her thoughts were confounded by the fever of desire; she roved in the
I. 7. vernal morning among the twining Vāsantis covered with soft blossoms, when a damsel thus addressed her with youthful hilarity: "The gale that has wantoned round the beautiful clove-plants breathes now from the hills of Malaya; the circling arbors resound with the notes of the Kokila [cuckoo] and the murmurs of the honey-making swarms. Now the hearts of damsels whose lovers travel at a distance are pierced with anguish; while the blossoms of Bakul are conspicuous among the flowerets covered with bees. The Tamāla, with leaves dark and odorous, claims a tribute from the musk which it vanquishes; and the clustering flowers of the Palāça resemble the nails of Kāma [Cupid], with which he rends the hearts of the young. The full-blown Keçara gleams like the sceptre of the world's monarch, Love; and the pointed Thyrse of the Ketaka resembles the darts by which lovers are wounded. See the bunches of the Pātali-flowers [trumpet flowers] filled with bees, like the quiver of Smara full of shafts; while the tender blossom of the Karuna smiles to see the whole world laying shame aside. The far-scented Mādhavī [spring creeper] beautifies the trees round which it twines; and the fresh Mallikā [jasmine] seduces with rich perfume even the hearts of hermits; while the Amra-tree with blooming tresses is embraced by the gay creeper Atimucta, and the blue streams of Yamunā wind round the groves of Vrindāvan. In this charming season, which gives pain to separated lovers, young Krishna sports and dances with young damsels."

[The jealous Rādhā gives no answer, and the maid continues by describing how the forgetful Krishna disports with the gay shepherdesses.]

I. 12. "With a garland of wild flowers descending even to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks and by earrings that sparkle as he plays, Krishna exults in the assemblage of amorous damsels. One of them presses him to her swelling breast, while she warbles with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretense of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples and kisses them with

ardor. One seizes his mantle and draws him toward her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamunā, where elegant Vanjulas interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the sportive circle, whilst her bracelets ring and she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one, and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chases her whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Krishna frolics, in the season of sweets, among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces as if he were Pleasure itself assuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of hymning his divine perfections, whispers in his ear: 'Thy lips, my beloved, are nectar.'"

II. 1. Rādhā remains in the forest: but resenting the promiscuous passion of Krishna, and his neglect of her beauty which he once thought superior, she retires to a bower of twining plants, the summit of which resounds with the humming of swarms engaged in their sweet labors; and there, falling languid on the ground, she thus addresses her female companion: "Though he take recreation in my absence, and smile on all around him, yet my soul remembers him."

[And the deserving and grieving Rādhā portrays in fairest colors the depth of her love for the errant Krishna, and she begs the maid to bring him to her bower.]

III. 1. Meantime the destroyer of Kansa, having brought to his remembrance the amiable Rādhā, forsook the beautiful damsels of Vraja: he sought his devoted Rādhā in all parts of the forest; his old wound from love's arrow bled again; he repented his levity, and seated in a bower near the bank of the Yamunā, the blue daughter of the sun, thus poured forth his lamentation.

"She is departed: she saw me, no doubt, surrounded by the wanton shepherdesses; yet, conscious of my fault, I durst not intercept her flight. Woe is me! She feels a sense of injured honor, and is departed in wrath. How will she conduct herself? How will she express her pain in so long a separation? What is wealth to me? What are numerous attendants? What are the pleasures of the world? What joy can I receive from a heavenly abode? I seem to behold her face with eyebrows contracting themselves through her just resentment; it resembles a fresh lotos over which two black bees are fluttering: I seem, so present is she to my imagination, even now to caress her with eagerness.

Why then do I seek her in this forest? Why do I lament without cause? O slender damsel! anger, I know, has torn thy soft bosom; but whither thou art retired I know not. How can I invite thee to return? Thou art seen by me, indeed, in a vision; thou seemest to move before me. Ah! why dost thou not rush, as before, to my embrace? Do but forgive me: never again will I commit a similar offense. Grant me but a sight of thee, O lovely Rādhā, for my passion torments me."

IV. 1. The damsel [as confidante] commissioned by Rādhā [to seek the erring Krishna] found the disconsolate god under an arbor of spreading Vaniras by the side of Yamunā; where, presenting herself gracefully before him, she thus described the affliction of his beloved:—

"She despises essence of sandalwood, and even by moonlight sits brooding over her gloomy sorrow; she declares the gale of Malaya to be venom, and the sandal-trees through which it has breathed to have been the haunt of serpents. Thus, O Mādhava, is she afflicted in thy absence with the pain which love's dart has occasioned; her soul is fixed on thee. Fresh arrows of desire are continually assailing her, and she forms a net of lotos-leaves as armor for her heart, which thou alone shouldst fortify. She makes her own bed of the arrows darted by the flowery-shafted god; but when she hoped for thy embrace, she had formed for thee a couch of soft blossoms. Her face is like a water-lily veiled in the dews of tears, and her eyes appear like moons eclipsed."

[Krishna now sends a message in return by the damsel, who pictures to Rādhā the longing of her lover's heart as follows:—]

V. 2. "Whilst a sweet breeze from the hills of Malaya comes wafting on his plumes the young god of Desire; while many a flower points his extended petals to pierce the bosoms of separated lovers, the deity crowned with sylvan blossoms laments, O friend, in thy absence. Even the dewy rays of the moon burn him; and as the shaft of love is descending, he mourns inarticulately with increasing distraction. When the bees murmur softly, he covers his ears; misery sits fixed in his heart, and every returning night adds anguish to anguish. He quits his radiant palace for the wild forest, where he sinks on a bed of cold clay, and frequently mutters thy name. In yon bower, to which the pilgrims of love are used to repair, he meditates on thy form,

repeating in silence some enchanting word which once dropped from thy lips, and thirsting for the nectar which they alone can supply. Delay not, O loveliest of women; follow the lord of thy heart: behold, he seeks the appointed shade, bright with the ornaments of love, and confident of the promised bliss. Having bound his locks with forest flowers, he hastens to yon arbor, where a soft gale breathes over the banks of Yamunā; there, again pronouncing thy name, he modulates his divine reed. Oh! with what rapture doth he gaze on the golden dust which the breeze shakes from expanded blossoms; the breeze which has kissed thy cheek! With a mind languid as a dropping wing, feeble as a trembling leaf, he doubtfully expects thy approach, and timidly looks on the path which thou must tread."

[The damsel returns, and narrates to Krishna the love-born misery and weakness of Rādhā.]

VI. 1. "She mourns, O sovereign of the world, in her verdant bower; she looks eagerly on all sides in hope of thy approach; then, gaining strength from the delightful idea of the proposed meeting, she advances a few steps, and falls languid on the ground. When she rises, she weaves bracelets of fresh leaves; she dresses herself like her beloved, and looking at herself in sport, exclaims, 'Behold the vanquisher of Madhu!' Then she repeats again and again the name of Krishna, and catching at a dark blue cloud, strives to embrace it, saying, 'It is my beloved who approaches.' Thus, while thou art dilatory, she lies expecting thee; she mourns; she weeps; she puts on her gayest ornaments to receive her lord."

VII. 1. By this time the moon spread out a net of beams over the groves of Vrindāvan, and looked like a drop of liquid sandal on the face of the sky, which smiled like a beautiful damsel; while its orb with many spots betrayed, as it were, a consciousness of guilt, in having often attended amorous maids to the loss of their family honor. The moon, with a black fawn couched on its disk, advanced in its nightly course; but Mādhava had not advanced to the bower of Rādhā, who thus bewailed his delay with notes of varied lamentation.

VII. 3. "The appointed moment is come; but Krishna, alas! comes not to the grove. Must the season of my unblemished youth pass thus idly away? Oh! what refuge can I seek, deluded as I am by the guile of my female adviser? The god with five

arrows has wounded my heart; and I am deserted by him for whose sake I have sought at night the darkest recess of the forest. Since my best beloved friends have deceived me, it is my wish to die; since my senses are disordered, and my bosom is on fire, why stay I longer in this world?"

[And as Krishna does not accompany the damsel, Rādhā supposes him to be false; and fired by jealousy, she passes in anguish a sleepless night imagining her Krishna reposing in a rival's arms.]

VII. 5. Her form is transfigured by the touch of her divine lover; her garland quivers over her swelling bosom; her face like the moon is graced with clouds of dark hair, and trembles, while she quaffs the nectarous dew on his lip; her bright earrings dance over her cheeks, which they radiate; and the small bells on her girdle tinkle as she moves.

[But Krishna is faithful now to his true love, whom he fears he has lost. His prolonged trial is at an end, and penitent he seeks Rādhā and falls weeping at her feet.]

X. 2. "Speak but one mild word, and the rays of thy sparkling teeth will dispel the gloom of my fears. My trembling lips, like thirsty Chakoras, long to drink the moonbeams of thy cheek. O my darling, who art naturally so tender-hearted, abandon thy causeless indignation. At this moment the flame of desire consumes my heart: oh, grant me a draught of honey from the lotos of thy mouth! Or, if thou beëst inexorable, grant me death from the arrows of thy keen eyes; make thy arms my chains; and punish me according to thy pleasure. Thou art my life; thou art my ornament; thou art a pearl in the ocean of my mortal birth: oh! be favorable now, and my heart shall eternally be grateful."

[And the reconciliation takes place in a beautiful moonlit bower, as described above.]

Translation of Sir William Jones.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

(1848–1887)

AN ENGLISH essayist of unusual quality was Richard Jefferies, whose birthplace was near the Wiltshire village of Swindon. There, November 6th, 1848, the son of a farmer, he began the life that was to end untimely before he had come to the age of forty. His baptismal name was John Richard. Self-educated by sheer willpower, struggling up out of untoward humble circumstances, Jefferies offers an example of one of the finest spectacles earth affords: personal merit winning its way against odds.

He wrote early for local newspapers, and contributed tentatively to Fraser's Magazine. In 1877, still under thirty, he settled at Surbiton near London, in order to take up the literary career for better or worse. He wrote for the Pall Mall Gazette, Longmans' Magazine, and like periodicals; his essays attracting attention by their individual note, fresh spirit, accurate descriptions, and loving feeling for nature.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Although dying comparatively young,—August 14th, 1887, at Goring in Sussex, (?)—Jefferies was a voluminous writer, his list of published works numbering twenty-four. Of these, characteristic early works were—'The Gamekeeper at Home: or, Sketches from Natural History and Rural Life' (1878); 'The Amateur Poacher' (1879); 'Hodge and His Masters' (1880); and 'Round About a Great Estate' (1880). A number of novels also date from this period; and while Jefferies was deficient in construction and action, and not properly a maker of fiction, his fine descriptive powers and strong thought give even his stories a certain value. But it is in the essay devoted to the study and praise of nature that he becomes a master. When he began to write of British scenery, of the birds, flowers, and trees of his own region, he produced work that won him a unique position among modern English essayists. Volumes like 'Life of the Fields' (1884), the wonderful autobiographical sketch 'Story of My Heart' (1883), and the posthumous collection of papers published by his widow under the title 'Field and Hedgerow,' illustrate phases of this activity.

During the six final years of his life Jefferies was an invalid, and spent his time in country villages in the quest of health; yet some of the most suggestive and beautiful of his essays were written under these conditions, the poetic and mystic in him coming out strong towards the last, and lending a sort of magic to his pen.

Like the American John Burroughs, Jefferies unites knowledge and love of his chief subject with the power of popular literary presentation. Technicalities are forgotten in the infectious glow of his enthusiasm. The two writers are not unlike, also, in their philosophy, which interprets Nature without discovering in her the conventional religious symbols. But Jefferies is more the prose poet, and has an idealistic element which gives a peculiar charm to his essays. The exquisite passage which follows, from the 'Story of My Heart,' is as good an illustration of this mystic quality as the whole body of his writings affords. Seldom has a more remarkable confession of spiritual travail been written down. The 'Story' is so candid, so intimate, yet so delicate; and it is all true, "absolutely and unflinchingly true," as he says. One hardly knows at first whether it be a real experience or a literary *tour de force*,— until more knowledge of Jefferies, of his honesty and unconventionality, stamps the book as naïvely genuine. The poetry of it will be felt by any one sensitive to beautiful words that carry beautiful thoughts. An example is also given of his earlier, more objective and practical mood and manner.

HILL VISIONS

From 'The Story of My Heart'

THE story of my heart commences seventeen years ago. In the glow of youth there were times every now and then when I felt the necessity of a strong inspiration of soul-thought. My heart was dusty, parched for the want of the rain of deep feeling; my mind arid and dry, — for there is a dust which settles on the heart as well as that which falls on a ledge. It is injurious to the mind as well as to the body to be always in one place, and always surrounded by the same circumstances. A species of thick clothing slowly grows about the mind; the pores are choked, little habits become a part of existence, and by degrees the mind is inclosed in a husk. When this began to form, I felt eager to escape from it, to throw it off like heavy clothing, to drink deeply once more at the fresh fountain of life. An inspiration — a long deep breath of the pure air of thought — could alone give health to the heart.

There was a hill to which I used to resort at such periods. The labor of walking three miles to it, all the while gradually ascending, seemed to clear my blood of the heaviness accumulated at home. On a warm summer day the slow continued rise required continued effort, which carried away the sense of oppression. The familiar every-day scene was soon out of sight; I came to other trees, meadows, and fields; I began to breathe a new air and to have a fresher aspiration. I restrained my soul till I reached the sward of the hill; psyche, the soul that longed to be loose,—I would write psyche always instead of soul, to avoid meanings which have become attached to the word "soul," but it is awkward to do so. Clumsy indeed are all words the moment the wooden stage of commonplace life is left. I restrained psyche, my soul, till I reached and put my foot on the grass at the beginning of the green hill itself.

Moving up the sweet short turf, at every step my heart seemed to obtain a wider horizon of feeling; with every inhalation of rich pure air, a deeper desire. The very light of the sun was whiter and more brilliant here. By the time I had reached the summit I had entirely forgotten the petty circumstances and the annoyances of existence. I felt myself, myself. There was an intrenchment on the summit, and going down into the fosse I walked round it slowly to recover breath. On the southwestern side there was a spot where the outer bank had partially slipped, leaving a gap. There the view was over a broad plain, beautiful with wheat and inclosed by a perfect amphitheatre of green hills. Through these hills there was one narrow groove or pass southwards, where the white clouds seemed to close in the horizon. Woods hid the scattered hamlets and farm-houses, so that I was quite alone.

I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea far beyond sight. I thought of the earth's firmness—I felt it bear me up; through the grassy couch there came an influence as if I could feel the great earth speaking to me. I thought of the wandering air—its pureness, which is its beauty: the air touched me and gave me something of itself. I spoke to the sea;—though so far, in my mind I saw it green at the rim of the earth and blue in deeper ocean;—I desired to have its strength, its mystery and glory. Then I addressed the sun, desiring the soul-equivalent of his light and brilliance,

his endurance and unwearied race. I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depth, inhaling its exquisite color and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul toward it, and there it rested; for pure color is rest of heart. By all these I prayed: I felt an emotion of the soul beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know no other. By the blue heaven, by the rolling sun bursting through untrodden space, a new ocean of ether is every day unveiled. By the fresh and wandering air encompassing the world; by the sea sounding on the shore — the green sea white-flecked at the margin, and the deep ocean; by the strong earth under me. Then returning, I prayed by the sweet thyme, whose little flowers I touched with my hand; by the slender grass; by the crumble of dry, chalky earth I took up and let fall through my fingers. Touching the crumble of earth, the blade of grass, the thyme flower; breathing the earth-encircling air; thinking of the sea and the sky, holding out my hand for the sunbeams to touch it, prone on the sward in token of deep reverence, — thus I prayed that I might touch to the unutterable existence infinitely higher than Deity.

With all the intensity of feeling which exalted me, all the intense communion I held with the earth, the sun and sky, the stars hidden by the light, with the ocean — in no manner can the thrilling depth of these feelings be written. With these I prayed as if they were the keys of an instrument, of an organ, with which I swelled forth the notes of my soul, redoubling my own voice by their power. The great sun burning with light; the strong earth, dear earth; the warm sky; the pure air; the thought of ocean, — the inexpressible beauty of all filled me with a rapture, an ecstasy, an inflatus. With this inflatus, too, I prayed. Next to myself I came and recalled myself, my bodily existence. I held out my hand; the sunlight gleamed on the skin and the iridescent nails; I recalled the mystery and beauty of the flesh. I thought of the mind with which I could see the ocean sixty miles distant, and gather to myself its glory. I thought of my inner existence, that consciousness which is called the soul. These — that is, myself — I threw in the balance to weigh the prayer the heavier. My strength of body, mind, and soul I flung into it; I put forth my strength; I wrestled and labored and toiled in might of prayer. The prayer, this soul-emotion, was in

itself; not for an object — it was a passion. I hid my face in the grass; I was wholly prostrated; I lost myself in the wrestle; I was rapt and carried away.

Becoming calmer, I returned to myself and thought, reclining in rapt thought, full of aspiration, steeped to the lips of my soul in desire. I did not then define or analyze or understand this. I see now that what I labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning. Finally I rose, walked half a mile or so along the summit of the hill eastwards, to soothe myself and come to the common ways of life again. Had any shepherd accidentally seen me lying on the turf, he would only have thought that I was resting a few minutes; I made no outward show. Who could have imagined the whirlwind of passion that was going on within me as I reclined there! I was greatly exhausted when I reached home. Occasionally I went upon the hill, deliberately deeming it good to do so; then again, this craving carried me away up there of itself. Though the principal feeling was the same, there were variations in the mode in which it affected me.

Sometimes on lying down on the sward, I first looked up at the sky, gazing for a long time till I could see deep into the azure and my eyes were full of the color; then I turned my face to the grass and thyme, placing my hands at each side of my face so as to shut out everything and hide myself. Having drunk deeply of the heaven above, and felt the most glorious beauty of the day, and remembering the old, old sea, which (as it seemed to me) was but just yonder at the edge, I now became lost, and absorbed into the being or existence of the universe. I felt down deep into the earth under, and high above into the sky, and farther still to the sun and stars, still farther beyond the stars into the hollow of space; and losing thus my separateness of being, came to seem like a part of the whole. Then I whispered to the earth beneath, through the grass and thyme down into the depth of its ear, and again up to the starry space hid behind the blue of day. Traveling in an instant across the distant sea, I saw, as if with actual vision, the palms and cocoanut-trees, the bamboos of India, and the cedars of the extreme south. Like a lake with islands the ocean lay before me, as clear and vivid as the plain beneath in the midst of the amphitheatre of hills.

With the glory of the great sea, I said; with the firm, solid, and sustaining earth; the depth, distance, and expanse of ether; the age, tamelessness, and ceaseless motion of the ocean; the stars, and the unknown in space; by all those things which are most powerful, known to me, and by those which exist but of which I have no idea whatever, I pray. Further, by my own soul, that secret existence which above all other things bears the nearest resemblance to the ideal of spirit infinitely nearer than earth, sun, or star. Speaking by an inclination towards, not in words, my soul prays that I may have something from each of these; that I may gather a flower from them, that I may have in myself the secret and meaning of the earth, the golden sun, the light, the foam-flecked sea. Let my soul become enlarged; I am not enough; I am little and contemptible. I desire a greatness of soul, an irradiance of mind, a deeper insight, a broader hope. Give me power of soul so that I may actually effect by its will that which I strive for.

In winter, though I could not then rest on the grass, or stay long enough to form any definite expression, I still went up to the hill once, now and then, for it seemed that to merely visit the spot repeated all that I had previously said. But it was not only then.

In summer I went out into the fields, and let my soul inspire these thoughts under the trees, standing against the trunk or looking up through the branches at the sky. If trees could speak, hundreds of them would say that I had these soul-emotions under them. Leaning against the oak's massive trunk, and feeling the rough bark and the lichen at my back, looking southwards over the grassy fields, cowslip-yellow, at the woods on the slope, I thought my desire of deeper soul-life. Or under the green firs, looking upwards, the sky was more deeply blue at their tops; then the brake-fern was unrolling, the doves cooing, the thickets astir, the late ash leaves coming forth. Under the shapely, rounded elms, by the hawthorn bushes and hazel, everywhere the same deep desire for the soul-nature; to have from all green things and from the sunlight the inner meaning which was not known to them,—that I might be full of light as the woods of the sun's rays. Just to touch the lichened bark of a tree, or the end of a spray projecting over the path as I walked, seemed to repeat the same prayer in me.

The long-lived summer days dried and warmed the turf in the meadows. I used to lie down in solitary corners at full length on my back, so as to feel the embrace of the earth. The grass stood high above me, and the shadows of the tree branches danced on my face. I looked up at the sky with half-closed eyes, to bear the dazzling light. Bees buzzed over me, sometimes a butterfly passed, there was a hum in the air, green-finches sang in the hedge. Gradually entering into the intense life of the summer's days,—a life which burned around as if every grass-blade and leaf were a torch,—I came to feel the long-drawn life of the earth back into the dimmest past, while the sun of the moment was warm on me. Sesostris on the most ancient sands of the south, in ancient, ancient days, was conscious of himself and of the sun. This sunlight linked me through the ages to that past consciousness. From all the ages my soul desired to take that soul-life which had flowed through them, as the sunbeams had continually poured on earth. As the hot sands take up the heat, so would I take up that soul-energy. Dreamy in appearance, I was breathing full of existence; I was aware of the grass-blades, the flowers, the leaves on hawthorn and tree. I seemed to live more largely through them, as if each were a pore through which I drank. The grasshoppers called and leaped, the green-finches sang, the blackbirds happily fluted, all the air hummed with life. I was plunged deep in existence, and with all that existence I prayed.

Through every grass-blade in the thousand thousand grasses; through the million leaves, veined and edge-cut, on bush and tree; through the song-notes and the marked feathers of the bird; through the insects' hum and the color of the butterfly; through the soft warm air and the flecks of clouds dissolving,—I used them all for prayer with all the energy the sunbeams had poured unwearied on the earth since Sesostris was conscious of them on the ancient sands; with all the life that had been lived by vigorous man and beauteous woman since first in dearest Greece the dream of the gods was woven; with all the soul-life that had flowed a long stream down to me,—I prayed that I might have a soul more than equal to, far beyond my conception of, these things of the past, the present and the fullness of all life; not only equal to these, but beyond, higher, and more powerful than I could imagine; that I might take from all their energy,

grandeur, and beauty, and gather it into me; that my soul might be more than the cosmos of life.

I prayed with the glowing clouds of sunset, and the soft light of the first star coming through the violet sky. At night, with the stars according to the season: now with the Pleiades, now with the Swan, or burning Sirius, and broad Orion's whole constellation, red Aldebaran, Arcturus, and the Northern Crown; with the morning star, the light-bringer, once now and then when I saw it, a white-gold ball in the violet-purple sky, or framed about with pale summer vapor, floating away as red streaks shot horizontally in the east. A diffused saffron ascended into the luminous upper azure. The disk of the sun rose over the hill; fluctuating with throbs of light, his chest heaved in fervor of brilliance. All the glory of the sunrise filled me with broader and furnace-like vehemence of prayer that I might have the deepest of soul-life, the deepest of all, deeper far than all this greatness of the visible universe and even of the invisible; that I might have a fullness of soul till now unknown, and utterly beyond my own conception.

In the deepest darkness of the night, the same thought rose in my mind as in the bright light of noontide. What is there which I have not used to strengthen the same emotion?

THE BREEZE ON BEACHY HEAD

From 'Nature Near London'

The waves coming round the promontory before the west wind still give the idea of a flowing stream, as they did in Homer's days. Here beneath the cliff, standing where beach and sand meet, it is still; the wind passes six hundred feet overhead: but yonder, every larger wave rolling before the breeze breaks over the rocks; a white line of spray rushes along them, gleaming in the sunshine; for a moment the dark rock-wall disappears, till the spray sinks.

The sea seems higher than the spot where I stand, its surface on a higher level,—raised like a green mound,—as if it could burst it and occupy the space up to the foot of the cliff in a moment. It will not do so, I know: but there is an infinite possibility about the sea; it may do what it is not recorded to have

done. It is not to be ordered; it may overleap the bounds human observation has fixed for it. It has a potency unfathomable. There is still something in it not quite grasped and understood, something still to be discovered, a mystery.

So the white spray rushes along the low broken wall of rocks, the sun gleams on the flying fragments of the wave; again it sinks, and the rhythmic motion holds the mind, as an invisible force holds back the tide. A faith of expectancy, a sense that something may drift up from the unknown, a large belief in the unseen resources of the endless space out yonder, soothes the mind with dreamy hope.

The little rules and little experiences — all the petty ways of narrow life — are shut off behind by the ponderous and impassable cliff; as if we had dwelt in the dim light of a cave, but coming out at last to look at the sun, a great stone had fallen and closed the entrance, so that there was no return to the shadow. The impassable precipice shuts off our former selves of yesterday, forcing us to look out over the sea only, or up to the deeper heaven.

These breadths draw out the soul; we feel that we have wider thoughts than we knew; the soul has been living as it were in a nutshell, all unaware of its own power, and now suddenly finds freedom in the sun and the sky. Straight, as if sawn down from turf to beach, the cliff shuts off the human world, for the sea knows no time and no era; you cannot tell what century it is from the face of the sea. A Roman trireme suddenly rounding the white edge-line of chalk, borne on wind and oar from the Isle of Wight towards the gray castle at Pevensey (already old in olden days), would not seem strange. What wonder could surprise us coming from the wonderful sea?

The little rills winding through the sand have made an islet of a detached rock by the beach; limpets cover it, adhering like rivet-heads. In the stillness here, under the roof of the wind so high above, the sound of the sand draining itself is audible. From the cliff, blocks of chalk have fallen, leaving hollows as when a knot drops from a beam. They lie crushed together at the base, and on the point of this jagged ridge a wheatear perches.

There are ledges three hundred feet above; and from these now and then a jackdaw glides out and returns again to his place, where, when still and with folded wings, he is but a speck

of black. A spire of chalk still higher stands out from the wall; but the rains have got behind it, and will cut the crevice deeper and deeper into its foundation. Water too has carried the soil from under the turf at the summit over the verge, forming brown streaks.

Upon the beach lies a piece of timber, part of a wreck; the wood is torn and the fibres rent where it was battered against the dull edge of the rocks. The heat of the sun burns, thrown back by the dazzling chalk; the river of ocean flows ceaselessly, casting the spray over the stones; the unchanged sky is blue.

Let us go back and mount the steps at the Gap, and rest on the sward there. I feel that I want the presence of grass. The sky is a softer blue, and the sun genial; now the eye and the mind alike are relieved — the one of the strain of too great solitude (not the solitude of the woods), the other of too brilliant and hard a contrast of colors. Touch but the grass, and the harmony returns; it is repose after exaltation.

A vessel comes round the promontory. It is not a trireme of old Rome, nor the "fair and stately galley" Count Arnaldus hailed with its seamen singing the mystery of the sea; it is but a brig in ballast, high out of the water, black of hull and dingy of sail; still it is a ship, and there is always an interest about a ship. She is so near, running along but just outside the reef, that the deck is visible. Up rises her stern as the billows come fast and roll under; then her bow lifts, and immediately she rolls, and loosely swaying with the sea, drives along.

The slope of the billow now behind her is white with the bubbles of her passage, rising too from her rudder. Steering athwart with a widening angle from the land, she is laid to clear the distant point of Dungeness. Next a steamer glides forth, unseen till she passed the cliff; and thus each vessel that comes from the westward has the charm of the unexpected. Eastward there is many a sail working slowly into the wind, and as they approach, talking in the language of flags with the watch on the summit of the Head.

Once now and then the great Orient pauses on her outward route to Australia, slowing her engines: the immense length of her hull contains every adjunct of modern life; science, skill, and civilization are there. She starts, and is lost sight of round the cliff, — gone straight away for the very ends of the world. The incident is forgotten, when one morning as you turn over the

newspaper, there is the Orient announced to start again. It is like a tale of enchantment: it seems but yesterday that the Head hid her from view; you have scarcely moved, attending to the daily routine of life, and scarce recognize that time has passed at all. In so few hours has the earth been encompassed.

The sea-gulls as they settle on the surface ride high out of the water, like the mediæval caravels, with their sterns almost as tall as the masts. Their unconcerned flight, with crooked wings unbent, as if it were no matter to them whether they flew or floated, in its peculiar jerking motion reminds one of the lapwing; the heron has it too, a little: as if aquatic or water-side birds had a common and distinct action of the wing.

Sometimes a porpoise comes along, but just beyond the reef; looking down on him from the verge of the cliff, his course can be watched. His dark body, wet and oily, appears on the surface for two seconds; and then, throwing up his tail like the fluke of an anchor, down he goes. Now look forward along the waves some fifty yards or so, and he will come up, the sunshine gleaming on the water as it runs off his back, to again dive, and reappear after a similar interval. Even when the eye can no longer distinguish the form, the spot where he rises is visible, from the slight change in the surface.

The hill receding in hollows leaves a narrow plain between the foot of the sward and the cliff; it is plowed, and the teams come to the footpath which follows the edge; and thus those who plow the sea and those who plow the land look upon each other. The one sees the vessel change her tack, the other notes the plow turning at the end of the furrow. Bramble-bushes project over the dangerous wall of chalk, and grasses fill up the interstices, a hedge suspended in air; but be careful not to reach too far for the blackberries.

The green sea is on the one hand, the yellow stubble on the other. The porpoise dives along beneath, the sheep graze above. Green seaweed lines the reef over which the white spray flies, blue lucerne dots the field. The pebbles of the beach seen from the height mingle in a faint blue tint, as if the distance ground them into colored sand. Leaving the footpath now, and crossing the stubble to "France," as the wide open hollow in the down is called by the shepherds, it is no easy matter in dry summer weather to climb the steep turf to the furze line above.

Dry grass is as slippery as if it were hair, and the sheep have fed it too close for a grip of the hand. Under the furze (still far from the summit) they have worn a path — a narrow ledge, cut by their cloven feet — through the sward. It is time to rest; and already, looking back, the sea has extended to an indefinite horizon. This climb of a few hundred feet opens a view of so many miles more. But the ships lose their individuality and human character; they are so far, so very far away, they do not take hold of the sympathies; they seem like sketches — cunningly executed, but only sketches — on the immense canvas of the ocean. There is something unreal about them.

On a calm day, when the surface is smooth as if the brimming ocean had been stroked, — the rod passed across the top of the measure, thrusting off the irregularities of wave; when the distant green from long simmering under the sun becomes pale; when the sky, without cloud, but with some slight haze in it, likewise loses its hue, and the two so commingle in the pallor of heat that they cannot be separated, — then the still ships appear suspended in space. They are as much held from above as upborne from beneath.

They are motionless, midway in space — whether it is sea or air is not to be known. They neither float nor fly, they are suspended. There is no force in the flat sail, the mast is lifeless, the hull without impetus. For hours they linger, changeless as the constellations; still, silent, motionless, phantom vessels on a void sea.

Another climb up from the sheep-path, and it is not far then to the terrible edge of that tremendous cliff which rises straighter than a ship's side out of the sea, six hundred feet above the detached rock below, where the limpets cling like rivet heads, and the sand rills run around it. But it is not possible to look down to it: the glance of necessity falls outwards, as a raindrop from the eaves is deflected by the wind, because it *is* the edge where the mold crumbles; the rootlets of the grass are exposed; the chalk is about to break away in flakes.

You cannot lean over as over a parapet, lest such a flake should detach itself; lest a mere trifle should begin to fall, awakening a dread and dormant inclination to slide and finally plunge like it. Stand back; the sea there goes out and out to the left and to the right, and how far is it to the blue overhead?

The eye must stay here a long period and drink in these distances, before it can adjust the measure and know exactly what it sees. . . .

Here, reclining on the grass—the verge of the cliff rising a little shuts out the actual sea—the glance goes forth into the hollow unsupported. It is sweeter towards the corn-ricks, and yet the mind will not be satisfied, but ever turns to the unknown. The edge and the abyss recall us; the boundless plain—for it appears solid as the waves are leveled by distance—demands the gaze. But with use it becomes easier, and the eye labors less. There is a promontory standing out from the main wall, whence you can see the side of the cliff, getting a flank view, as from a tower.

The jackdaws occasionally floating out from the ledge are as mere specks from above, as they were from below. The reef running out from the beach, though now covered by the tide, is visible as you look down on it through the water; the seaweed, which lay matted and half dry on the rocks, is now under the wave. Boats have come round, and are beached; how helplessly little they seem beneath the cliff by the sea!

On returning homewards towards Eastbourne, stay awhile by the tumulus on the slope. There are others hidden among the furze; butterflies flutter over them, and the bees hum round by day; by night the night-hawk passes, coming up from the fields and even skirting the sheds and houses below. The rains beat on them, and the storm drives the dead leaves over their low green domes; the waves boom on the shore far down.

How many times has the morning star shone yonder in the east? All the mystery of the sun and of the stars centres around these lowly mounds.

But the glory of these glorious downs is the breeze. The air in the valleys immediately beneath them is pure and pleasant; but the least climb, even a hundred feet, puts you on a plane with the atmosphere itself, uninterrupted by so much as the tree-tops. It is air without admixture. If it comes from the south the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distill it. The great headland and the whole rib of the promontory is wind-swept and washed with air; the billows of the atmosphere roll over it.

The sun searches out every crevice amongst the grass, nor is there the smallest fragment of surface which is not sweetened by

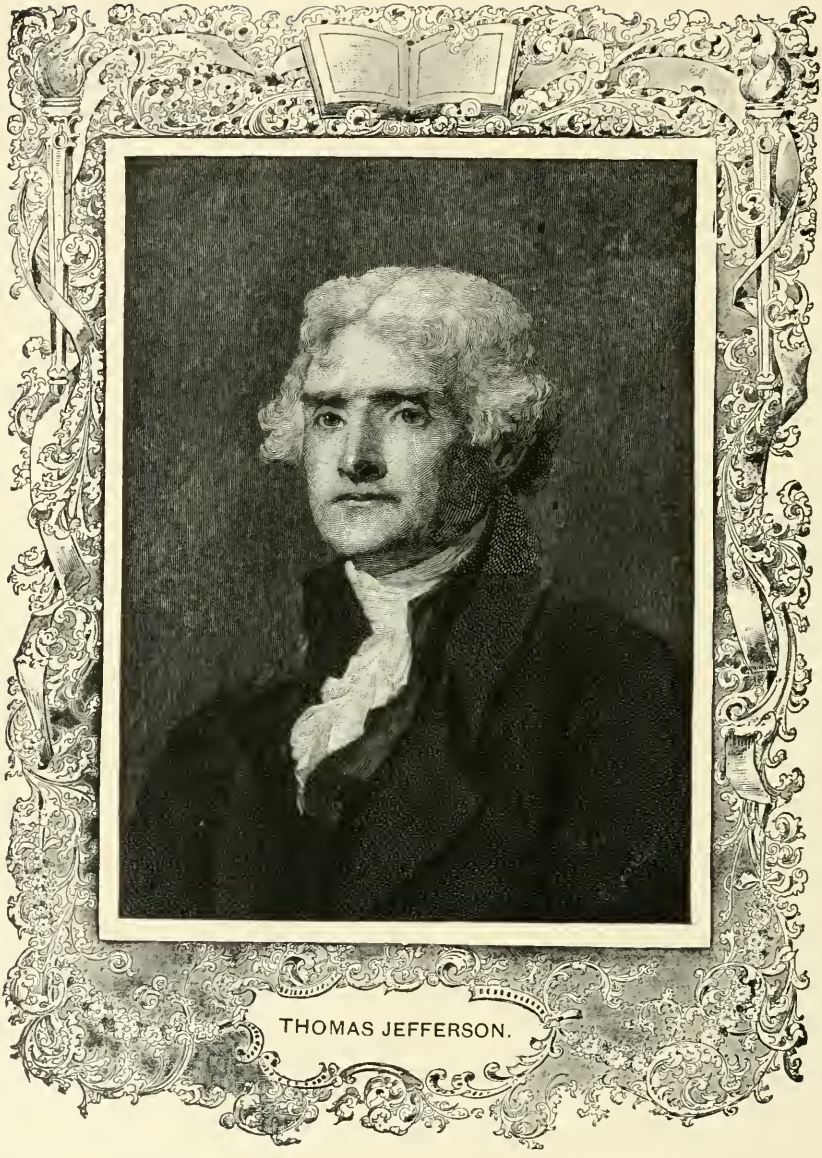
air and light. Underneath, the chalk itself is pure, and the turf thus washed by wind and rain, sun-dried and dew-scented, is a couch prepared with thyme to rest on. Discover some excuse to be up there always, to search for stray mushrooms,—they will be stray, for the crop is gathered extremely early in the morning,—or to make a list of flowers and grasses; to do anything, and if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but this is the land of health.

There is the sea below to bathe in, the air of the sky up hither to breathe, the sun to infuse the invisible magnetism of his beams. These are the three potent medicines of nature, and they are medicines that by degrees strengthen not only the body but the unquiet mind. It is not necessary to always look out over the sea. By strolling along the slopes of the ridge a little way inland, there is another scene where hills roll on after hills till the last and largest hides those that succeed behind it.

Vast cloud-shadows darken one, and lift their veil from another; like the sea, their tint varies with the hue of the sky over them. Deep narrow valleys—lanes in the hills—draw the footsteps downwards into their solitude; but there is always the delicious air, turn whither you will, and there is always the grass, the touch of which refreshes. Though not in sight, it is pleasant to know that the sea is close at hand, and that you have only to mount to the ridge to view it. At sunset the curves of the shore westward are filled with a luminous mist.

Or if it should be calm, and you should like to look at the massive headline from the level of the sea, row out a mile from the beach. Eastwards a bank of red vapor shuts in the sea; the wavelets—no larger than those raised by the oar—on that side are purple as if wine had been spilt upon them, but westwards the ripples shimmer with palest gold.

The sun sinks behind the summit of the downs, and slender streaks of purple are drawn along above them. A shadow comes forth from the cliff; a duskiness dwells on the water; something tempts the eye upwards, and near the zenith there is a star.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(1743–1826)

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

THE consideration of Thomas Jefferson from the literary aspect involves a certain anomaly; for superficially he was not merely no maker of books, but took great pains that most of the productions of his pen should be only for the eye of his few intimates, or should, if issued to the public, appear without his name. His only important book, the 'Notes on Virginia,'—which has been, of all works produced south of Mason and Dixon's Line, the most frequently reprinted,—was written to oblige a single man, was then privately printed that a few friends might have copies, and was published only when it was no longer possible to prevent the appearance of a pirated edition. The Summary View of the Rights of British America, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill for Religious Freedom, the Territorial Ordinance of 1784, and the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, were all mere drafts of papers intended for the use of public bodies, necessarily appearing without his name; and so well was the secret of authorship kept that the origin of two of them became the subject of serious historical controversy. Almost the only important paper definitely put forth with his name was his inaugural address as President; which has been hailed as the platform of a new party, but which in fact was rather an expression of its highest culmination, and therefore by no means an influential factor afterwards.

Yet the fact remains that the writings of no single American have so powerfully influenced American thought and history. Jefferson was one of the most prolific of writers; and if not himself a direct molder of public thought through the press, he indirectly affected public sentiment to an unmeasurable degree. Hamilton must be refuted: he wrote to James Madison, roughing out the line of argument to be taken, and begged him to enter the lists. A States-Rights view of the Constitution was needed: he inspired John Taylor to write it. His views on religion ought to be made public: he outlined a book, sent it to Joseph Priestley, and succeeded in getting him to undertake the task. It was Jefferson's often repeated assertion that he never wrote for the press; yet by means of his confidants, no man of his times approached him in the public expression of his ideas. He

worked in fact through other men; and his twenty-five thousand letters, in contrast to his half-dozen State papers of moment, revealed the methods by which he influenced public opinion, and created that mass of doctrine, nowhere formulated, that is to-day known as "the Jeffersonian principles."

The consensus of both public opinion and history has assigned to this man rank with Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, as the four Americans who have reached the greatest eminence through public service. But while granting this position, a curious distinction is made, which deserves careful consideration. All men achieving political prominence are the object of attack, necessarily involving not merely criticism of their measures, but also of their character. Washington was accused of murder, treachery, corruption, hypocrisy, ingratitude, moral cowardice, and private immorality; Franklin was charged with theft, debauchery, intrigue, slander, and irreligion; while the manifold charges against Lincoln remain within the memory of many now living: and so there is nothing strange in the fact that Jefferson was accused of dishonesty, craftiness, slander, irreligion, immorality, cowardice, and incompetence. The contrast consists in the fact that while the failings of Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln have long since been forgotten, and their characters absolutely established in universal estimation, yet towards Jefferson there is still manifested by many a distinct partisan dislike; and as a natural corollary, by another class a distinct partisan affection. Our newspapers, our public orators, and even our histories, to this day give criticism or praise to him that rings so strongly as to suggest a conflict with the living, rather than judgment of the dead. No particular act of Jefferson excited any greater political opposition than did some advocated or enforced by Washington, Franklin, or Lincoln; and it is therefore necessary to seek some deeper reason for this difference than mere personality or policy. Without for a moment belittling the work of these others, the conclusion is forced that they worked for what was temporary, in the sense that when done it passed from the category of what is debatable to that which is decided; while what Jefferson worked for were issues of permanent importance,—in other words, that he was, and therefore still is, merely an expression of forces permanent in man; and to that fact is due the controversy which still centres about his name.

This is in effect to maintain that the political theories and usages originated or adopted by the great democrat have a far deeper and broader principle underlying them than is always recognized. In popular estimation, Jefferson stands as the founder of the Democratic party, and the developer of the theory of States-Rights; and on these foundations are based the so-called "Jeffersonian principles," and the

respect and acceptance, as well as the criticism and contravention, accorded to them. That this basis was deemed sufficient during his life, is natural; for judgment of a living man must always be partial and superficial. That this limited view should during that time acquire prestige and momentum enough to project it into history, is not strange; the more that the logical conclusions of certain theories advanced by him suited the policy of one of our political parties. The acceptance of this narrow view has enabled his antagonists and critics to charge him with hypocrisy, opportunism, and even lack of any political principles; and the contradictions and instability they have cited in his opinions and conduct have embarrassed even his most devoted adherents. If this view is still to be accepted, these criticisms must stand; and judged by them, the marvel of the Federalists and his later critics, that he should have been the chosen instrument of American democracy, is proper. The scholarly and recluse nature of his tastes and studies; the retiring and limited character of his intercourse with the world; the influence of his social equals; his dislike of party and personal antagonism; and his sensitiveness to abuse and criticism,—make his acceptance of that leadership as strange a problem as that the people should have chosen for their representative a man lacking nearly all of the personal qualities which are presumed to win popularity with the masses. And it is only explicable from the standpoint of his critics as the success of an ambitious and unprincipled self-seeking man, attained by astuteness and chicane so great as to deceive the people.

But if the people embody the total of human thought and experience, as our political theories maintain, there are better reasons than these for his elevation, and for the political influence his name has carried for over one hundred years; better reasons than the leadership of a party, or a fine-spun theory of the respective powers of the State and national governments. The explanation of these anomalies lies deeper than any mere matter of individuality, party success, or rigid political platform. Thus an understanding of what he endeavored to accomplish, explains or softens many of his apparent contradictions and questionable acts. The dominant principle of his creed was, that all powers belonged to the people; and that governments, constitutions, laws, precedents, and all other artificial clogs and "protections," are entitled to respect and obedience only as they fulfill their limited function of aiding—not curtailing—the greatest freedom to the individual. For this reason he held that no power existed to bind the people or posterity, except in their own acts. For this reason he was a strict construer of the national Constitution where he believed it destructive of personal freedom; and he construed it liberally where it threatened to limit the development of

the people. He was the defender of the State governments; for he regarded them as a necessary division for local self-government and as natural checks on the national power, and so a safeguard to the people. That he appealed to them in his Resolutions of 1798 was because he believed the people for once unable to act for their own interest; and the theories of that paper are a radical and short-lived contradiction of his true beliefs. Because he believed the national judiciary and the national bank to be opposed to the will of the people, he attacked them. Because he believed he was furthering the popular will, he interfered in the legislative department and changed office-holders. Because he wished the people free to think and act, he favored separation from England, abolition of religion, and the largest degree of local self-government. As already suggested, his methods and results were not always good, and his character and conduct had many serious flaws. Yet in some subtle way the people understood him, and forgave in him weaknesses and defects they have seldom condoned. And eventually this judgment will universally obtain, as the fact becomes clearer and clearer that neither national independence nor State sovereignty, with the national and party rancors that attach to them, were the controlling aim and attempt of his life; that no party or temporary advantage was the object of his endeavors, but that he fought for the ever enduring privilege of personal freedom.

Recognition of the principles for which he fought does not, however, imply indorsement of his methods and instruments. Many of his failings can be traced to cowardice; the physical side of which was well known to his age, and the moral side of which is visible in nearly everything he did or wrote. Yet even with this allowance, it is difficult to reconcile such a faith as his in the people, with his constant panics over the smallest events. Indeed, it is hard to believe it possible that a man so instinct with the popular mood could shy wildly at the levees of Washington, and the birth-night balls, as evidences of a monarchical tendency; or conceive that his walking to his inauguration, and his reception of a foreign minister in soiled linen and "slippers down at the heel," were serious political manœuvres. If he truly believed this "the strongest government on earth," it seems little less than fatuous in him to declare that the scribbling of one abusive editor had "saved our Constitution," and to refer the success of the Democratic party in 1800 to the influence of another. Still more of his defects can be accounted for by the influence of those with whom he labored: Demos being seldom scrupulous in its ways, and fighting without the feelings or code that go to make warfare a duel of equal conditions. His patronage of such hack libelers as Freneau, Bache, Duane, Paine, and Callender, to say nothing of

the half rebellious democratic societies made up chiefly of the mobs of the large cities and the "moonshiners" of the mountains, is well-nigh impossible to account for without a confession of the lack of certain moral qualities innate in most men, and of the *noblesse oblige* of his class.

Not less extraordinary is the freedom and sweepingness of his criticism of the financial plans of Hamilton,—certainly the ablest financier ever in charge of our national treasury,—when Jefferson himself was seldom able to add up a column of figures correctly, for over fifty years of his life was hopelessly insolvent, almost brought about the national mortification of the public arrest for debt of the President of the United States, was the recipient of several public subscriptions that he might live, and in his last years even urged the Legislature of Virginia to allow a lottery in his behalf. As he was blind morally in many respects, so too he seemed blind to the greatest truth of our governing principle,—the rights of the minority, as compared with those of the majority. "The will of the majority is the natural law of society," he wrote; and except for the momentary attitude taken in the Resolutions of 1798, he never urged what is so obvious to any but partisans. On the contrary, his course in Virginia in the destruction of the old aristocracy, and his attack on the Supreme Court, show how absolutely he was lacking in the spirit of majority and minority compromise which is really the basis of republican government. It is true that in his inaugural address he said, "We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists;" but this only referred to the Federalists who were already coalescing with the Republicans, and towards the leaders of the opposing party he ever held an intolerant and unforgiving course.

A study of his life goes far to explain these facts. From his father, Peter Jefferson, an uneducated Indian-fighter, pioneer, and surveyor, he received an inheritance both of common-sense and of sympathy with the masses. From his mother, Jane Randolph, came a strain of the best gentry blood of Virginia; a line at once famous for its lawyers and statesmen, and shadowed by hereditary insanity. These dual heritages from his parents were both of vital influence in his career. Born on April 2d, 1743, at Shadwell, Virginia, on the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, then one of the most western of settlements, the frontier life unquestionably developed the qualities he had received from his father; and bred in this cradle of democracy, he was ever after able to appreciate and to sympathize with the spirit. Nor was his mother's influence less potent; for, carefully educated at William and Mary College, and with an entrée to the best society of the colony, he became the cultivated gentleman that he was. From this double or complex nature flowed curious results. During his whole

life he was fighting the battle of the masses, yet at no period did he ever associate with them save in his own county, and then only as a great planter, or county squire; nor is there discernible in anything he did or wrote, the feeling of personal as opposed to theoretical liking for mankind. Humane, sympathetic, broad-minded, he always was in his views and actions; but in relations to his fellow-kind he seems to have had a distinct repugnance to association with *hoi polloi*. On the contrary, the chief happiness of his life was found in his intercourse with his social equals; and when his adoption of the people's cause had produced social ostracism by the society of Philadelphia, so that old friends of his "crossed the street merely to avoid touching their hats to him," and in his own words, "many declined visiting me with whom I had been on terms of the greatest friendship and intimacy," he ever after, when alluding to the period, used expressions implying that he had endured the keenest suffering. With scarcely an exception, democracy the world over has fought its battles with self-made men as leaders; men near enough the soil not to feel, or at least able to resist, the pressure of higher social forces: but Jefferson was otherwise, and the suffering this alienation and discrimination caused him is over and over again shown by his reiterated expressions of hatred of the very politics to which he gave the larger part of his life.

Nor was it merely by heritage that Jefferson took rank with the "classes"; for intellectually as well, he belonged among them. From his youth he was a close and hard student: he stated himself that he studied over ten hours a day; and James Duane asserted in 1775 that Jefferson was "the greatest rubber-off of dust that he had met with; that he has learned French, Spanish, and wants to learn German." He believed in the study of original sources; and in his desire to study these, even taught himself Anglo-Saxon that he might investigate the development of English law. Only when theorizing on the great principles controlling society does he seem to have taken distinct enjoyment in the political side of his career; and this distinction no doubt accounts for his great reputation as a theoretical statesman, and his almost absolute failure in every executive office he held. Not the least influence in his life was his intense interest in everything scientific. An eclipse, a new animal or plant, the meteorology or the longitude of a place, or any other scientific datum, was eagerly sought for. Mathematics was another youthful passion, and to this late in life he returned. In his early days he took great pleasure in music, fiction, and poetry; but with advancing years he lost this liking to such a degree that he himself said of the last, "So much has my relish for poetry deserted me that at present I cannot read even Virgil with pleasure." In the words of a

biographer, "His instincts were those of a liberal European nobleman, like the Duc de Liancourt; and he built himself at Monticello a chateau above contact with man." Here the management of his farm was his constant delight, but chiefly on its experimental or scientific side, and it is to be noted that practically it never yielded him a profit; here he gathered an unusually fine library of standard books (for the time); and here, except for his few intimates, he shut out the world.

The result of these influences was that from his early manhood he became a thorough skeptic of tradition and precedent; and in his own words, he "never feared to follow truth and reason, to whatever results they led, and bearding every authority which stood in their way." In fact, all through his life there was a certain affectation of original thinking; and a contemporary who knew him well declared that "it constituted a part of Mr. Jefferson's pride to run before the times in which he lived." This foible made him dreaded by the conservatives, and the Federalists were never tired of charging him with being a radical and a man of sublimated theories; but in the main his imagination was balanced by an almost equally strong logical quality of mind.

Almost alone of the Revolutionary leaders, Jefferson was born on the frontier. Among those conditions he passed the formative period of his life; and as representative of this region he made his first essay in politics in 1765, and naturally as an advocate and defender of the democratic mountaineers. In the Virginia Assembly, in which his earliest battles were fought, the strongest line of party division was between the aristocratic "planter" interest — great landed and slaveholding proprietors, with the prestige and inertia of favorable laws and offices — and the "settler" interest inhabiting the frontier, far from the law or protection of government, but strong in numbers, independence, and necessities; and in these conflicts he learned how absolutely selfish and grasping all class legislation is. Then came the Revolution; and Jefferson saw governments deriving their authority from laws innumerable, and their force from the strongest nation of Europe, utterly destroyed, with hardly a blow, merely through their non-recognition by the masses. With the Committees of Safety and the Congresses that succeeded, and in which he took a prominent part, he saw the experiment of "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," established and tested. Even more: he was the leader in Virginia from whom the great democratic movement received its greatest impulse; and chiefly by his measures were the State church swept away, and the laws of entail and primogeniture abolished, — reforms which, in his own words, inaugurated "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future

aristocracy, and a foundation laid for a government truly republican.» Had he been in America between 1784 and 1788, he too might have become doubtful as to how far the masses could control themselves; for the reaction of the Revolutionary struggle was severe, and strained democratic institutions almost to anarchy. He would have seen, too, his bills for the establishment of a vast system of public schools and libraries but dead letters, and his act for religious freedom result in the closing of many churches. But in these years he was serving as our minister to France, and witnessing there another great struggle between the privileged and unprivileged. So he returned to America in 1789 true to the influences and lessons of his life, which had taught him to believe that only the people truly knew what the people needed; that those who could take care of themselves were wise and practical enough to help care for the nation; and that the only way of enforcing laws was that they should be made by those who were to obey them. In this country, then in a state of reaction from the anarchy of the last few years, he found his theories in disfavor with the conservative, and government slipping more and more from the control of the governed. Though he reluctantly accepted the appointment of Secretary of State under the new government, to oblige Washington, he disapproved very quickly the Federalist concept of national powers; and after vainly opposing the policy of the administration in which he had taken office, both openly and by stealth, he finally sought voluntary retirement as the greatest protest he could make. Even in this, however, his opposition was maintained; and when finally the Federalist party, misled by its leaders, revolted the nation by its actions, Jefferson was swept into power as the representative of the other extreme. Twice he was chosen President, and nearly every Legislature in the Union petitioned him to serve a third term; but he declined, and passed into retirement, from which he never was tempted, and in which he died on July 4th, 1826,—exactly fifty years after the adoption of his Declaration of Independence.

Paul Leicester Ford

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

(*Now Independence Hall*)

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776

Copy prepared by Jefferson to show his draft and the wording adopted by Congress

CONGRESS proceeded the same day* to consider the declaration of Independence which had been reported & lain on the table the Friday preceding, and on Monday referred to a comm^ee^ of the whole. The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many. For this reason those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who on the contrary still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also I believe felt a little tender under those censures; for tho' their people have very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d & 4th days of July were,† in the evening of the last, closed; the declaration was reported by the comm^ee^, agreed to by the house, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson.‡ As the sentiments of men are known not only by what

*Monday, July 1. No sitting was held on Saturday.

†The "Resolution" for independence was under discussion on the 1st of July; the Declaration on July 2d, 3d, and 4th.

‡The question whether the Declaration was signed on the 4th of July, as well as on the 2d of August, has been a much vexed one; but a careful study of it must make almost certain that it was not. The MS. 'Journal of Congress' (that printed by order of Congress being fabricated and altered) merely required its "authentication," which we know from other cases was by the signatures of the president and secretary; who accordingly signed it "by order and in behalf of the Congress," and the printed copies at once sent out had only these signatures. It is also certain that several of the members then in Congress would have refused to sign it on that day, and that the Congress therefore had good cause to postpone the signing till certain of the delegations should receive new instructions, or be changed; and also till its first effect on the people might be seen. For these reasons the Declaration was not even entered in the journal, though a blank was left for it; and when it was inserted at a later period, the list of signers was taken from the engrossed copy,—though had there been one signed on the 4th of July, it would certainly have been the one printed from, as including the men who were in Congress on that day and who voted on the question, instead of one signed by a number of men who were neither present nor members when the Declaration was adopted. Moreover, though the printed journal afterwards led John Adams to believe and state that the Declaration was signed on the 4th, we have his contemporary statement, on July 9th, that "as soon as an American seal is

they receive, but what they reject also, I will state the form of the declaration as originally reported. The parts struck out by Congress shall be distinguished by a black line drawn under them; & those inserted by them shall be placed in the margin or in a concurrent column.

A Declaration by the representatives of the United States of America, in *General* Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate & equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles, & organizing it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that

certain

prepared, I conjecture the Declaration will be subscribed by all the members.» And we have the positive assertion of McKean that «no person signed it on that day»; and this statement is substantiated by the later action of Congress in specially permitting him to sign what he certainly would have already done on the 4th, had there been the opportunity. Opposed to these direct statements and probabilities, we have Jefferson's positive statement, three times repeated, that such a signing took place; but as he follows his nearly contemporary one with the statements that it was «signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson,» when we have proof positive that all the New York delegates refused to even vote, much less sign, and that Dickinson was not even present in Congress on that day, it is evident that this narrative is not wholly trustworthy.

mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses & usurpations begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries & usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest but all have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

alter

repeated

all having

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome & necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; & when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, & formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, & continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their

exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without & convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these states refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers. obstructed by

He has made our judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, & the amount & pament of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self-assumed power and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies and ships of war without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independant of, & superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions & unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriving us [ ] of the benefits of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging it's boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these states; for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments; for suspending our own legislatures, & declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. in many cases colonies

He has abdicated government here withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection. by declaring us out of his protection,

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, & destroyed the lives of our people. and waging war against us.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation & tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy [ ] unworthy the head of a civilized nation. scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, & totally

He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has [ ] endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, & conditions of existence. excited domestic insurrection among us, & has

He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture & confiscation of our property.

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.

A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a [ ] people who mean to be free. Future ages will scarcely believe that the hardiness of one man adventured, within the short compass of twelve years only, to lay a foundation so broad & so undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered & fixed in principles of freedom. free

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our states. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here, no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be credited: and, we [ ] appealed to their native justice and magnanimity as well as to the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity, and when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have, by their free election, re-established them in power. At this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold

an unwarrantable us

have and we have conjured them by would inevitably

them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness & to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation [ ]!

We must therefore and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled do in the name & by authority of the good people of these states reject & renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them: we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain: & finally we do assert & declare these colonies to be free & independent states, & that as free & independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts & things which independent states may of right do.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, & by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish & declare that these united colonies are & of right ought to be free & independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them & the state of Great Britain is, & ought to be, totally dissolved; & that as free & independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce & to do all other acts & things which independant states may of right do.

And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.	And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.*

The Declaration thus signed on the 4th on paper, was engrossed on parchment, & signed again on the 2d. of August.†

On Friday July 12. the Committee appointed to draw the articles of confederation reported them, and on the 22d. the house resolved themselves into a committee to take them into consideration. On the 30th. & 31st. of that month and 1st. of the ensuing, those articles were debated which determined the proportion or quota of money which each state should furnish to the common treasury, and the manner of voting in Congress. The first of these articles was expressed in the original draught in these words. "Art. XI. All charges of war & all other expenses that shall be incurred for the common defence, or general welfare, and allowed by the United States assembled, shall be defrayed out of a common treasury, which shall be supplied by the several colonies in proportion to the number of inhabitants of every age, sex & quality, except Indians not paying taxes, in each colony, a true account of which, distinguishing the white inhabitants, shall be triennially taken & transmitted to the Assembly of the United States."

* This is printed just as Jefferson prepared it for the press, the reproduction being from his first draft, now in the Department of State. In addition, they have a fair copy, made by Jefferson for Madison, which was reproduced in the 'Madison Papers.' The "fair copy" laid before Congress has disappeared, if ever preserved. A copy given to Mazzei was given by him to the Countess de Tessie in France, and has been lost sight of, as well as a copy sent to Edmund Pendleton. But in the possession of the Hon. Elliot Danforth of Albany is a copy which may possibly be the latter. In the American Philosophical Society is the copy he sent to R. H. Lee, which is printed in Lee's 'Life of R. H. Lee.'

† This is an interlineation made at a later period — apparently after the question as to the signing of the Declaration was raised. Jefferson has also written the following on a slip and pasted it on the sheet: —

"Some erroneous statements of the proceedings on the declaration of independence having got before the public in latter times, Mr. Samuel A. Wells asked explanations of me, which are given in my letter to him of May 12, 19, before and now again referred to. I took notes in my place while these things were going on, and at their close wrote them out in form and with correctness, and from 1 to 7 of the two preceding sheets are the originals then written; as the two following are of the earlier debates on the Confederation, which I took in like manner."

ON FICTION

From a letter to Robert Skipwith, August 3d, 1771

I SAT down with the design of executing your request to form a catalogue of books to the amount of about £50 sterl., but could by no means satisfy myself with any partial choice I could make. Thinking therefore it might be agreeable to you, I have framed such a general collection as I think you would wish and might in time find convenient to procure. Out of this you will choose for yourself to the amount you mentioned for the present year, and may hereafter proceed in completing the whole. A view of the second column in this catalogue would, I suppose, extort a smile from the face of gravity. Peace to its wisdom! Let me not awaken it. A little attention, however, to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written, every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility? asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored.

I answer, everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practice of virtue. When any original act of charity or of gratitude, for instance, is presented either to our sight or imagination, we are deeply impressed with its beauty, and feel a strong desire in ourselves of doing charitable and grateful acts also. On the contrary, when we see or read of any atrocious deed, we are disgusted with its deformity and conceive an abhorrence of vice. Now every emotion of this kind is an exercise of our virtuous dispositions; and dispositions of the mind, like limbs of the body, acquire strength in exercise. But exercise produces habit; and in the instance of which we speak, the exercise, being of the moral feelings, produces a habit of thinking and acting virtuously. We never reflect whether the story we read be truth or fiction. I appeal to every reader of feeling and sentiment, whether the fictitious murder of Duncan by Macbeth in Shakespeare does not excite in him as great a horror of villainy as the real one of Henry IV. by Ravaillac, as related by Davila? And whether the fidelity of Nelson and generosity of Blandford in Marmontel do not dilate his breast and elevate his sentiments as much as any similar incident which real

history can furnish? We are therefore wisely framed to be as warmly interested for a fictitious as for a real personage. The field of imagination is thus laid open to our use, and lessons may be formed to illustrate and carry home to the heart every moral rule of life. Thus a lively and lasting sense of filial duty is more effectually impressed on the mind of a son or daughter by reading 'King Lear' than by all the dry volumes of ethics and divinity that ever were written. This is my idea of well-written romance, or tragedy, comedy, and epic poetry.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY

From 'Notes on Virginia,' 1782

It is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried, whether catholic or particular. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions,—the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs, in the circle of smaller slaves gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execrations should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must

be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate, and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying; the way, I hope, preparing under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed in the order of events to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.

LETTER TO MR. HOPKINSON

PARIS, December 23d, 1786.

Dear Sir:

MY LAST letter to you was dated August 14th. Yours of May 27th and June 28th were not then received, but have been since. I take the liberty of putting under your cover another letter to Mrs. Champis, as also an inquiry after a Dr. Griffiths. A letter to M. Le Vieillard, from the person he had consulted about the essence L'Orient, will convey to you the result of

my researches into that article. Your spring-block for assisting a vessel in sailing cannot be tried here; because the Seine being not more than about forty toises wide, and running swiftly, there is no such thing on it as a vessel with sails. I thank you for the volume of the Philadelphia transactions, which came safely to hand, and is in my opinion a very valuable volume, and contains many precious papers. The paccan-nut is, as you conjecture, the Illinois nut. The former is the vulgar name south of the Potomac, as also with the Indians and Spaniards, and enters also into the botanical name, which is Juglano Paccan. I have many volumes of the 'Encyclopédie' for yourself and Dr. Franklin; but as a winter passage is bad for books, and before the spring the packets will begin to sail from Havre to New York, I shall detain them till then. You must not presume too strongly that your comb-footed bird is known to M. De Buffon. He did not know our panther. I gave him the stripped skin of one I bought in Philadelphia, and it presents him a new species, which will appear in his next volumes. I have convinced him that our deer is not a Chevreuil; and would you believe that many letters to different acquaintances in Virginia, where this animal is so common, have never enabled me to present him with a large pair of their horns, a blue and red skin stuffed, to show him their colors, at different seasons. He has never seen the horns of what we call the elk. This would decide whether it be an elk or a deer. I am very much pleased with your project on the harmonica, and the prospect of your succeeding in the application of keys to it. It will be the greatest present which has been made to the musical world this century, not excepting the piano-forte. If its tone approaches that given by the finger as nearly only as the harpsichord does that of the harp, it will be very valuable. I have lately examined a foot-bass newly invented here by the celebrated Krumfoltz. It is precisely a piano-forte, about ten feet long, eighteen inches broad, and nine inches deep. It is of one octave only, from fa to fa. The part where the keys are, projects at the side in order to lengthen the levers of the keys. It is placed on the floor, and the harpsichord or other piano-forte is set over it, the foot acting in concert on that, while the fingers play on this. There are three unison chords to every note, of strong brass wire, and the lowest have wire wrapped on them as the lowest in the piano-forte. The chords give a fine, clear, deep tone, almost like the pipe of an organ. Have they connected

you with our mint? My friend Monroe promised me he would take care for you in that, or perhaps the establishment of that at New York may have been incompatible with your residence in Philadelphia. A person here has invented a method of coining the French écu of six livres, so as to strike both faces and the edge at one stroke, and makes a coin as beautiful as a medal. No country has ever yet produced such a coin. They are made cheaper too. As yet, he has only made a few to show the perfection of his manner. I am endeavoring to procure one to send to Congress as a model for their coinage. They will consider whether, on establishing a new mint, it will be worth while to buy his machines if he will furnish them. A dislocation of my right wrist, which happened to me about a month after the date of my last letter to you, has disabled me from writing three months. I do it now in pain, and only in cases of necessity or of strong inclination, having as yet no other use of my hand. I put under your cover a letter from my daughter to her friend. She joins me in respects to your good mother, to Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself, to whom I proffer assurances of the esteem with which I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and servant.

LETTER TO DR. STYLES

PARIS, July 17th, 1785.

Sir:

I HAVE long deferred doing myself the honor of writing to you, wishing for an opportunity to accompany my letter with a copy of the 'Bibliothèque Physico-œconomique'; a book published here lately in four small volumes, and which gives an account of all the improvements in the arts which have been made for some years past. I flatter myself you will find in it many things agreeable and useful. I accompany it with the volumes of the Connoissance des Tems for the years 1781, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787. But why, you will ask, do I send you old almanacs, which are proverbially useless? Because in these publications have appeared, from time to time, some of the most precious things in astronomy. I have searched out those particular volumes which might be valuable to you on this account. That of 1781 contains De la Caille's catalogue of fixed stars reduced to the commencement of that year, and a table of the aberrations and

nutations of the principal stars. 1784 contains the same catalogue with the nebuleuses of Messier. 1785 contains the famous catalogue of Flamsteed, with the positions of the stars reduced to the beginning of the year 1784, and which supersedes the use of that immense book. 1786 gives you Euler's lunar tables corrected; and 1787, the tables for the planet Herschel. The two last needed not an apology, as not being within the description of old almanacs. It is fixed on grounds which scarcely admit a doubt that the planet Herschel was seen by Mayer in the year 1756, and was considered by him as one of the zodiacal stars, and as such, arranged in his catalogue, being the 964th which he describes. This 964th of Mayer has been since missing, and the calculations for the planet Herschel show that it should have been, at the time of Mayer's observation, where he places his 964th star. The volume of 1787 gives you Mayer's catalogue of the zodiacal stars. The researches of the natural philosophers of Europe seem mostly in the field of chemistry, and here principally on the subjects of air and fire. The analysis of these two subjects presents to us very new ideas. When speaking of the 'Bibliothèque Physico-œconomique,' I should have observed that since its publication, a man in this city has invented a method of moving a vessel on the water by a machine worked within the vessel. I went to see it. He did not know himself the principle of his own invention. It is a screw with a very broad thin worm, or rather it is a thin plate with its edge applied spirally round an axis. This being turned, operates on the air as a screw does, and may be literally said to screw the vessel along; the thinness of the medium, and its want of resistance, occasion a loss of much of the force. The screw, I think, would be more effectual if placed below the surface of the water. I very much suspect that a countryman of ours, Mr. Bushnel of Connecticut, is entitled to the merit of a prior discovery of this use of the screw. I remember to have heard of his submarine navigation during the war; and from what Colonel Humphreys now tells me, I conjecture that the screw was the power he used. He joined to this a machine for exploding under water at a given moment. If it were not too great a liberty for a stranger to take, I would ask from him a narration of his actual experiments, with or without a communication of his principle, as he should choose. If he thought proper to communicate it, I would engage never to disclose it, unless I could find an opportunity

of doing it for his benefit. I thank you for your information as to the great bones found on the Hudson River. I suspect that they must have been of the same animal with those found on the Ohio; and if so, they could not have belonged to any human figure, because they are accompanied with tusks of the size, form, and substance of those of the elephant. I have seen a part of the ivory, which was very good. The animal itself must have been much larger than an elephant. Mrs. Adams gives me an account of a flower found in Connecticut, which vegetates when suspended in the air. She brought one to Europe. What can be this flower? It would be a curious present to this continent.

The accommodation likely to take place between the Dutch and the Emperor, leaves us without that unfortunate resource for news which wars give us. The Emperor has certainly had in view the Bavarian exchange of which you have heard; but so formidable an opposition presented itself, that he has thought proper to disavow it. The Turks show a disposition to go to war with him; but if this country can prevail on them to remain in peace, they will do so. It has been thought that the two Imperial courts have a plan of expelling the Turks from Europe. It is really a pity so charming a country should remain in the hands of a people whose religion forbids the admission of science and the arts among them. We should wish success to the object of the two empires, if they meant to leave the country in possession of the Greek inhabitants. We might then expect, once more, to see the language of Homer and Demosthenes a living language. For I am persuaded the modern Greek would easily get back to its classical models. But this is not intended. They only propose to put the Greeks under other masters; to substitute one set of barbarians for another.

Colonel Humphreys having satisfied you that all attempts would be fruitless here to obtain money or other advantages for your college, I need add nothing on that head. It is a method of supporting colleges of which they have no idea, though they practice it for the support of their lazy monkish institutions.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect and esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

LETTER TO JAMES MADISON

PARIS, December 20th, 1787.

Dear Sir:

MY LAST to you was of October the 8th, by the Count de Moustier. Yours of July the 18th, September the 6th, and October the 24th were successively received yesterday, the day before, and three or four days before that. I have only had time to read the letters; the printed papers communicated with them, however interesting, being obliged to lie over till I finish my dispatches for the packet, which dispatches must go from hence the day after to-morrow. I have much to thank you for; first and most for the cyphered paragraph respecting myself. These little informations are very material towards forming my own decisions. I would be glad even to know when any individual member thinks I have gone wrong in any instance. If I know myself, it would not excite ill blood in me; while it would assist to guide my conduct, perhaps to justify it, and to keep me to my duty, alert. I must thank you, too, for the information in Thomas Burke's case; though you will have found by a subsequent letter that I have asked of you a further investigation of that matter. It is to gratify the lady who is at the head of the convent wherein my daughters are, and who, by her attachment and attention to them, lays me under great obligations. I shall hope, therefore, still to receive from you the result of all the further inquiries my second letter had asked. The parcel of rice which you informed me had miscarried, accompanied my letter to the Delegates of South Carolina. Mr. Bourgoin was to be the bearer of both; and both were delivered into the hands of his relation here, who introduced him to me, and who, at a subsequent moment, undertook to convey them to Mr. Bourgoin. This person was an engraver, particularly recommended to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Hopkinson. Perhaps he may have mislaid the little parcel of rice among his baggage. I am much pleased that the sale of western lands is so successful. I hope they will absorb all the certificates of our domestic debt speedily, in the first place; and that then, offered for cash, they will do the same by our foreign ones.

The seasons admitting only of operations in the cabinet, and these being in a great measure secret, I have little to fill a

letter. I will therefore make up the deficiency by adding a few words on the constitution proposed by our convention.

I like much the general idea of framing a government which should go on of itself, peaceably, without needing continual recurrence to the State legislatures. I like the organization of the government into legislative, judiciary, and executive. I like the power given the legislature to levy taxes; and for that reason solely, I approve of the greater House being chosen by the people directly. For though I think a House so chosen will be very far inferior to the present Congress, will be very illy qualified to legislate for the Union, for foreign nations, &c., yet this evil does not weigh against the good, of preserving inviolate the fundamental principle that the people are not to be taxed but by representatives chosen immediately by themselves. I am captivated by the compromise of the opposite claims of the great and little States, of the latter to equal, and the former to proportional influence. I am much pleased, too, with the substitution of voting by person, instead of that of voting by States; and I like the negative given to the Executive, conjointly with a third of either House; though I should have liked it better, had the judiciary been associated for that purpose, or vested separately with a similar power. There are other good things of less moment.

I will now tell you what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights, providing clearly, and without the aid of sophism, for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land and not by the laws of nations. To say, as Mr. Wilson does, that a bill of rights was not necessary, because all is reserved in the case of the general government which is not given, while in the particular ones all is given which is not reserved, might do for the audience to which it was addressed: but it is surely a *gratis dictum*, the reverse of which might just as well be said; and it is opposed by strong inferences from the body of the instrument, as well as from the omission of the clause of our present Confederation which has made the reservation in express terms. It was hard to conclude, because there has been a want of uniformity among the States as to the cases of trial by jury, because some have been so incautious as to dispense with this mode of trial in

certain cases, therefore the more prudent States shall be reduced to the same level of calamity. It would have been much more just and wise to have concluded the other way; that as most of the States had preserved with jealousy this sacred palladium of liberty, those who had wandered should be brought back to it: and to have established general right rather than general wrong. For I consider all the ill as established which may be established. I have a right to nothing which another has a right to take away; and Congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add, that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular; and what no just government should refuse, or rest on inference.

The second feature I dislike, and strongly dislike, is the abandonment in every instance of the principle of rotation in office, and most particularly in the case of the President. Reason and experience tell us that the first magistrate will always be re-elected if he may be re-elected. He is then an officer for life. This once observed, it becomes of so much consequence to certain nations to have a friend or a foe at the head of our affairs, that they will interfere with money and with arms. A Galloman or an Angloman will be supported by the nation he befriends. If once elected, and at a second or third election outvoted by one or two votes, he will pretend false votes, foul play, hold possession of the reins of government, be supported by the States voting for him,—especially if they be the central ones, lying in a compact body themselves and separating their opponents; and they will be aided by one nation in Europe while the majority are aided by another. The election of a President of America, some years hence, will be much more interesting to certain nations of Europe than ever the election of a king of Poland was. Reflect on all the instances in history, ancient and modern, of elective monarchies, and say if they do not give foundation for my fears; the Roman emperors, the popes while they were of any importance, the German emperors till they became hereditary in practice, the kings of Poland, the deys of the Ottoman dependencies. It may be said that if elections are to be attended with these disorders, the less frequently they are repeated the better. But experience says, that to free them from disorder they must be rendered less interesting by a necessity of change. No foreign power, no domestic party, will waste

their blood and money to elect a person who must go out at the end of a short period. The power of removing every fourth year by the vote of the people is a power which they will not exercise; and if they are disposed to exercise it, they would not be permitted. The king of Poland is removable every day by the Diet. But they never remove him. Nor would Russia, the Emperor, etc., permit them to do it. Smaller objections are, the appeals on matters of fact as well as laws; and the binding all persons, legislative, executive, and judiciary, by oath, to maintain that Constitution. I do not pretend to decide what would be the best method of procuring the establishment of the manifold good things in this Constitution, and of getting rid of the bad. Whether by adopting it, in hopes of future amendment; or after it shall have been duly weighed and canvassed by the people, after seeing the parts they generally dislike, and those they generally approve, to say to them, "We see now what you wish. You are willing to give to your federal government such-and-such powers; but you wish at the same time to have such-and-such fundamental rights secured to you, and certain sources of convulsion taken away. Be it so. Send together deputies again. Let them establish your fundamental rights by a sacrosanct declaration, and let them pass the parts of the Constitution you have approved. These will give powers to your federal government sufficient for your happiness."

This is what might be said, and would probably produce a speedy, more perfect, and more permanent form of government. At all events. I hope you will not be discouraged from making other trials, if the present one should fail. We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth. I have thus told you freely what I like, and what I dislike, merely as a matter of curiosity; for I know it is not in my power to offer matter of information to your judgment, which has been formed after hearing and weighing everything which the wisdom of man could offer on these subjects. I own, I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive. It places the governors indeed more at their ease, at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen States in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half. No country should be so long without one. Nor will any degree of power in the hands of government prevent

insurrections. In England, where the hand of power is heavier than with us, there are seldom half a dozen years without an insurrection. In France, where it is still heavier, but less despotic as Montesquieu supposes than in some other countries, and where there are always two or three hundred thousand men ready to crush insurrections, there have been three in the course of the three years I have been here, in every one of which greater numbers were engaged than in Massachusetts, and a great deal more blood was spilt. In Turkey, where the sole nod of the despot is death, insurrections are the events of every day. Compare again the ferocious depredations of their insurgents with the order, the moderation, and the almost self-extinguishment of ours. And say finally whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This last is the most certain and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve them. And it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this. They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty. After all, it is my principle that the will of the majority should prevail. If they approve the proposed Constitution in all its parts, I shall concur in it cheerfully, in hopes they will amend it whenever they shall find it works wrong. This reliance cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous; and I think we shall be so as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there. I have tired you by this time with disquisitions which you have already heard repeated by others a thousand and a thousand times; and therefore shall only add assurances of the esteem and attachment with which I have the honor to be, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

P. S.— The instability of our laws is really an immense evil. I think it would be well to provide in our constitutions, that there shall always be a twelvemonth between the engrossing a bill and passing it; that it should then be offered to its passage without changing a word; and that if circumstances should be thought to require a speedier passage, it should take two-thirds of both Houses, instead of a bare majority.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

(1803–1857)

THERE is a winning quality in Douglas Jerrold, whether as man or writer. Popularly known as a brilliant wit, and often regarded as a cynical one, he was a manly and big-hearted moralist, a hater of sham, a lover of lovely things,—one who did good while he gave pleasure.

He was born in London January 3d, 1803; his father, Samuel Jerrold, being actor and theatre lessee of the not too successful kind. Douglas William (the son's full name) had no regular education: he learned to read and write from a member of a theatrical company, and being of a studious turn, got by his own exertions such knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian as should enable him to make the acquaintance of their dramatic literature. He acted occasionally as a boy and young man, but never cared for a player's life. For the two years between 1813 and 1815 he served as midshipman in the navy: the episode was not ill suited to his careless, generous nature. He returned to London in 1816 and apprenticed himself to a printer. The family was poor, and Douglas eked out his actor-father's income by doing journalistic work and articles for periodicals. Soon he began dramatic composition with the play 'More Frightened than Hurt,' which was produced in London in 1820; and although looked at askance by managers at first, was eventually translated into French, and twice retranslated into English and played under other names. His earliest genuine hit, however, was the lively comedy-farce 'Black-Eyed Susan: or, All in the Downs' (1829), which was brought out at the Surrey Theatre, and was acted four hundred times that year. From this encouragement Jerrold made forty plays during twenty-odd years, many of the dramas scoring successes. Other well-known pieces are 'The Rent Day,' 'Nell Gwynne,' 'Time Works Wonders,' and 'The Bubbles of the Day.' In 1836 he managed the Strand Theatre, which proved a bad venture.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

All this dramatic activity, even, does not represent Jerrold's best work; nor did it call out his most typical and welcome powers. He continued to do other literary work, and his journalistic career was strenuous. He contributed to leading papers like the Athenæum and Blackwood's, and edited various periodicals, such as the Illuminated Magazine, the Shilling Magazine, and the Heads of the People,—in most cases with a disastrous financial result. He made a success, however, of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, for which he wrote in each number three columns of leaders and did literary reviews, receiving £1,000 salary.

When Punch was founded in 1841, Jerrold's happiest vein sought an outlet. He at once became a contributor, and continued to be one for the rest of his life, some sixteen years. His articles, signed Q., were one of the features of that famous purveyor of representative British fun, pictorial and literary. The series of Punch papers perhaps most familiar to the general public appeared as a book in 1846, under the title 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.' 'Punch's Letters to his Son' and 'Cakes and Ale' are also widely known. Jerrold himself cared most for his writings in which his serious views and deeper purpose came out: the 'Chronicles of Clovernook,' his pet book, is an example. Indeed, the fact that he was an advanced thinker, a broad-minded humanitarian preacher, is illustrated in such a moral allegory as that here selected. Jerrold's reputation as a wit has naturally enough deflected attention from this aspect of his work, which well deserves appreciation. A collective edition of his works in eight volumes appeared in 1851–4; and in 1888 his son, William Blanchard Jerrold, edited in book form the 'Wit and Wisdom of Douglas Jerrold.'

Jerrold was short and stocky in person, with clear-cut features, blue eyes, and in his later years picturesque gray hair. He was of a social nature; fond of music, a good singer himself; impulsive, fiery, hasty often in letting loose the arrows of his wit,—but simple, almost boyish in manner, and a warm-hearted man whose interest in the right was intense. Always impractical, he left his affairs in a complicated condition. In short, his was a character whose faults are palpable but which is withal very lovable.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL

The Hermit's Story

"It is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some perchance may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

"There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and storehouse by half the neighborhood. All the creature comforts of the poor — from bread to that questionable superfluity, small beer — were sold by Isaac. Strange it was that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash; who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No: a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash; but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the byways and short cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow,— he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody — he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure, now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score: no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little

girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother: 'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called Nature, though in his dim close shop he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthuses; and won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to Nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring Nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of Nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of Nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit, "to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlabored and desponding — walled in by the gloom of a town — divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences — almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapor over him; — it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth besides food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered: "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of Nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances — touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odors cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him; and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny — for it would buy a wheaten roll — the poor housewife pays for a root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of Nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance

of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of Nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money, with a fine independence of the State, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea — as Pugwash believed, of statute gold — was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamored and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighboring attic was a sidereal go-between to the neighborhood — a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabouts of the felon coiner, and — the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife — the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables heavy as bullets upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocus-pocus of twelvepenny magicians was scorned by Lotus. There

was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits; on the contrary, perhaps the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common-sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek colored like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's-head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon,—the vulgar catchpennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy-chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea: could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state— But let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this,—we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you! for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice,—'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! an eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have in the profundity of their wisdom made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic: whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—incapably mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness: but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus smiling,—'I want only part of it; that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger,—ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now then, for examination. Now to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee,—for he had been patting her all the time he talked,—and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches pockets,' said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'So!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made, 'very bad indeed; very bad: never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer; he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eying the brown holland, 'I can see it all: a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried: 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but, Father Lotus—'

"'Peace!' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of yours cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbors. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small beer to—'

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus: 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul; nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said,—for the wizard began to awe him,—'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would, to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes when the sun shines and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you

know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However — patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude. — And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash with a smile; and reverently putting the volume in his pocket (the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased), he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"'I haven't opened the book — 'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus: 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly colored; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. "Well, the book has worked,' said the conjurer; 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like anybody else?'

"'Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession: bless you,' and the conjurer laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"'Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have indeed my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"'In good time,' said the conjurer, 'I'll bring it to your house and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you: 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"'And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like? What's its color?—if indeed souls have colors.'

"'Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,' said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More: it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"'And pray, good father,—for the matter has till now escaped me,—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?'

"'Nothing,' answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labor. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that in very truth he went through the labors of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more: he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields; and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live forever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjurer; and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor upon a crown piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's, 'How are you? *I* am comfortable.'

"It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash: 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the

till: it was to him such a counselor and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish; if a poor woman — an old customer it might be — begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the color of money, and capering and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped — dropped in. In time the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after he sent his soul to his banker's,— the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died shrieking in his madness to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance!" said the Sage of Bellyfule: "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till!"

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

(1849–)

THE deeds of young authors, like the deeds of young soldiers, are a continual surprise to the mature. We forget that characters and situations which pass before us unheeded from their very familiarity, strike the apprehension of youth from their very novelty.

Sarah Orne Jewett was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1849; a product of the best New England birth and breeding. Besides the usual school training, she received a deeper culture from her father, a physician and a man of wide attainments and keen observation. A country doctor, he had to make excursions inland and alongshore to visit his scattered patients; and the young girl sitting beside him learned to know the characters she was to immortalize in literature, as she knew the landscape and the sky. She was a girl not past her youth when her first book, 'Deephaven,' was published in 1877. This was a story of New England life, told in the form of an autobiography; and slight as it was in incident, betrayed a breadth and a refinement which seemed to come from careful training, but which were really the unerring product of a genuine gift for literature, kindled by the observation of a fresh mind and an affectionate sympathy.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

The effect upon her many readers was like the gift of sight to the blind. Frequenters of the town — for 'Deephaven' stands for any fisher village on the Maine coast — recollected having seen "Mrs. Bonny" searching for a tumbler, the meek widow with the appearance of a black beetle and the wail of a banshee, the funeral procession on its sad journey, the Captains, the interesting ladies "Mrs. Kew" and "Mrs. Dockum." 'Deephaven' was followed by a series of stories, all breathing forth an air of calm leisure that in its avoidance of hurry or catastrophe suggests the almost forgotten note of Goldsmith and Irving.

Miss Jewett's portrayal of character, habits, traits, speech, was all perfectly true, although drawn from that very rural and village New

England life which other writers, clever and merciless, had convinced the world to be wholly sordid and melancholy. With wider comprehension, she showed that there are differing points of view of any given conditions, and that a life in these pinched and narrow surroundings may be as complex an affair as one passed in the heart of London. Her patriotic and kindly part was to portray it with a good deal of horizon, a clear sky, and vital human interest.

Her gift has been exercised, for the most part, in the field in which America has only France as her rival,—that of the short story. She has written one novel, 'A Country Doctor';—for 'Deephaven' is a series of figures, landscapes, and interiors, rather than a woven scheme. Perhaps the rare intuition which taught her the secrets of her shy reserved characters, revealed to her that her strength does not lie in the constructive power which holds in its grasp varied and complex interests, terminating in an inevitable conclusion.

A simple incident suffices for her machinery; her local color is a part of the substance of her creation, not imposed upon it, and no more than Hawthorne does she seem to be conscious of the necessity of making it a setting for her figures. She writes of that into which she was born; and her creations—even when they are in such foreign settings as Irish-American life, in the inimitable stories 'The Brogans,' 'Between Mass and Vespers,' and 'A Little Captive Maid'—glow with that internal personality which is never counterfeited, as has been said of Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun.'

The emotion of love as a passion, the essential of a novel, is almost absent from her sketches; or, treated as one of many other emotions and principles, has a certain originality due to its abstemiousness. Life indeed, as portrayed by her, proceeds so exactly as it would naturally proceed, that when the incident has been told, and the quiet, veracious talk has been retailed, the story comes to an end because it could not go on without being a different story. This method would not do for a novel: and yet, little composition as there seems to be about them, Miss Jewett's stories are as delicately constructed, with as true a method and as perfect a knowledge of technique, as Guy de Maupassant's; and they are permeated with a humor he never knew. "It is not only the delightful mood in which these little masterpieces are written," says Mr. Howells of 'The King of Folly Island,' "but the perfect artistic restraint, the truly Greek temperance without one touch too much, which render them exquisite, make them perfect in their way."

Her lovely spirit, sweet and compassionate, is a tacit appeal for the characters at which her humor bids us smile. Her people are introduced sitting in their quiet New England homes, going about their small affairs: housewives, captains unseaworthy through time or

stress of weather, the village schoolmistress or seamstress, the old soldier, the heroine with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, walking through the scene without one fluttering ribbon of coquetry,—all these appear with as little grouping as if we had walked into "Deephaven" or "Winby" itself. With perfect sympathy she takes under her protection all those whom irreverence or thoughtlessness has flouted, or whom personal peculiarities have made ridiculous. With her we are amused by their quaintness; but human nature, even forlorn and fallen human nature, is dignified into its true likeness under her serene and compassionate touch. Her charm is the charm which Richard Dole found in "A Marsh Island," where he was so willingly a prisoner; and is that which comes from the view of a landscape, broad, unaccented, lying under a summer sky, breathing the fragrance of grass and wild flowers. It does not invite criticism any more than it deprecates close scrutiny.

If artist may be compared with artist, Miss Jewett may be described as a water-colorist; her sketches resting for their value not upon dramatic qualities or strong color, but upon their pure tone and singleness of effort. And she is not sensibly in her story, any more than a painter is in his picture. It is in this that her engaging modesty and admirable self-restraint lie.

Miss Jewett is the author of a dozen volumes of fiction, among the more important of which are—'A Marsh Island' (1885); 'A White Heron and Other Stories' (1886); 'The King of Folly Island, and Other People' (1888); 'Strangers and Wayfarers' (1890); 'A Native of Winby, and Other Tales' (1893); 'The Life of Nancy' (1895); and 'The Country of the Pointed Firs,' 1896.

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS

From 'The King of Folly Island, and Other People.' Copyright 1888, by Sarah O. Jewett. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

THE time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any railroad. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out of doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the light was a watchers' light. The funeral was set for the next day at one o'clock.

The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room; and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation. One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting,—of the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look vague and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and six unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived; and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well-to-do; her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance.

Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old schoolmates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with the care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hillside very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice, as if it tried to make the watchers understand something that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we expect. She's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening; somebody beside Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window crack now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet on the whole it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 'twa'n't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much,—for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused, unconscious way, and then recollected herself.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

Sarah Binson was much moved at this confession, and was even pained and touched by the unexpected humility. "You have a good many calls on you," she began, and then left her kind little compliment half finished.

"Yes, yes; but I've got means enough. My disposition's more of a cross to me as I grow older, and I made up my mind this morning that Tempy's example should be my pattern henceforth." She began to knit faster than ever.

"'Tain't no use to get morbid; that's what Tempy used to say herself," said Sarah Ann, after a minute's silence. "Ain't it strange to say 'used to say'?" and her voice choked a little. "She never did like to hear folks git goin' about themselves."

"'Twas only because they're apt to do it so as other folks will say 'twasn't so, an' praise 'em up," humbly replied Mrs. Crowe, "and that ain't my object. There wa'n't a child but what Tempy set herself to work to see what she could do to please it. One time my brother's folks had been stopping here in the summer, from Massachusetts. The children was all little, and they broke up a sight of toys, and left 'em when they were going away. Tempy come right up after they rode by, to see if she couldn't help me set the house to rights, and she caught me just as I was going to fling some of the clutter into the stove. I was kind of tired out, starting 'em off in season. 'Oh, give me them!' says she, real pleading; and she wropped 'em up and took 'em home with her when she went, and she mended 'em up and stuck 'em together, and made some young one or other happy with every blessed one. You'd thought I'd done her the biggest favor. 'No thanks to me. I should ha' burnt 'em, Tempy,' says I."

"Some of 'em came to our house, I know," said Miss Binson. "She'd take a lot o' trouble to please a child, 'stead o' shoving of it out o' the way, like the rest of us when we're drove."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know's there's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on, looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty-looking Trevor girl, who taught the Corners school, and married so well afterwards, out in New York State. You remember her, I daresay?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and give the school a great start; but she'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile,—you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother out in Chicago, who was well off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie Trevor, and I daresay make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and didn't take time to stop and think about his folks. He hadn't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy she cosseted her up awhile, and then, next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way and stop over night. Now I happened to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead hardly: but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it to. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey, till she owned up, rather'n have Lizzie blamed, that she'd given her sixty dollars, same's if she was rolling in riches, and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came in to her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I've heard her tell, years ago, that she'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling. "Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust;" and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Tempy was so situated;" but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same's 'twould be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 'twas what I'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky, —"if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same's they've always been. Now Priscilla Dance was talking away like a mill-clapper, week before last. She'd think I would go right off and get one o' them new-fashioned gilt-and-white papers for the best room, and some new furniture, an' a marble-top table. And I looked at her, all struck up. 'Why,' says I, 'Priscilla, that nice old velvet paper ain't hurt a mite. I shouldn't feel 'twas my best room without it. Dan'el says 'tis the first thing he can remember rubbin' his little baby fingers on to it, and how splendid he thought them red roses was.' I maintain," continued Mrs. Crowe stoutly, "that folks wastes sights o' good money doin' just such foolish things. Tearin' out the insides o' meetin'-houses, and fixin' the pews different; 'twas good enough as 'twas, with mendin': then hard times come, an' they want to put it all back same's 'twas before."

This touched upon an exciting subject to active members of that parish. Miss Binson and Mrs. Crowe belonged to opposite parties, and had at one time come as near hard feelings as they could and yet escape them. Each hastened to speak of other things and to show her untouched friendliness.

"I do agree with you," said Sister Binson, "that few of us know what use to make of money beyond every-day necessities. You've seen more o' the world than I have, and know what's

expected. When it comes to taste and judgment about such things, I ought to defer to others;" and with this modest avowal the critical moment passed when there might have been an improper discussion.

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. There was something disturbing in the noise of a mouse gnawing at the dry boards of a closet wall near by. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night, and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look up-stairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter and pleasanter," whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile. "To-morrow 'twill all have faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it's then they go." She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in this upper room.

"'Tis a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don't know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things now and then that she seems to say. Now I never was one to take up with no nonsense of sperits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'Tis a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it's all put behind her now; she knows what 'tis." Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I'd never like to forgit almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her and let Mis' Owen go home; and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I couldn't see what kind of a nod she give me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful, and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don't know's she ever said much afterwards."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 'twill be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once in evenin' meetin' that he'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. 'Tis as natural as bein' born or livin' on,' he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 'twas the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 'twas a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We'd better take a little to eat," she

explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites. Sister Binson put a spoon into a small old-fashioned glass of preserved quince, and passed it to her friend. She was most familiar with the house, and played the part of hostess. "Spread some o' this on your bread and butter," she said to Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy wanted me to use some three or four times, but I never felt to. I know she'd like to have us comfortable now, and would urge us to make a good supper, poor dear."

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece; but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann. "And she'd never git more'n a little apernful o' quinces, but she'd have every mite o' goodness out o' those, and set the glasses up onto her best-room closet shelf, *so* pleased. 'Twa'n't but a week ago to-morrow mornin' I fetched her a little taste o' jelly in a teaspoon; and she says 'Thank ye,' and took it; an' the minute she tasted it she looked up at me as worried as could be. 'Oh, I don't want to eat that,' says she. 'I always keep that in case o' sickness.' 'You're goin' to have the good o' one tumbler yourself,' says I. 'I'd just like to know who's sick now, if you ain't!' An' she couldn't help laughin', I spoke up so smart. Oh dear me, how I shall miss talkin' over things with her! She always sensed things, and got just the p'int you meant."

"She didn't begin to age until two or three years ago, did she?" asked Mrs. Crowe. "I never saw anybody keep her looks as Tempy did. She looked young long after I begun to feel like an old woman. The doctor used to say 'twas her young heart, and I don't know but what he was right. How she did do for other folks! There was one spell she wasn't at home a day for a fortnight. She got most of her livin' so, and that made her

own potatoes and things last her through. None o' the young folks could get married without her, and all the old ones was disappointed if she wa'n't round when they was down with sickness and had to go. An' cleanin', or tailorin' for boys, or rug-hookin',—there was nothin' but what she could do as handy as most. 'I do love to work!'—'a'n't you heard her say that twenty times a week?"

Sarah Ann Binson nodded, and began to clear away the empty plates. "We may want a taste o' somethin' more towards mornin'," she said. "There's plenty in the closet here; and in case some comes from a distance to the funeral, we'll have a little table spread after we get back to the house."

"Yes, I was busy all the mornin'. I've cooked up a sight o' things to bring over," said Mrs. Crowe. "I felt 'twas the last I could do for her."

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and she laughed at me good. There: when Dan'el begun to look old, I couldn't help feeling as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 'twas somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 'tis where they've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on, the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she too fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent, the outworn body of that generous

loving-hearted, simple soul, slept on also in its white raiment. Perhaps Tempy herself stood near, and saw her own life and its surroundings with new understanding. Perhaps she herself was the only watcher.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke too.

"I think Tempy'd be the first to say 'twas just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright.

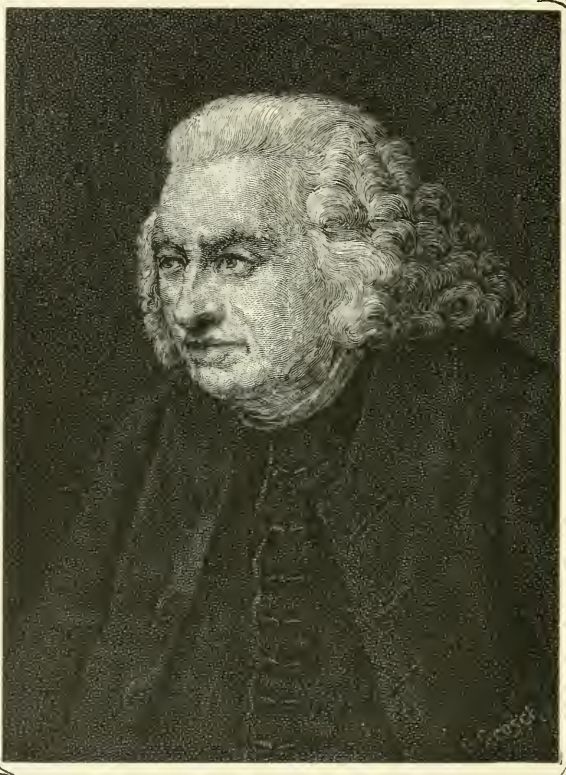
"'Twill be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.

THE BRANDON HOUSE

From 'Deephaven.' Copyright 1877, by James R. Osgood & Co.

I DO NOT know that the Brandon House is really very remarkable, but I never have been in one that interested me in the same way. Kate used to recount to select audiences at school some of her experiences with her Aunt Katharine; and it was popularly believed that she once carried down some indestructible picture-books when they were first in fashion, and the old lady basted them for her to hem round the edges at the rate of two a day. It may have been fabulous. It was impossible to imagine any children in the old place; everything was for grown people; even the stair railing was too high to slide down on. The chairs looked as if they had been put, at the furnishing of the house, in their places, and there they meant to remain. The carpets were particularly interesting; and I remember Kate's pointing out to me one day a great square figure in one, and telling me she used to keep house there with her dolls for lack of a better play-house, and if one of them chanced to fall outside the boundary stripe, it was immediately put to bed with a cold. It is a house with great possibilities; it might easily be

made charming. There are four very large rooms on the lower floor, and six above, a wide hall in each story, and a fascinating garret over the whole, where were many mysterious old chests and boxes, in one of which we found Kate's grandmother's love-letters; and you may be sure the vista of rummages which Mr. Lancaster had laughed about was explored to its very end. . . . Facing each other are two old secretaries, and one of them we ascertained to be the hiding-place of secret drawers, in which may be found valuable records deposited by ourselves one rainy day when we first explored it. We wrote, between us, a tragic 'journal' on some yellow old letter-paper we found in the desk. We put it in the most hidden drawer by itself, and flatter ourselves that it will be regarded with great interest some time or other. Of one of the front rooms, "the best chamber," we stood rather in dread. It is very remarkable that there seem to be no ghost stories connected with any part of the house, particularly this. We are neither of us nervous; but there is certainly something dismal about the room. The huge curtained bed and immense easy-chairs, windows and everything, were draped in some old-fashioned kind of white cloth which always seemed to be waving and moving about of itself. The carpet was most singularly colored with dark reds and indescribable grays and browns; and the pattern, after a whole summer's study, could never be followed with one's eye. The paper was captured in a French prize somewhere some time in the last century; and part of the figure was shaggy, and therein little spiders found habitation, and went visiting their acquaintances across the shiny places. The color was an unearthly pink and a forbidding maroon, with dim white spots, which gave it the appearance of having molded. It made you low-spirited to look long in the mirror; and the great lounge one could not have cheerful associations with, after hearing that Miss Brandon herself did not like it, having seen so many of her relatives lie there dead. There were fantastic china ornaments from Bible subjects on the mantel; and the only picture was one of the Maid of Orleans, tied with an unnecessarily strong rope to a very stout stake. The best parlor we also rarely used, because all the portraits which hung there had for some unaccountable reason taken a violent dislike to us, and followed us suspiciously with their eyes. The furniture was stately and very uncomfortable, and there was something about the room which suggested an invisible funeral.



SAMUEL JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709–1784)

BY GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL

SAMUEL JOHNSON, the son of a bookseller, was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, September 18th, 1709. He was educated mainly in the grammar school of that city; though perhaps the best part of his education he gave himself, in the free run which he had of the books in his father's shop. Lichfield was the literary centre of a large district. Old Michael Johnson supplied scholars with their folios, as well as less severe readers with romances, poems, essays, and pamphlets. It was in climbing up to search for some apples which young Samuel imagined his brother had hidden behind a large folio, that he came across the works of Petrarch, and fell to studying them. He was a mere child when, reading 'Hamlet' in his father's kitchen, he was so greatly scared by the ghost that he suddenly hurried up-stairs to the street door, that he might see people about him. With the memory of this terror fresh in his mind, he wrote many years afterwards: "He that peruses Shakespeare looks round him alarmed, and starts to find himself alone." He read with wonderful rapidity, ravenously as if he devoured the book, and what he read his powerful memory retained. "He knew more books," said Adam Smith, "than any man alive."

At the age of nineteen he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, "the best qualified for the university that his tutor had ever known come there." Thence he was driven by poverty after a residence of only fourteen months. During the next few years he lived partly by teaching. At the age of twenty-six he married. Two years later he went up to London with a half-finished tragedy in his pocket, and David Garrick as his companion. There for five-and-twenty years he lived the hard life of a poor scholar. His wife died after a long illness. "The melancholy of the day of her death hung long upon me," he recorded in his diary. His own body, though large and powerful, was not sound, and his mind was often overcast by melancholy. "My health," he said in his old age, "has been from my twentieth year such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease." In this period of his life he did most of his work. He wrote the Debates of Parliament, which were wholly in form and mainly in

substance his own invention; his great Dictionary; his two poems 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'; the Rambler, the Idler, and 'Rasselas,' and numerous minor pieces. He published moreover 'Observations on Macbeth,' and he made a beginning of his edition of Shakespeare.

In 1762, when he was in his fifty-third year, a pension of £300 from the King freed him from the pressure of poverty. The rest of his life he passed in modest comfort. A friendship which he formed a little later added greatly to his happiness. A wealthy London brewer of the name of Thrale, a man of such strong sense that he sought a comrade in this rough genius, gave him a second home. Both in his town house and in his beautiful country villa a room was set apart for Johnson. Mrs. Thrale, "a lady of lively talents improved by education," flattered by the friendship of so great a man and by the society which he drew round her table, tended him like a daughter. "Her kindness soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." To the Thrales he generally gave half the week, passing the rest of his time in his own house. There he found constant shelter for two humble friends; sometimes indeed for as many as five.

His pen had long intervals of rest. He finished his Shakespeare, wrote four political tracts which added nothing to his reputation, and his 'Journey to the Western Islands.' Happily he was roused from his indolence by the request of the booksellers that he should undertake that one of all his works by which he is best known,—the 'Lives of the English Poets.' "I wrote it," he says, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily; unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste."

The indolence into which he seemed to have sunk was more apparent than real. That powerful mind was seldom long at rest. "He was a kind of public oracle, whom everybody thought they had a right to visit and consult." David Hume might complain that "men of letters have in London no rendezvous, and are indeed sunk and forgotten in the general torrent of the world." Those who knew Johnson felt no such want. "His house became an academy." So did the taverns which he frequented, whose chairs he looked upon as so many thrones of human felicity. "There I have," he said, "free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and opinions I find delight." In Thrale's house too "the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, called forth his wonderful powers." Among his friends he numbered Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Boswell. They were all members of that famous club of which he was the light and centre. In

the world of letters his opinion was eagerly awaited. "'What does Johnson say of such a book?' was the question of every day."

This, the happiest period of his life, was brought to an end by the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781. "I looked," he recorded in his diary, "for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity." The widow, who had scarcely buried her husband before she fell in love with an Italian singer, began to feel the old man's friendship a burden and reproach, and deserted him as she deserted her daughter. While he was thus losing his second home, "death visited his mournful habitation." Blind Miss Williams and that strange old surgeon Robert Levett, whom he had sheltered so many years and who repaid his kindness by companionship whenever he needed it, quickly followed Thrale to the grave. His own health began to break, and he was attacked by a succession of painful disorders.

Though the ranks of his friends were thinning and his strength was failing, he did not lose heart. He tried "to keep his friendships in constant repair," and he struggled hard for life. "I will be conquered," he said; "I will not capitulate." Death had always been terrible to him. Had Mr. Thrale outlived him he would have faced it in the house of friends, who by their attentions and their wealth would have screened some of its terrors from his view. He now faced it month after month in the gloom of solitude. He died on December 13th, 1784. "His death," wrote one of his contemporaries, "kept the public mind in agitation beyond all former example." "It made a kind of era in literature," said Hannah More. Harriet Martineau was told, by an old lady who well remembered the time, that "the world of literature was perplexed and distressed as a swarm of bees that have lost their queen." The sovereign man of letters was indeed dead. "Sir," Goldsmith had one day said to him, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic." The republic was at length founded; the last monarch of the English world of literature was gathered to his fathers. The sceptre which Dryden had handed down to Pope, and Pope to Johnson, fell to the ground, never to be raised again. The Declaration of Independence was read in the funeral service over the newly opened grave in Westminster Abbey.

High as Johnson still stands as a writer, his great reputation rests mainly on his talk and on his character as a man, full as it was of strange variety, rugged strength, great tenderness, dogged honesty and truthfulness, a willingness to believe what was incredible combined with "an obstinate rationality" which ever prevented him, and Toryism with the spirit of a rebel glowing beneath. He had in the highest degree "that element of manhood" (to quote Lowell's words) "which we call *character*. It is something distinct from genius—

though all great geniuses are endowed with it. Hence we always think of Dante Alighieri, of Michael Angelo, of William Shakespeare, of John Milton; while of such men as Gibbon and Hume we merely recall the works, and think of them as the author of this or that." This holds more true of Samuel Johnson than even of the four mighty geniuses whom Lowell instances. It is in the pages of his friend and disciple that he lives for us as no other man has ever lived. Of all men he is best known. In his early manhood he set up an academy, and failed. The school which he founded in his later years still numbers its pupils by thousands and tens of thousands. "We are," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "of Dr. Johnson's school. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. He qualified it to think justly." He still qualifies the mind to think; he still clears it of cant; he still brushes from it all that rubbish which is heaped up by affectation, false sentiment, exaggeration, credulity, and indolence in thinking. "All who were of his school," Reynolds added, "are distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy." "He taught me," wrote Boswell, "to cross-question in common life." The great master still finds many apt scholars.

"He spoke as he wrote," his hearers commonly asserted. This was not altogether true. It might indeed be the case that "everything he said was as correct as a second edition"; nevertheless his talk was never so labored as the more ornate parts of his writings. Even in his lifetime his style was censured as "involved and turgid, and abounding with antiquated and hard words." Macaulay went so far as to pronounce it "systematically vicious." Johnson seems to have been aware of some of his failings. "If Robertson's style be faulty," he said, "he owes it to me; that is, having too many words, and those too big ones." As Goldsmith said of him, "If he were to make little fishes talk [in a fable], they would talk like whales." In the structure of his sentences he is as often at fault as in the use of big words. He praised Temple for giving a cadence to English prose, and he blamed Warburton for having "his sentences unmeasured." His own prose is too measured and has too much cadence. It is in his Ramblers that he is seen at his worst, and in his 'Lives of the Poets' at his best. In his Ramblers he was under the temptation to expand his words beyond the thoughts they had to convey, which besets every writer who has on stated days to fill up a certain number of columns. In the Lives, out of the fullness of his mind he gave far more than he had undertaken in his agreement with the booksellers. With all its faults, his style has left a permanent and a beneficial mark on the English language. It was not without reason that speaking of what he had done, he said: "Something perhaps I

have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence." If he was too fond of words of foreign origin, he resisted the inroad of foreign idioms. No one could say of him what he said of Hume: "The structure of his sentences is French." He sturdily withstood "the license of translators who were reducing to babble a dialect of France." Lord Monboddo complained of his frequent use of metaphors. In this he was unlike Swift, in whose writings, it was asserted, not a single one can be found. If however he used them profusely, he used them as accurately as Burke; of whom, as he was speaking one day in Parliament, a bystander said, "How closely that fellow reasons in metaphors!" Johnson's writings are always clear. To him might be applied the words he used of Swift: "He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him." "He never hovers on the brink of meaning." If he falls short of Swift in simplicity, he rises far above him in eloquence. He cares for something more than "the easy and safe conveyance of meaning." His task it was not only to instruct, but to persuade; not only to impart truth, but to awaken "that inattention by which known truths are suffered to be neglected." He was "the great moralist." He was no unimpassioned teacher, as correct as he is cold. His mind was ever swayed to the mood of what it liked or loathed, and as it was swayed, so it gave harmonious utterance. Who would look to find tenderness in the preface to a dictionary? Nevertheless Horne Tooke, "the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame," could never read Johnson's preface without shedding a tear. He often rose to noble heights of eloquence; while in the power of his honest scorn he has scarcely a rival. His letters to Lord Chesterfield and James Macpherson are not surpassed by any in our language. In his criticisms he is admirably clear. Whether we agree with him or not, we know at once what he means; while his meaning is so strongly supported by argument that we can neither neglect it nor despise it. He may put his reader into a rage, but he sets him thinking.

Of his original works, 'Irene' was the first written, though not the first published. It is a declamatory tragedy. He had little dramatic power, and he followed a bad model, for he took Addison as his master. The criticism which in his old age he passed on that writer's 'Cato' equally well fits his own 'Irene.' "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life." It was in his two imitations of Juvenal's Satires, 'London' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' that he first showed his great powers. Pope quickly discovered the genius of the unknown author. In their kind they are

masterpieces. Sir Walter Scott "had more pleasure in reading them than any other poetical composition he could mention." The last line of manuscript he sent to press was a quotation from the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' "'Tis a grand poem," said Byron, "and so true!—true as the truth of Juvenal himself." Johnson had planned further imitations of the Roman satirist, but he never executed them. What he has done in these two longer poems and in many of his minor pieces is so good that we may well grieve that he left so little in verse. Like his three contemporaries Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, as a poet he died in debt to the world.

In the Rambler he teaches the same great lesson of life as in his serious poems. He gave variety, however, by lighter papers modeled on the Spectator, and by critical pieces. Admirable as was his humor in his talk,—"in the talent of humor," said Hawkins, "there hardly ever was his equal,"—yet in his writings he fell unmeasurably short of Addison. His criticisms are acute; but it is when "he reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" that he is seen at his strongest.

'Rasselas,' struck off at a heat when his mother lay dying, tells in prose what the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' tells in verse. It is little known to the modern reader, who is not easily reconciled to its style. At no time could it have been a favorite with the young and thoughtless. Nevertheless, as years steal over us, we own, as we lay it down with a sigh, that it gives a view of life as profound and true as it is sad.

His Dictionary, faulty as it is in its etymologies, is a very great performance. Its definitions are admirable; while the quotations are so happily selected that they would afford the most pleasant reading were it possible to read a heavy folio with pleasure. That it should be the work of one man is a marvel. He had hoped to finish it in three years; it took him more than seven. To quote his own words, "He that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casualties." He was hindered by ill health, by his wife's long and fatal illness, and by the need that he was under of "making provision for the day that was passing over him." During two years of the seven years he was writing three Ramblers a week.

Of his Shakespeare, Macaulay said: "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic." I doubt whether when he passed this sweeping judgment, he had read much more than those brief passages in which Johnson sums up the merits of each play. The preface, Adam Smith, no friend of Johnson's fame, described as "the most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country." In the notes the editor anticipated modern critics in giving great weight to early readings. Warburton,

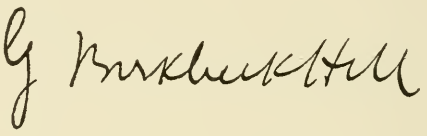
in the audacity of his conjectural emendations, almost rivaled Bentley in his dealings with Milton. He floundered, but this time he did not flounder well. Johnson was unwilling to meddle with the text so long as it gave a meaning. Many of his corrections are ingenious, but in this respect he came far behind Theobald. His notes on character are distinguished by that knowledge of mankind in which he excelled. The best are those on Falstaff and Polonius. The booksellers who had employed him did their part but ill. There are numerous errors which the corrector of the press should have detected, while the work is ill printed and on bad paper.

His four political tracts were written at the request of government. In one of them, in a fine passage, he shows the misery and suffering which are veiled from men's sight by the dazzle of the glory of war. In the struggle between England and her colonies he with Gibbon stood by George III., while Burke, Hume, and Adam Smith were on the side of liberty.

In his 'Journey to the Western Islands' he describes the tour which he made with Boswell in 1773. In this work he took the part of the oppressed tenants against their chiefs, who were, he wrote, "gradually degenerating from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords." His narrative is interesting; while the facts which he gathered about a rapidly changing society are curious. "Burke thought well of the philosophy of the book."

His last work was the 'Lives of the English Poets.' It was undertaken at the request of the chief London booksellers, "who had determined to publish a body of English poetry," for which he was to furnish brief prefaces. These prefaces swelled into Lives. "I have," he wrote, "been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure." For payment he had required only two hundred guineas. "Had he asked one thousand, or even fifteen hundred," said Malone, "the booksellers would doubtless readily have given it." In this great work he traveled over the whole field of English poetry, from Milton who was born in 1608 to Lyttleton who died in 1773. To such a task no man ever came better equipped. He brought to it wide reading, a strong memory, traditional knowledge gathered from the companions of his early manhood, his own long acquaintance with the literary world of London, and the fruits of years of reflection and discussion. He had studied criticism deeply, and he dared to think for himself. No man was ever more fearless in his judgments. He was overpowered by no man's reputation. His criticisms of Milton's 'Lycidas' and of Gray show him at his worst. Nevertheless they are not wholly without foundation. 'Lycidas,' great as it is, belongs to an unnatural school of poetry. It is a lament that never moved a single reader to

tears. No one mourns over young Lycidas. Blind as Johnson was to the greatness of the poem, he has surpassed all other critics in the splendor of the praise he bestowed on the poet. To the exquisite beauties of Gray, unhappily, he was insensible. His faults he makes us see only too clearly. We have to admit, however unwillingly, that at times Gray is "tall by standing on tiptoe," and does indulge in commonplaces "to which criticism disdains to chase him." Scarcely less valuable than Johnson's critical remarks are the anecdotes which he collected and the reflections which he made. In these Lives, and in his own Life as told by Boswell, we have given us an admirable view of literature and literary men, from the end of the age of Elizabeth to close upon the dawn of the splendor which ushered in the nineteenth century.



FROM 'THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES'

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land.

When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord!
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower;
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes,—nor want nor cold his course delay:
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. . . .

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,—
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned:
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD AS TO THE 'DICTIONARY'

FEBRUARY 7th, 1755.

My Lord:

I HAVE been lately informed by the proprietor of the World that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,— that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which

time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, incumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON'S LAST LETTER TO HIS AGED MOTHER

Dear Honored Mother:

NEITHER your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

I am, dear, dear Mother,

Your dutiful Son,

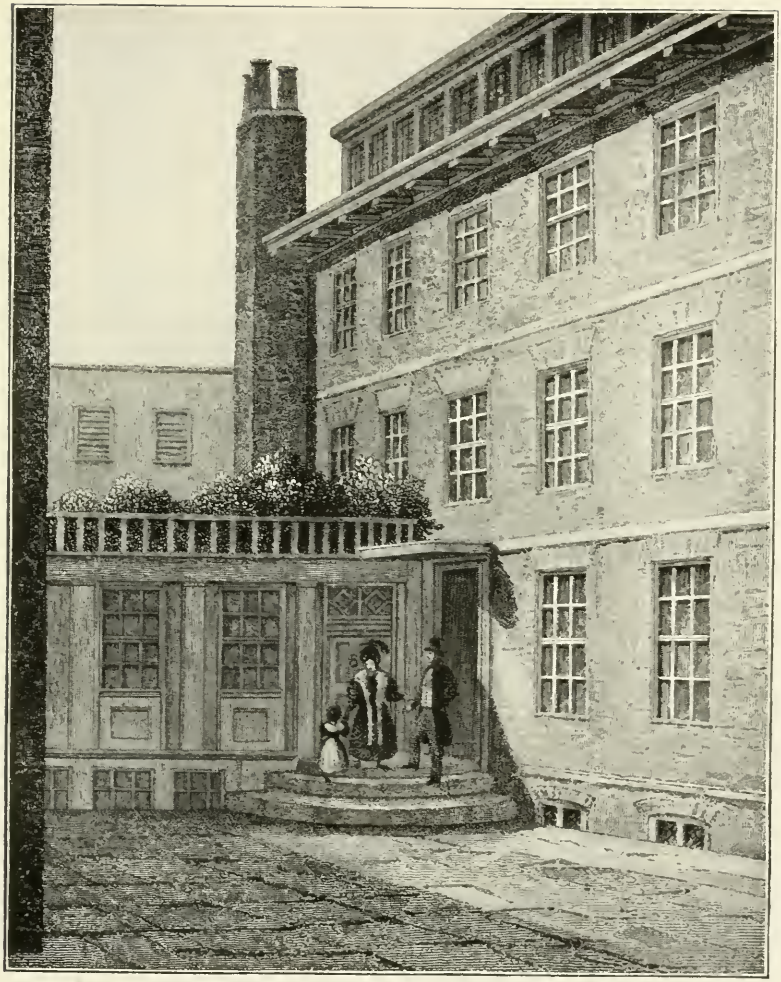
JAN. 20, 1759. SAM. JOHNSON.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS FRIEND MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN

I KNOW my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in which I give him no account of myself; yet what account shall I give him? I have not, since the day of our separation, suffered or done anything considerable. The only change in my way of life is, that I have frequented the theatre more than in former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape from myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy called 'The Jealous Wife,'—which, though not written with much genius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty nights. I am digressing from myself to the play-house; but a barren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the concurrence of my own judgment; yet I continue to flatter myself that when you return, you will find me mended. I do not wonder that where the monastic life is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempt from the tyranny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be more attracted by convents than by palaces; though I am afraid I should find expectation in both places equally disappointed, and life in both places supported with impatience and quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted is a powerful remedy against impatience; but what shall free us from reluctance? Those who have endeavored to teach us to die well, have taught few to die willingly; yet I cannot but hope that a good life might end at last in a contented death.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER'S AGED SERVANT

SUNDAY, Oct. 18, 1767.—Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S HOUSE

No. 8 Bolt Court, Fleet Street

buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words:—

"Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labors of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness through Jesus Christ our Lord; for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father," etc.

I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted, I humbly hope to meet again and to part no more.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

WHAT can possibly have happened that keeps us two such strangers to each other? I expected to have heard from you when you came home; I expected afterwards. I went into the country and returned; and yet there is no letter from Mr. Boswell. No ill I hope has happened; and if ill should happen, why should it be concealed from him who loves you? Is it a fit of humor, that has disposed you to try who can hold out longest without writing? If it be, you have the victory. But I am afraid of something bad; set me free from my suspicions

My thoughts are at present employed in guessing the reason of your silence: you must not expect that I should tell you anything, if I had anything to tell. Write, pray write to me, and let me know what is, or what has been, the cause of this long interruption. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JULY 13, 1779.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:

Are you playing the same trick again, and trying who can keep silence longest? Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish; and that it is as foolish to make experiments upon the constancy of a friend as upon the chastity of a wife.

What can be the cause of this second fit of silence I cannot conjecture; but after one trick, I will not be cheated by another, nor will I harass my thoughts with conjectures about the motives of a man who probably acts only by caprice. I therefore suppose you are well, and that Mrs. Boswell is well too; and that the fine summer has restored Lord Auchinleck. I am much better, better than you left me; I think I am better than when I was in Scotland.

I forgot whether I informed you that poor Thrale has been in great danger. Mrs. Thrale likewise has . . . been much indisposed. Everybody else is well; Langton is in camp. I intend to put Lord Hailes's description of Dryden into another edition; and as I know his accuracy, wish he would consider the dates, which I could not always settle to my own mind.

Mr. Thrale goes to Brighthelmstone about Michaelmas, to be jolly and ride a-hunting. I shall go to town, or perhaps to Oxford. Exercise and gayety, or rather carelessness, will I hope dissipate all remains of his malady; and I likewise hope, by the change of place, to find some opportunities of growing yet better myself. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

Sam. Johnson.

Streatham, Sept. 9, 1779.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

Why should you importune me so earnestly to write? Of what importance can it be to hear of distant friends to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, anything can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.

I am glad that you made the round of Lichfield with so much success: the oftener you are seen, the more you will be liked.

It was pleasing to me to read that Mrs. Aston was so well, and that Lucy Porter was so glad to see you.

In the place where you now are, there is much to be observed; and you will easily procure yourself skillful directors. But what will you do to keep away the *black dog* that worries you at home? If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, inquire into the old tenures and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the Middle Ages. The feudal system, in a country half barbarous, is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to image the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy nor negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found.

We have, I think, once talked of another project,—a history of the late insurrection in Scotland, with all its incidents. Many falsehoods are passing into uncontradicted history. Voltaire, who loved a striking story, has told what he could not find to be true.

You may make collections for either of these projects, or for both, as opportunities occur, and digest your materials at leisure. The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this: *Be not solitary; be not idle*—which I would thus modify: If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

There is a letter for you, from

Your humble servant,

Sam. Johnson.

London, October 27, 1779.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD

Dear Madam:

Life is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order I think it often my own fault.

The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I

hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another; and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends: I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me.

I am, dearest love,

Your most humble servant,

London, April 12, 1781. Sam. Johnson.

TO MR. PERKINS

Dear Sir:

I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may, by proper conduct, restore your health and prolong your life.

Observe these rules:—

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

2. Do not think about frugality: your health is worth more than it can cost.

3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

4. Take now and then a day's rest.

5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.

6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

July 28, 1782. Sam. Johnson.

FROM A LETTER TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gayety, or apparent suspicion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

TO MRS. THRALE

On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom; when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew

them not to be very good; I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy; and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty: my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbor. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

A PRIVATE PRAYER BY DR. JOHNSON

O God, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness.

O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity: look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who has continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness.

Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws.

Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

WEALTH

From the Rambler, No. 58, October 6th, 1750

As the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavors to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shown that by all the wit and reason which this favorite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honors and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labor or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher: for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendor when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only

for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shown its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardor and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase,—which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of

a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

OLD AGE AND DEATH

From the Rambler, No. 69, November 13th, 1750

An old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite; that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful; and nothing could be added to the curse of age, but that it should be extended beyond its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former

parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by spirit and vigor we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has indeed not been wanting in endeavors to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large and whose chests are full imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is indeed too frequently the citadel of the dotard; the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth,—all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events and filled their minds with the same conceptions,—this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes animated with hopes which he cannot share and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestic gratifications, some tender

employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colors of life as we look forward to the future or backward to the past, and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world with fullness of hope and ardor of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse: and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser; that neither precepts nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that no one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other; and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth, sublimed by health and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatic sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness therefore which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father, to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time and chilled by frustration.'

Yet it may be doubted whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down with storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shriveled in the shade: and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have

constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies age begins early, and very often lasts long: it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loses its sprightliness and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them. They hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity, and endeavor to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart or exercise of the reason?

Yet however age may discourage us by its appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to inquire what provision can be made against that time of distress? what happiness can be stored up against the winter of life? and how we may pass our latter years with serenity and cheerfulness?

It has been found by the experience of mankind that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed that old age, worn with labors, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future: the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.

A STUDY OF MILTON'S 'PARADISE LOST'

From 'Milton,' in the 'Lives of the Poets'

MILTON'S little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine 'Paradise Lost'; a poem which considered with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life he has to learn the discriminations of character and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase and all the colors of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton: the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous: "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral there must be a *fable;* a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity and surprise expectation. In this part of his work Milton must be confessed to have

equaled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace. . . .

Of the *probable* and the *marvelous*, two parts of a vulgar epic poem which immerge the critic in deep consideration, the 'Paradise Lost' requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle,—of creation and redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being: the probable therefore is marvelous, and the marvelous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to everything human, some slight exceptions may be made; but the main fabric is immovably supported. . . .

To the completeness or *integrity* of the design nothing can be objected: it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires—a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem of the same length from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions whether the action of the poem be strictly *one*, whether the poem can be properly termed *heroic*, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles

of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he entitled 'Paradise Lost' only a "poem," yet calls it himself "heroic song." Dryden petulantly and indecently denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favor, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The *sentiments*, as expressive of manners or appropriated to characters, are for the greater part unexceptionably just. Splendid passages containing lessons of morality or precepts of prudence occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others,— the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility. . . .

The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskillful teachers of virtue; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy. From the Italian writers it appears that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the 'Deliverance of Jerusalem' may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction. In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In the first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they show how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it

ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the Divine favor is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed in our present misery it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being we have all to learn, as we have all to practice.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors in their first state conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation "the port of mean suitors"; and they rise again to reverential regard when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the 'Paradise Lost' little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is, has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the Divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion: sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem; sublimity variously modified,—sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of 'Paradise Lost'—for faults and defects every work of man must have—it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As in displaying the excellence of Milton I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honor of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies: which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than poetry, has often found,—though he sometimes made them,—and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ; a supposition rash and groundless if he thought it true, and vile and pernicious if—as is said—he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of 'Paradise Lost' has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. The man

and woman who act and suffer are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged, beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has therefore little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all indeed feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offenses; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; in the description of heaven and hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new: they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before, we cannot learn; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terrors such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken and performed with pregnancy and vigor of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius,—of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to

digest and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature or from story, from an ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading 'Paradise Lost' we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. 'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This being necessary, was therefore defensible; and he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the "burning marl," he has a body; when, in his passage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapors, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he "starts up in his own shape," he has at least a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has "a spear and a shield," which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being "incorporeal spirits," are "at large, though without number," in a limited space; yet in the battle when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armor hurt them, "crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning." This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown "the sooner for their

arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual: for "contraction" and "remove" are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armor, they might have escaped from it and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel when he rides on a sunbeam is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven fills it with incongruity; and the book in which it is related is, I believe, the favorite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. . . .

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a "mole of aggravated soil" cemented with *asphaltus*, a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskillful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report "rife in Heaven" before his departure. To find sentiments for the state of innocence was very difficult; and

something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety: it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of "timorous deer," before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison. . . .

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety. He was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the Art of English Poetry might be learned . . .

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem; and therefore owes reverence to that vigor and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favor gaĭned; no exchange of praise nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch: he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

(1822–)

One of the most distinctive and pleasant features of American literature in its development since 1870 has been the work of Southern writers. They have portrayed in sketch, poem, and story,—notably in the latter form,—the scenes, types, and natural beauties of a picturesque and romantic part of the United States, rich in colors and flavors of its own, and a most hopeful field for literary cultivation. Different authors, men and women, have drawn with sympathetic insight the characters peculiar to their own sections or States, and a product of originality and value has been the result. To mention but a few names: Mr. Page and Mrs. Stuart have done this for Virginia and Alabama, Miss Murfree for Tennessee, "Octave Thanet" for the Southwest, Mr. James Lane Allen for Kentucky, and Messrs. Harris and Johnston for Georgia. The last mentioned, R. M. Johnston, holds an honorable place amid the elder authors of the South because of his lively, humorously unctuous, and truthfully limned studies of Georgia folk.

Richard M. Johnston

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in 1822 in Hancock County, Georgia, and was graduated from Mercer University in that State in 1841. He was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession at Sparta, Georgia; but like the legion before him who have felt themselves called to scholarship and literature, he turned from the law, declining such a substantial bait as a judgeship, and in 1857 became professor of *belles-lettres* in the University of Georgia, holding the position until the breaking out of the war in 1861. Afterwards he opened a select classical school at Rockby, in his native county, and it became a noted institution in the South. In 1867 the school was moved to the suburbs of Baltimore; and since its abandonment Colonel Johnston has resided in that city.

The stories which gave him reputation, 'The Dukesborough Tales,' first appeared in the old Southern Magazine, and were published later in book form (1871). Some time before, he had printed his 'Georgia Sketches: By an Old Man' (1864). In 1884 came 'Old Mark Langston:

A Tale of Duke's Creek'; in 1885 'Two Grey Tourists'; 'Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk' dates from 1888; 'Ogeechee Cross-Firings' from 1889; and still later books of fiction are 'Widow Guthrie' (1890); 'The Primes and their Neighbors,' 'Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims' (1892); 'Mr. Billy Downs and his Likes' (1892); and 'Little Ike Templin and Other Stories' (1894). Colonel Johnston has also written a biography of Alexander H. Stephens, a sketch of English literature (in collaboration with Professor William Hand Browne), and several volumes of essays.

Colonel Johnston's representative work is found in the 'Dukesborough Tales.' All his later fiction bears a family resemblance to this inimitable series, in which is reproduced the old-time Georgian country life among white folks from a supposed contemporary's coign of vantage, and in a way to give the reader a vivid sense of local custom, tradition, and trait. The sly fun of these genial stories is delicious; the revelations of human nature are keen, while the temper is kindly and tolerant. Johnston does for the white people of a certain period and section what Page and Harris do for the negroes; and he does it once and for all.

THE EARLY MAJORITY OF MR. THOMAS WATTS

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«O 'tis a parlous boy.»
—'Richard III.'

Little Tom Watts, as he used to be called before the unexpected developments which I propose briefly to narrate, was the second in a family of eight children, his sister Susan being the eldest. His parents dwelt in a small house situate on the edge of Dukesborough. Mr. Simon Watts, though of extremely limited means, had some ambition. He held the office of constable in that militia district, and in seasons favorable to law business made about fifty dollars a year. The outside world seemed to think it was a pity that the head of a family so large and continually increasing should so persistently prefer mere fame to the competency which would have followed upon his staying at home and working his little field of very good ground. But he used to contend that a man could not be expected to live always, and therefore he ought to try to live in such a way as to leave his family, if nothing else, a name that they wouldn't be ashamed to hear mentioned after he was gone.

Yet Mr. Watts was not a cheerful man. Proud as he might justly feel in his official position, it went hard with him to be compelled to live in a way more and more pinched as his family continued to multiply with astonishing rapidity. His spirits, naturally saturnine, grew worse and worse with every fresh arrival in the person of a baby, until the eighth. Being yet a young man, comparatively speaking, and being used to make calculations, the figures seemed too large as he looked to the future. I would not go so far as to say that this prospect actually killed him; but at any rate he took a sickness which the doctor could not manage, and then Mr. Watts gave up his office and everything else that he had in this world.

But Mrs. Watts, his widow, had as good a resolution as any other woman in her circumstances ever had. She had no notion of giving up in that way. She gave up her husband, it is true, but that could not be helped; and without making much ado about even that, she kept going at all sorts of work, and somehow she got along at least as well after as before the death of Mr. Simon.

A person not well acquainted with the brood of little Wattses often found difficulty in discriminating among them. I used to observe them with considerable interest as I went into Dukesborough occasionally, with one or the other or both of my parents. They all had white hair, and red chubby faces. It was long a matter of doubt what was their sex. Such was the rapidity of their succession, and so graduated the declivity from Susan downwards, that the mother used to cut all their garments after a fashion that was very general, in order that they might descend during the process of decay to as many of them as possible. Now, although I saw them right often, I had believed for several months, for instance, that little Jack was a girl, from a yellow frock that had belonged to his sister Mary Jane, but which little Jack wore until his legs became subjected to such exposure that it had to descend to Polly Ann, his next younger sister. Then I made a similar mistake about Polly Ann, who during this time had worn little Jack's breeches, out of which he had gone into Mary Jane's frock; and I thought on my soul that Polly Ann was a boy.

In regard to Tommy, not only I, but the whole public, had been in a state of uncertainty in this behalf for a great length of time. Having no older brother, and Susan's outgrown dresses

being alone available, his male wardrobe was inevitably only half as extensive and various as by good rights, generally speaking, it ought to have been. Therefore Tommy had to make his appearance alternately in frock and breeches, according to the varying conditions of these garments, for a period that annoyed him the more the longer it extended, and finally began to disgust. Tom eagerly wished that he could outgrow Susan, and thus get into breeches out and out. But Susan in this respect, as indeed in almost all others, kept her distance in the lead.

There was a difference, easily noticeable, in Tom's deportment in these seasons. While in frocks it was subdued, retiring, and if not melancholy, at least fretful. Curiosity perhaps, or some other motive equally powerful, might and indeed sometimes did lead him outside of the gate; but never to linger there for any great length of time. If he had to go upon an errand during that season (a necessity which that resolute woman his mother enforced without the slightest hesitation), he went and returned with speed. Yet before starting out on such occasions, he was wont to be careful to give his hair such a turn that his manly head might refute the lie which Susan's frock had told. For it is probable that there have been few, if indeed any, boys who were more unwilling either to be or to be considered of the opposite sex, than that same Tom Watts. I do not remember ever to have seen a boy whose hair had so high and peculiar a roach as his exhibited, especially when he wore his sister Susan's frocks. Instead of being parted in the middle, it was divided into three parts. It was combed perfectly straight down on the sides of his head, and perfectly straight up from the top. An immense distance was thus established between the extremities of any two hairs which receded contiguously to each other on the border-lines.

All this was an artful attempt to divert public attention from the frock which intimated the female, to the head which asserted and which was supposed to establish the male. He once said to Susan: —

"When they sees your old frock, they makes out like that they 'spicions me a gal; but when they looks at my har all roached up, then they knows who I am."

"Yes indeed," answered Susan, "and a sight you air. Goodness knows, I'd rather be a girl, and rather look like one if I weren't, than to look like you do in that fix."

But it was during the other season, that which he called his breeches week, that Tommy Watts was most himself. In this period he was cheerful, bold, notorious. He was as often upon the street as he could find opportunities to steal away from home; and while there, he was as evidently a boy as was to be found in Dukesborough or any other place of its size. In this happy season he seemed to be disposed to make up as far as possible for the confinements and the gloominesses of the other. So much so, indeed, that he had to be whipped time and time again for his unlicensed wanderings; and for many other pranks which are indeed common to persons of his age and sex, but which he seemed to have the greater temptation to do, and which he did with more zest and temerity than other boys, because he had only half their time in which to do them. Tom Watts maintained that if a boy was a boy, then he ought to be a boy; and as for himself, if he had to be a girl a part of the time, he meant to double on them for the balance. By *them* he meant his mammy, as he was wont to call his surviving parent. But she understood the method of doubling as well as he; for while she whipped him with that amount of good-will which in her judgment was proper, she not unfrequently cut short his gay career by reducing him to Susan's frock, or (if it was not ready for the occasion) to his own single shirt. On such occasions he would relapse at once into the old melancholy ways. If Thomas Watts had been familiar with classical history, I have not a doubt that in these periods of his humiliation he would have compared his case with that of the great Achilles, whose mother had kept him in inglorious seclusion amid the daughters of Lycomedes. Yet, like that hero further in being extremely imprudent, no sooner would he recover his male attire than he would seem to think that no laws had ever been made for him, and he would rush headlong into difficulties and meet their consequences. Tom, as his mother used to say, was a boy of a "tremenjuous sperrit." But it had come from her, and enough had been left in her for all domestic purposes. In every hand-to-hand encounter between the two, Thomas was forced to yield and make terms; but he resolved over and over, and communicated that resolution to many persons, that if he ever did obtain his liberty, the world should hear from him. His late father having been to a degree connected, as we remember, with the legal profession, Tom had learned one item (and that was probably the only one that he did learn sufficiently well

to remember) of the law: that was, that young men of fourteen who had lost their fathers might go into court and choose their own guardians, and do other things besides. How he did long for that fourteenth birthday! The more he longed for it, the longer it seemed in coming. He had gotten to believe that if it ever should come, he would have lived long enough and had experience enough for all, even the most difficult and responsible purposes of human life.

But events that must come will come, if we will only wait for them. In the process of time, which to the hasty nature of Tom seemed unreasonably and cruelly long in passing, he seemed to emerge from the frock for good and all. The latest inducement to a preparation for this liberty was a promise that it should come the sooner, provided he would improve in the care that he was wont to take of his clothes; for he had been a sad fellow in that item of personal economy. When this inducement was placed before him, he entered upon a new career. He abjured wrestlings with other boys, and all other sports and exercises, however manly, which involved either the tearing of his attire or contact with the ground. He even began to be spruce and dandyish; and the public was astonished to find that in the matter of personal neatness, Tom Watts was likely to become a pattern to all the youth of Dukesborough and its environs. His roach grew both in height and in sleekness; and when his hat was off his head, Tom Watts was the tallest-looking boy of his inches that I ever saw.

Resolute as was the Widow Watts, she had respect for her word, and was not deficient in love for her offspring. Besides, it was getting to be high time for Tom to go to school, if he ever was to go. Now in a school, I maintain, if nowhere else, it is undeniably to be desired that everybody's sex should be put beyond doubt. Even a real girl in a school of boys, or a real boy in a school of girls, it is probable, would both feel and impart considerable embarrassment. This would doubtless be much increased in case where such a matter was in doubt. There is no telling what a difference an uncertainty in this behalf would make, not only in the hours of study, but even, and to a perhaps greater extent, in those of play. I have lived in the world long enough to feel justified in saying that suspicions and doubts are more efficacious than facts in producing embarrassments and alienations. Oh, it is no use to say anything more upon the

subject! Mrs. Watts had sense enough to have respect for public sentiment; and when Tom was ready for school, Susan's frock had to be laid aside. However, Mary Jane, who was a fast grower, went into it with the taking of only a little tuck, and nothing was wasted.

Tom Watts, therefore, avowedly and notoriously, for good and for all and forever, became a boy. When he stepped out of Susan's frock for the last time, and stepped into a new pair of trousers which had been made for the purpose of honoring the occasion, he felt himself to be older by many years; and if not as sleek, he was at least as proud, as any snake, when with the incoming spring he has left his old skin behind him and glided into the sunlight with a new one.

The neat habits which he had adopted from policy, he continued to practice, to his mother's great delight. It was really a fine thing to observe the care he took with his clothes; and the manly gait he assumed would have led unthinking persons almost to conclude that the having been confounded so long with the other sex had begotten a repugnance for the latter which might never be removed. Such was the rapidity of his strides towards manhood, that some females of his acquaintance not unfrequently spoke of him as Mr. Thomas Watts; while others went further, left off the Thomas altogether, and called him Mr. Watts.

But time, which is ever making revelations that surprise mankind, was not slow to reveal that Mr. Watts had not yet been fully understood. He had been going to school to Mr. Cordy for several weeks in the winter, and was believed to be making reasonable progress. He had now passed his thirteenth year, and had gone some distance upon his fourteenth. He had long looked to that day as the commencement of his majority. A guardian (or, as he was wont to say, a *gardzeen*) was an incumbrance which he had long determined to dispense with. This was not so much, however, because there would not be a thing for an official to manage except the person of Mr. Thomas himself, as that he had no doubt — not a shadow of a doubt, in fact — that such management would be more agreeable, more safe, and in every way better, in his own hands than in those of any other person of his acquaintance.

Mr. Cordy's school was in a grove of hickory and oak at the end of the village opposite to the one at which Mrs. Watts's cabin stood. At the hither end of this grove was another small

school, of girls, kept by Miss Louisa Wilkins. She was from Vermont, and was a young lady of about twenty-eight years, very fair, somewhat tall, and upon the whole rather good — certainly a cheerful — looking face. For I should remark that Dukesborough, which ever held Augusta in view, had in the pride of its ambition abolished the system of mixed schools; and though the number of children was rather limited to allow of great division, still Dukesborough would have, and did have, two institutions of learning. Miss Wilkins had under her charge about fifteen girls, ranging from eight years old to fourteen. Prominent among them were Miss Adeline Jones, Miss Emily Sharp, Miss Lorinda Holland, Miss Jane Hutchins, and Mr. Watts's elder sister, Susan.

Mr. Watts's relations to this institution seemed to have been started by accident. One morning, as with lingering but not unmanly steps he was passing by on his way to his own school, he spied Miss Wilkins through the window in the act of kindling a fire. As her face was turned from him, he had the opportunity, and he used it, to observe her motion for several moments. Whether because the kindling-wood was damp, or Miss Wilkins was not expert, I would not undertake at this late day to say; but the fire would not make a start: and the lady, apparently bent upon getting warm in some way, threw down the tongs and walked rapidly up and down the room. Observing Mr. Watts, and possibly suspecting that he was a person of an accommodating disposition, she requested his assistance. He yielded promptly, and it did Miss Wilkins good to see how quickly the blaze arose and the genial warmth radiated through the room. The artificial heat at once subsided, and she smiled and thanked him in a way that could not soon be forgotten. Then she inquired his name, and was surprised and gratified to know that so manly a person as he was should be the brother of one of the best and most biddable girls in her school.

This accident, trifling in appearance, led to consequences. Mr. Watts had frequent opportunities of rendering this same service, and others of an equally obliging nature. These gave him access to the school in its hours of ease; and the care that he took of his clothes, and the general manners that he adopted, were reaching to a height that approached perfection. If the roach on the summit of his head was not quite as high as formerly (a depression caused by his having now a hat to wear), it was not any less decided and defiant.

Yet he never seemed disposed to abuse his privileges. Although he was there very often, he usually had little to say to any of the young ladies, and seemed to try to pay the utmost respect to all the mistress's rules and regulations in regard to the intercourse of her pupils with the opposite sex. It must be admitted that Mr. Watts had not advanced lately in his studies to the degree that was promised by his opening career. But Mr. Cordy was a reasonable man, and upon principle was opposed to pushing boys along too fast. Mrs. Watts, although not a person of education herself, yet suspected from several circumstances that her son was not well improving the little time which she could afford to send him to school. But his deportment was such an example to the younger children that she had not the heart to complain, except in a very general way.

Of all persons of Mr. Watts's acquaintance, his sister Susan was the only one who seemed to fail to appreciate his manly habits. She used to frown dreadfully upon him, even when he seemed to be at his very best. Sometimes she even broke into immoderate laughter. While the former conduct had no influence, the latter used to affect him deeply. He would grow very angry and abuse her, and then become even more manlike. But when Susan would think that he was carrying matters into extremes, she would check him somewhat in this wise:—

"Now lookee here, Tom, if you talk to me that way, I shall tell ma what's the matter with you; and if you don't quit being such a man, and stop some of your foolishness, I'll tell her anyhow."

Threats of this sort for a time would recall Mr. Watts at least to a more respectful treatment of his sister. Indeed, he condescended to beg her not to mention her suspicions, although he assured her that in these she was wholly mistaken. But Susan did know very well what he was about; and it is probable that it is high time I should explain all this uncommon conduct. The truth is, Susan had ascertained that so far from having the repugnance to ladies that had been feared at first might grow out of his remembrance of the long confusion of the public mind touching his own sex, Mr. Thomas Watts had already conceived a passion that was ardent and pointed and ambitious to a degree which Susan characterized as "perfectly redickerlous."

But who was the young lady who had thus concentrated upon herself all the first fresh worship of that young manly heart?

Was it Miss Jones, or Miss Sharp? Was it Miss Holland, or Miss Hutchins? Not one of these. Mr. Thomas Watts had, with one tremendous bound, leaped clear over the heads of these secondary characters, and cast himself at the very foot of the throne. To be plain, Mr. Watts fondly, entirely, madly loved Miss Louisa Wilkins, the mistress and head of the Dukesborough Female Institution.

Probably this surprising reach might be attributed to the ambitious nature of his father, from whom he had inherited this and some other qualities. Doubtless, however, the recollection of having been kept long in frocks had engendered a desire to convince the world that they had sadly mistaken their man. Whatever was the motive power, such was the fact. Now, notwithstanding this state of his own feelings, he had never made a declaration in so many words to Miss Wilkins. But he did not doubt for a moment that she thoroughly understood his looks, and sighs, and devoted services. For the habit which all of us have of enveloping beloved objects in our hearts, and *making* them, so to speak, understand and reciprocate our feelings, had come to Mr. Watts even to a greater degree perhaps than if he had been older. He was as little inclined and as little able to doubt Miss Wilkins as to doubt himself. Facts seemed to bear him out. She had not only smiled upon him time and time again, and patted him sweetly on the back of his head, and praised his roach to the very skies; but once, when he had carried her a great armful of good fat pine-knots, she was so overcome as to place her hand under his chin, look him fully in the face, and declare that if he wasn't a man, there wasn't one in this wide, wide world.

Such was the course of his true love, when its smoothness suffered that interruption which so strangely obtrudes itself among the fondest affairs of the heart. Miss Susan had threatened so often without fulfillment to give information to their mother, that he had begun to presume there was little or no danger from that quarter. Besides, Mr. Watts had now grown so old and manlike that he was getting to be without apprehension from any quarter. He reflected that within a few weeks more he would be fourteen years old, when legal rights would accrue. Determining not to choose any "gardzeen," it would follow that he must become his own. Yet he did not intend to act with unnecessary notoriety. His plans were, to consummate his union on the very day he should be fourteen; but to do so

clandestinely, and then run away, not stopping until he should get his bride plump to Vermont. For even the bravest find it necessary sometimes to retreat.

Of the practicability of this plan he had no doubt, because he knew that Miss Wilkins had five hundred dollars in hard cash — a whole stockingful. This sum seemed to him immensely adequate for their support in becoming style for an indefinitely long period of time.

As the day of his majority approached, he grew more and more reserved in his intercourse with his family. This was scarcely to be avoided now, when he was already beginning to consider himself as not one of them. If his conscience ever upbraided him as he looked upon his toiling mother and his helpless brothers and sisters, and knew that he alone was to rise into luxury while they were to be left in their lowly estate, he reflected that it was a selfish world at best, and that every man must take care of himself. But one day, after a season of unusual reserve, and when he had behaved to Miss Susan in a way which she considered outrageously supercilious, the latter availed herself of his going into the village, fulfilled her threat, and gave her mother full information of the state of his feelings.

That resolute woman was in the act of ironing a new homespun frock she had just made for Susan. She laid down her iron, sat down in a chair, and looked up at Susan.

"Susan, don't be foolin' 'long o' me."

"Ma, I tell you it's the truth."

"Susan, do you want me to believe that Tom's a fool? I knowed the child didn't have no great deal of sense; but I didn't think he was a clean-gone fool."

But Susan told many things which established the fact beyond dispute. In Mr. Thomas's box were found several evidences of guilt. There was a great red picture of a young woman, on the margin of which was written the name of Miss Louisa Wilkins. Then there was wrapped carefully in a rag a small piece of sweet soap, which was known by Susan to have been once the property of Miss Wilkins. Then there were sundry scraps of poetry, which were quite variant in sentiment, and for this and other reasons apparently not fully suited for the purposes for which they were employed. Mr. Watts's acquaintance with amatory verses being limited, he had recourse to his mother's hymn-book. Miss Wilkins was assured how tedious and tasteless were

the hours. Her attention was directed alternately to Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand. She was informed that here he was raising his Ebenezer, having hitherto thus safely come. But immediately afterwards his mind seemed to have been diverted to thoughts of distant travel, and he remarked that his home was over Jordan, and he suggested to Miss Wilkins that if she should get there before he did, she might tell them he was a-coming. Then he urged Miss Wilkins to turn, sinner, turn, and with great anxiety inquired why would she die? These might have passed for evidences of a religious state of mind, but that they were all signed by Miss Wilkins's loving admirer, Thomas Watts. Indeed, in the blindness of his temerity he had actually written out his formal proposition to Miss Wilkins, which he had intended to deliver to her on the very next day. This had been delayed only because he was not quite satisfied either with the phraseology or the handwriting. As to the way in which it would be received, his ardent soul had never entertained a doubt.

"Well, well!" exclaimed his mother, after getting through with all this irrefragable evidence. "Well, well! I never should a' b'lieved it. But I suppose we live and larn. Stealin' out of my hime-book too! It's enough to make anybody sick at the stomach. I knowed the child didn't have much sense; but I didn't know he was a clean-gone fool. Yes, we lives and larns. But bless me, it won't do to tarry here. Susan, have that frock ironed all right, stiff and starch, by the time I git back. I sha'n't be gone long."

The lady arose, and without putting on her bonnet, walked rapidly down the street.

"What are you lookin' for, Mrs. Watts?" inquired an acquaintance whom she met on her way.

"I'm a-looking for a person of the name of Mr. Watts," she answered, and rushed madly on. The acquaintance hurried home, but told other acquaintances on the way that the Widow Watts have lost her mind and gone ravin' distracted. Soon afterwards, as Mr. Watts was slowly returning, his mind full of great thoughts and his head somewhat bowed, he suddenly became conscious that his hat was removed and his roach rudely seized. Immediately afterwards he found himself carried along the street, his head foremost and his legs and feet performing the smallest possible part in the act of locomotion. The villagers looked on with

wonder. The conclusion was universal. Yes, the Widow Watts have lost her mind.

When she reached her cabin with her charge, a space was cleared in the middle by removing the stools and the children. Then Mr. Watts was ordered to remove such portions of his attire as might oppose any hindrance whatever to the application of a leather strap to those parts of his person which his mother might select.

"O mother, mother!" began Mr. Watts.

"No motherin' o' me, sir. Down with 'em," and down they came, and down came the strap rapidly, violently.

"O mammy, mammy!"

"Ah, now! that sounds a little like old times, when you used to be a boy," she exclaimed in glee, as the sounds were repeated amid the unslackened descent of the strap. Mrs. Watts seemed disposed to carry on a lively conversation during this flagellation. She joked her son pleasantly about Miss Wilkins; inquired when it was to be, and who was to be invited? Oh, no! she forgot: it was not to be a big wedding, but a private one. But how long were they going to be gone before they would make us all a visit? Mr. Watts not only could not see the joke, but was not able to join in the conversation at all, except to continue to scream louder and louder, "O mammy, mammy!" Mrs. Watts, finding him not disposed to be talkative, except in mere ejaculatory remarks, appealed to little Jack, and Mary Jane, and Polly Ann, and to all, down even to the baby. She asked them, did they know that Buddy Tommy were a man grown, and were going to git married and have a wife, and then go away off yonder to the Vermonties? Little Jack, and Polly Ann, and Baby, and all, evidently did not precisely understand; for they cried and laughed tumultuously.

How long this exercise, varied as it was by most animated conversation, might have continued if the mother had not become exhausted, there is no calculating. Things were fast approaching that condition, when the son declared that his mother would kill him if she didn't stop.

"That," she answered between breaths, "is — what — I — aims — to do — if — I can't git it — all — all — every — spang — passel — outen you."

Tom declared that it was all gone.

"Is you — a man — or — is you — a boy?"

"Boy! boy! mammy," cried Tom. "Let me up, mammy—and—I'll be a boy—as long—as I live."

She let him up.

"Susan, whar's that frock? Ah, there it is. Lookee here. Here's your clo'es, my man. Mary Jane, put away them pantaloonses."

Tom was making ready to resume the frock. But Susan remonstrated. It wouldn't look right now, and she would go Tom's security that he wouldn't be a man any more.

He was cured. From being an ardent lover, he grew to become a hearty hater of the principal of the Dukesborough Female Institution; the more implacable upon his hearing that she had laughed heartily at his whipping. Before many months she removed from the village; and when two years afterwards a rumor came that she was dead, Tom was accused of being gratified by the news. Nor did he deny it.

"Well, fellers," said he, "I know it weren't right, I knew it were mean; but I couldn't' a' kep' from it ef I knowed it would 'a 'kilt me."

JOKAI.

MAURICE JÓKAI

(1825–)

BY EMIL REICH

AMONG the numerous novelists and humorists of Hungary, Jókai is, in the opinion of his compatriots and the rest of his contemporaries, *facile princeps*. The number of his novels, articles, and sketches is legion; yet in all of them there is scarcely a dull page. Everything he has written is swelling and palpitating with the intense vitality of thought and sentiment so characteristic of the Hungarians. Like all nations with whom conversation or the living word is more important than written or dead vocables, they endow the expressions of their inner life with a power of spontaneity and wit that must appear to more book-ridden nations as elemental. As in their music the originality of rhythm and counterpoint, so in their literature we cannot but perceive a striking originality of ideas and framework. From the earliest dawn of Hungarian literature as such,—that is, from the seventeenth century onward,—a great number of Magyar writers have struck out literary paths of their own, thus adding materially to the wealth of modern European literature. Kazinczy, Berzsenyi, Kölcsey, and the Kisfaludys, who wrote in the latter half of the last, and in the first three decades of the present century, not only labored at a close imitation of Greek, Roman, or French and German models, but also created new literary subjects and some novel literary modes.

The Hungarian writers have been able to lend their works that intimacy between word and sentiment which alone can be productive of high literary finish. The language of the Magyars is one of the idioms of Central Asia, related to Finnish on the one hand and Turkish on the other. It has no similarity whatever with the Aryan languages. It is sonorous and agglutinative; rich in verbal forms and adjectives; and unlike French, without any stubborn aversion to the coining of new words. It has a peculiar wealth of terms for acoustic phenomena, which is but natural with a people so intensely musical as are the Hungarians. And finally, the language of the Magyars is their most powerful political weapon in the struggle against the Slavic nations inhabiting Hungary. Hence the majority of Hungarian writers are at once poets and politicians. Petöfi, the greatest of

Hungarian poets, was at the same time one of the most formidable of political pamphleteers; and all the more so because his explosives were generally wrapped in a few stanzas. One of his intimate friends was Jókai.

As Petöfi is the most prominent of Hungarian writers in verse, so Jókai is the most conspicuous if not the most gifted Hungarian writer in prose. He was born at Komorn in Hungary, on the 19th of February, 1825. From the very outset his life showed that union of literary and political activity which characterizes Hungarian and English men of talent. Two years before the great Hungarian revolution in 1848, he appeared as the author of a successful novel, 'Hétköznapok' (Working Days); and together with Petöfi he embraced the cause of the revolution with all the ardor and temerity of his genius. Nearly shipwrecked in the desperate attempt at defying the victorious Austrians, then Hungary's oppressors, he was saved by his lovely wife Rose Laborfalvi, the greatest of Hungarian tragédiennes (born 1820, died 1886). He has been ever since incessantly at work, publishing volume after volume, over three hundred in all, in which he has laid before the world a true and fascinating picture of nearly all the phases of that strange semi-European and semi-Asiatic life of Hungary. Like the country itself, his novels are gorgeous with variety, and resplendent with colors of all tints. The mystic majesty of her *Puszta* (prairie), the colossal dignity of her Alps, the sweet charm of her lakes, the ardent temper of her men and the melodramatic spell exercised by her women,—all these and many more phases of Magyar life in the past and the present,—nay, in the future (see his 'Romance of the Next Century'),—have been painted by Jókai in all the colors of the literary rainbow. His older novels are ripe masterpieces, elaborated during the calm of the period of reaction (1849–1861). Amongst them the most excellent are—'A Hungarian Nabob' (1856); 'Zoltán Kárpáthy,' continuation of the former, and if possible still more pathetic and humorous; 'The Palmy Days of Transylvania' (1851); 'The New Squire' (1862), exquisite in irony, humor, and scathing travesty; 'For What we are Growing Old' (1865); 'Love's Fools' (1867); 'Black Diamonds' (1870); 'Rab Ráby' (1880); 'The Poor Rich' (1881); 'Eyes Like the Sea' (1890); 'There is No Devil' (1891); 'The Son of Rákóczy' (1892); 'Twice Two are Four' (1893); etc. Besides these works of fiction, Jókai has written a very interesting History of Hungary; his memoirs; the Hungarian part of the late Crown Prince Rudolph's great work on Austria-Hungary; and other works.

Yet far from being exhausted by the composition of so many novels, he has still found time for wide activity as a journalist. With the editing of great political dailies he managed to combine the publication of one of the wittiest of Hungarian humorous papers, the

Üstökös, a weekly. And this is not all. Jókai has been, ever since the reopening of the Hungarian Parliament,—that is, for over thirty years,—a member of the Lower House; and being as consummate a speaker as he is an incomparable writer, he has been heavily drawn upon by the party of the government, whose constant adherent he is. The joy of his country's youth, the glory of its manhood, Jókai contributed, by the signal favor bestowed upon him by the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, but especially by Queen Elizabeth, very much towards an understanding between monarch and people; and when in 1896 the fiftieth anniversary of his literary activity had been reached, the whole country rose in one unanimous desire to express to the venerable poet its deep sense of his merits. Festivities were arranged on a scale so grand as to dwarf nearly any other ovation ever made to a country's favorite poet. Official and non-official Hungary, monarch and people, aristocrat and peasant, all united to celebrate the event. An *édition de luxe* of Jókai's works was made; and out of the proceeds the author was given the sum of $90,000. Finally, in January 1897, the great novelist was appointed member for life of the House of Magnates (the Hungarian House of Lords). He is still enjoying vigorous health, and will no doubt enrich literature with many more gems.

Emil Reich

THE LANDSLIDE AND THE TRAIN WRECK

From 'There is No Devil.' Translated by F. Steinitz. Copyright 1891, by Cassell Publishing Co.

We are on the Rossberg. A devastated tract of the globe it seems. Our eyes rest on barren soil, devoid of vegetation. Beneath a large field of huge bowlders, imbedded in snow and ice, the Alpine vegetation thrives. The whole valley is one immense grave-yard, and the great rocks are giant tombstones, encircled by wreaths of white flowers meet for adorning graves. At the beginning of the present century one of the ridges of the Rossberg gave way, and in the landslide four villages were buried. This happened at night, when the villagers were all asleep, and not a single man, woman, or child escaped. This valley is their resting-place. Was I not right to call it a grave-yard?

Above this valley of destruction the train glides on. Upon the side of the mountain is a little watch-house, built into the rock; a narrow flight of steps hewn in the stone leads up to it like a ladder. The moon, which had lately seemed fixed to the crest of the mountain, now plays hide-and-seek among the peaks. A high barricade on the side of the Rossberg serves to protect the railroad track against another landslide.

On the high ridges of the mountain, goats were pasturing; and not far from them a shepherd's fire was blazing, and the shepherd himself sat beside it. I remember all of these accessories as well as if they were still before my eyes. I can see the white goats climbing up and pulling at the broom plants. I can see the shepherd's black form encircled by the light of the fire, and the white watch-house with its black leaden roof, the high signal-pole in front of it, above which all at once a great flaming star arises.

I was gazing at that shining red light, when all at once I felt a concussion, as if the train had met with some impediment. I heard the jolting of the foremost cars, and had time to prepare for the shock which was sure to follow; but when it did come it was so great that it threw me to the opposite wall of the corridor.

Yet the train moved on as before, so that it could not have been disabled, as I at first thought. I heard the guards run from carriage to carriage, opening the doors, and I could see great clouds of steam arise from the puffing and blowing engines. The friction of the wheels made a grating noise, and I leaned out of the window to ascertain the nature of the danger. Was another train approaching and a collision inevitable? I could see nothing, but suddenly I beheld the figure of the shepherd and saw him raise his staff aloft. I followed the motion of his hand, and with a thrill of horror I saw a great ledge of rock sliding downward with threatening speed, while at the same time a shower of small stones crashed on the roof of the cars.

I did not wait for the guards to open my door. I had it open in an instant. From the other carriages passengers were jumping out at the risk of life and limb, for the train was running at full speed.

I hastily ran into the coupé to awaken my traveling companions, but found them up. "Madam," I said, "I am afraid that we are in danger of a serious accident. Pray come out quickly!"

"Save the child!" she answered; and I caught the little boy, took him in my arms, and ran out.

The train was gliding perpetually on; and I bethought myself of the recommendation to one who is jumping from a running vehicle, to leap forward, because in jumping sideways or backward he invariably falls under the wheels. So I followed the recommendation and leaped. Fortunately I reached the ground, although my knees doubled up under me and I struck the knuckles of my right hand a hard blow. The child had fainted in my arms, but only from fright; otherwise he had received no harm. I laid him on the ground in a safe place, and ran with all my might after the train to help the lady out. She was standing on the steps, already prepared for the jump. I extended my hand to her, impatiently crying "Quick!" But instead of taking my proffered hand, she exclaimed, "Oh! I have forgotten my bonnet and veil;" and back she ran into the coupé, never again to come forth.

At that moment I felt a tremendous shock, as if the earth had quaked and opened beneath me; and this was followed by a deafening uproar,—the clashing of stones, the cracking of wood and glass, the grating and crushing of iron, and the pitiful cries of men, women, and children. The great mass of rock broke through the protecting barricade and rushed right upon the engine. The huge steam-vomiting leviathan was crushed in an instant, and the copper and steel fragments scattered everywhere. Three of the wheels were shattered; and with that the iron colossus came to a dead stop, the suddenness of which threw the carriages crashing on top of each other.

This fearful havoc was not all. Through the breach which the great rock had made in the barricade, an incessant avalanche of stones, from the size of a cannon-ball to that of a wheelbarrow, descended upon the train, crushing everything beneath into fragments, pushing the unhappy train down into the chasm below, into the valley of death and destruction. Like a huge serpent it slid down, the great glowing furnace with its feeding coals undermost; and then the whole wrecked mass of carriages tumbled after, atop of each other, while cries of despair were heard on every side. Then I saw the rear car, that in which I had been sitting, stand up erect on top of the others, while on its roof fell with thunderous violence the awful shower of stones. Mutely I gazed on until a large stone struck the barricade just

where I stood; and then I realized that the danger was not over, and ran for shelter.

The stones were falling fast to left and to right, and I hastened to gain the steps which led to the little watch-house. Then I bethought me of the boy. I found him still insensible, but otherwise unharmed; and I took him up, covering him with my furred coat. I ran up the steps with him so fast that not a thought of my asthma and heart-disease slackened my speed.

There was nobody in the house but a woman milking a goat. In one corner of the room stood a bed, in the middle was a table, and on one of the walls hung a burning coal-oil lamp.

As I opened the door, the woman looked up and said in a dull piteous moaning:—

"It is none of Jörge's fault. Jörge had shown the red light in good season, and yesterday he specially warned the gentlemen and told them that a ridge of the Gnippe was crumbling, and would soon break down; but they did not listen to him, and now that the accident has come they will surely visit their own carelessness upon him. It is always the poor dependent that is made to suffer for the fault of his superiors. But I will not stand it; and if Jörge is discharged and loses his bread, then—"

"All right, madam!" I said: "I saw the red light in time, and I shall testify for Jörge in case of need. Only keep quiet now and come here. You must try to restore this child. He has fainted. Give him water or something,—you will know best what to do."

In recalling these words to my memory and writing them down, I am not quite certain that I really spoke them; I am not certain of a single word or action of mine on that fearful night. But I think I said the words I am relating, although I was so confused that it is possible I did not utter a word. I had come out of the house again, and saw a man running up and down on the narrow rocky plateau like one crazy. It was Jörge the watchman; he was looking for the signal-post and could not find it.

"Here it is, look!" I said, turning his face toward the high pole right in front of him. He gazed up wistfully, and then all at once he blubbered out:—

"See! See the red light! I gave the warning, they cannot blame me, they dare not punish me for it; it is not my fault!"

Of course he thought of nothing but himself, and the misfortune of the others touched him only so far as he was concerned.

"Don't blubber now!" I said. "There will be time enough to think of ourselves. Now let us learn what has happened to the others. The whole train has been swept down into the abyss below,—what has become of the people in it?"

"God Almighty have mercy on their souls!"

"Yet perhaps we could save some of them. Come along!"

"I can't go. I dare not leave my post, else they will turn against me."

"Well then, I shall go alone," said I, and hastened down the steps. . . .

What had meanwhile become of those who had stayed in the falling carriages?

There came a terrible answer to that question, and out of the old horror arose a new and still more terrible spectre. A demon with a cloudy head, rising from the darkness below, and with a swift and fearful growth mounting up to the sky. A demon with a thousand glistening, sparkling eyes and tongues,—a smoke-fiend!

The great boiler of the locomotive had gone down first. There it fell, not on the ground, but on a large fragment of rock which pierced it completely, so that the air had free access to the fire. Upon the top of both boiler and tender the coal van had been turned upside down; and these had pulled all the carriages one on top of the other, in the same way, so that the whole train stood upright like some huge steeple. This dreadful structure had become a great funeral pile, the altar of a black pagan idol, whose fiery tongues were greedily thrusting upward to devour their prey.

Then, as the smoke became blacker and blacker, a heart-rending, almost maddening sound of shrieking and crying rang out from that devilish wreck, so loud and piercing that it drowned the clatter of stones, the crackling of the fast-kindling coals, and the crushing noise of the metals. At the cry for aid of the doomed victims, all who had escaped and hidden behind the bulwark came forth, creeping or running, shrieking and gesticulating, forgetful of their own danger and pitiful condition, thinking only of those dear lost ones there in that abode of hell, and maddened at the impossibility of rescuing them. It was a wild hurly-burly of voices and of tongues; of despairing yells, hysterical sobs, heart-rending prayers; and as I stumbled over the twisted and broken rails that stood upright like bent wires, and stooped over the bulwark, I beheld a spectacle so terrible that every nerve of

my body, every heart-string, revolted at it. Even now they quiver at the ghastly recollection.

As the fire lighted up the horrible pile, I could see that the first carriage atop of the coals was a shattered mass, the second crushed flat, while the third stood with wheels uppermost, and so forth to the top; and out of all of them human heads, limbs, faces, bodies, were thrust forward. Two small gloved female hands, locked as in prayer, were stretched out of a window; and above them two strong muscular masculine arms tried with superhuman force to lift the iron weight above, to break a way at the top, until the blood flowed from the nails, and even these strong arms dropped down exhausted. Half-seen forms, mutilated, bleeding, were tearing with teeth and nails at their dreadful prison.

Then for a while the smoky cloud involved everything in darkness. A moment after, the red fiery tongues came lapping upward, and a red glowing halo encircled the fatal wreck. The first and second carriages were already burned. How long would it take the flames to reach the top? How many of the sufferers were yet alive? What power in heaven or earth could save them, and how?

The hollow into which the train had fallen was so deep that in spite of the erect position of the ill-fated pile, the topmost car —that containing the poor, foolish American governess who had lost her life in running back for her bonnet—was ten metres below us, and we had not even a single rope or cord with which to hazard the experiment of descending. A young man, one of those few who had come forth unharmed, ran up and down the embankment shouting madly for a rope, offering a fortune for belts, shawls, and cords. His newly married bride was in one of these carriages, and hers were the tiny gloved hands that were stretched out of the window. "A rope," cried he, "give me anything to make a rope!" But who heeded him?

A young mother sat on the tracks, fondly hugging a plaid shawl in her arms. Her babe was there in that burning pyre, but horror had overpowered her reason. There she sat, caressing the woolen bundle, and in a low voice singing her "Eia Popeia" to the child of her fantasy.

An aged Polish Jew lay across the barricade wall. His two hands were stretched downward, and there he muttered the prayers and invocations of his liturgy, which no one understood

but himself and Jehovah, his ancient God. The ritual prayer-bands were upon his thumbs and wrists, and encircling his forehead. His forked beard and greasy side-locks dangled as he chanted his hymns, while his eyes, staring almost out of their sockets, were fixed upon one of the carriages. What did that car contain? His wife? his children? or his worldly goods, the fortune hoarded up through a lifetime of cunning and privation? Who knows? Forth he chants his prayers, loudly yelling, or muttering low, as the ghastly scene before him vanishes in smoke and darkness, or glows out again in fearful distinctness.

Every one shrieks, cries, prays, swears, raves—

No; not every one! There, on the barricade, his legs doubled up Turk-fashion, sits a young painter, with Mephisto beard and gray eyes. His sketch-book is open, and he is making a vivid sketch of the sensational scene. The illustrated newspapers are grateful customers, and will rejoice at receiving the sketch.

But this young draughtsman is not the only sensible person in the place. There is another, a long-legged Englishman, standing with watch in hand, reckoning up the time lost by the accident, and eying the scene complacently.

Some noisy dispute attracts my attention; and turning, I behold a man trying with all his might to overcome a woman who attacks him with teeth and nails, biting his hands and tearing at his flesh as he drags her close to him. At last he succeeds in joining both of her hands behind her back—she foaming, writhing, and cursing. I asked indignantly, "What do you want with the woman? Let her alone!"

"Oh, sir!" he said, showing me a sorrowful and tear-stained face. "For heaven's sake, help me! I cannot bear with her any more. She wants to leap down and kill herself. Pray help me to tie her hands and carry her off from here!"

By his speech I knew him for a Pole, and the woman's exclamations were also uttered in the Polish language. She was his wife; her children were there in that infernal pile, and she wanted to die with them.

"Quick! quick!" gasped the man. "Take my necktie and fasten her hands behind her." I obeyed; and as I wound the silken strip tight around the unhappy woman's wrists, her despairing gaze fixed itself in deadly hate upon my face, and her foaming lips cursed me for keeping her away from her children. As her husband carried her away, her curses pierced the air; and

although I could not understand the words, I understood that she spoke of the Czrny Bog, or as the Russians say, Cserny Boh, the "Black God" of the Slavs — Death.

By this time the horrible tower was burning brightly, and the night was all aglow with the glaring light, and still those terrible shrieks from human voices resounded to and fro.

The young artist had a picturesque scene for his pencil, and kept making sketch after sketch. The burning wreck, the flying cinders, the red mist around the black pine-woods on the rocky wall of the mountain, and that small span of starlit heaven above; all those frightened, maddened, running, crouching, creeping men and women around, with the chanting Jew in his long silken caftan and dangling locks in the midst of them,— made a picture of terrible sublimity.

But still the terrible god of destruction was unsatisfied, and his fiery maw opened for more victims. The unhappy young husband had succeeded in tearing up his clothes and knotting the strips together. A compassionate woman had given him a shawl, which he also tore up and joined on to the rest, so that he had a slender and frail but tolerably long line, which he fastened to the bushes. On this he descended into that mouth of hell. The perilous attempt succeeded so far that with one mad leap he landed on the top of the uppermost car with its pile of stones; and then with cat-like dexterity and desperate daring he scrambled downward to the third carriage. Quickly he reached the spot, and the poor little gloved hands of his darling were thrown in ecstasy around his neck. Some one had drawn up the cord on which he had let himself down, fastened a stout iron rod to it, and suspended it carefully. Happily it reached him, and with its aid he made a good-sized breach, widening the opening of the window. He worked with desperate strength and we gazed breathlessly on. Now we saw him drop the rod again. The tender arms of his bride were around his neck, a fair head was thrust out, the whole form was emerging, when — with a tremendous crash and a hissing, spluttering, crackling noise, the whole fabric shook and trembled, and husband and wife were united in death.

The great boiler had burst, the explosion had changed the scene again, and the young painter might draw still another sketch.

Translation of F. Steinitz.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON

(1573–1637)

BY BARRETT WENDELL

BEN JONSON was born about 1573, and died in 1637. A typical Londoner all his life, it was his fortune to find an unintentional biographer in a contemporary man of letters who was not even a resident of England. In the year 1618, Jonson, then in the full ripeness of his fame and character, walked to Scotland, where he visited William Drummond of Hawthornden. In Drummond's note-book, which survives, we have a remarkable record of his conversation. Quotations from this will give a better idea of him than can any paraphrase:—

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS

HIS grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it; he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campes, killed ane enemie and taken *spolia opima* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his: for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie. . . .

At that tyme the pest was in London; he being in the country . . . with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes then letters from his wife of the

death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was dilated . . . to the King for writting something against the Scots, . . . and voluntarly imprissoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends; . . . at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison; and that she was no churle, she told: she minded first to have drunk of it herself. . . .

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes . . . caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was; therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it. . . .

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine. . . .

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination. . . .

His censure of my verses was: That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme. . . .

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant. . . .

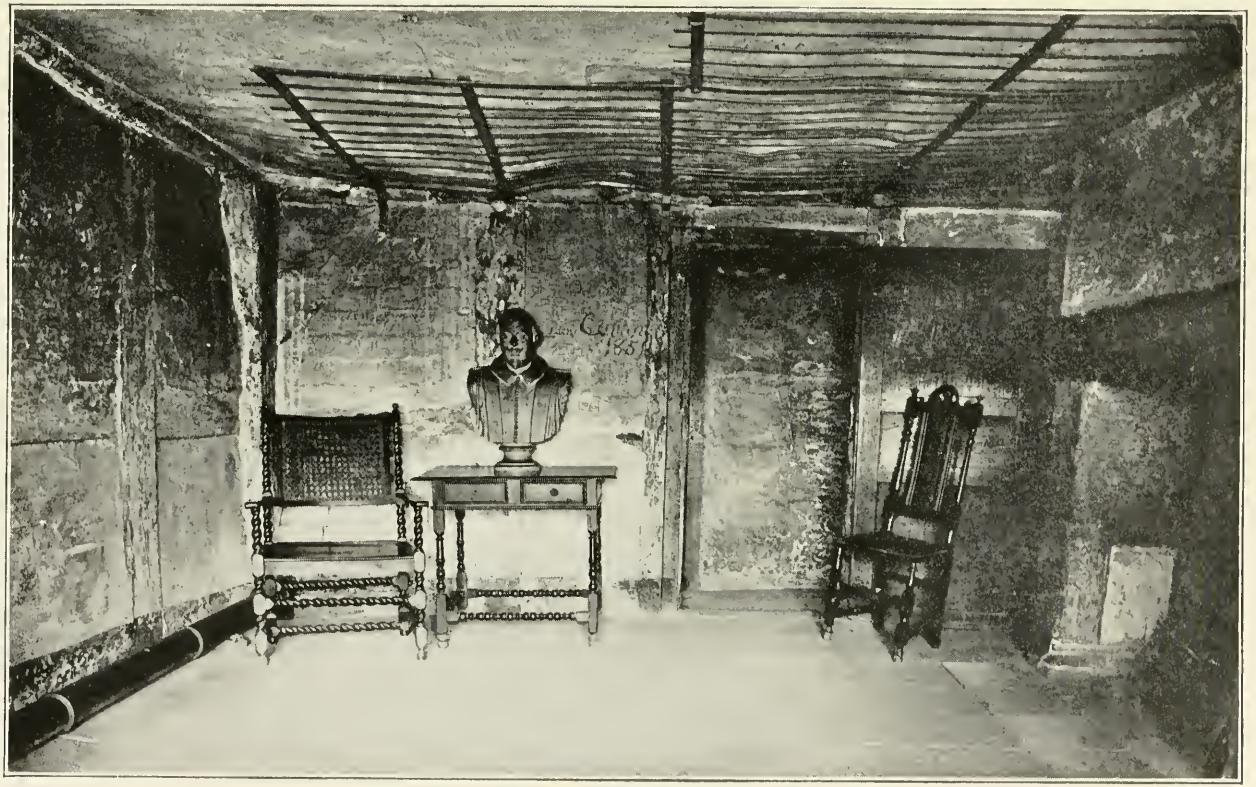
[He said] he was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England. . . . In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January, 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr again. . . .

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

Drummond of Hawthornden was a rather precise Scottish gentleman. When he made these memoranda, he was clearly stirred by such emotions as declare themselves in any conservative and respectable man who has been startled at his own table by the outburst of an unconventional Bohemian. His private opinion of his guest, therefore, was hardly favorable.

January 19, 1619.—He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

(*Stratford-on-Avon*)

one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

With due allowance for the personal feeling which pervades these memoranda, they give incomparably the most vivid portrait in existence of an Elizabethan man of letters. The man they deal with, while not the greatest poet of his time, was distinctly the most conspicuous personal figure among those whose profession was literature. An excellent scholar, according to the contemporary standard; a playwright who never deigned to sacrifice his artistic conscience to popular caprice; a lyric poet acceptable alike to the great folk who patronized him, and to the literary followers who gathered about him at his favorite taverns; laureate; chief writer of the masques which were so characteristic a diversion of the court;—he went sturdily through life with more renown than fortune. Born before the outburst of Elizabethan literature, he lived until the times of Charles I. had begun to be troublous. He lies in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, with the epitaph "O rare Ben Jonson" cut in the pavement above his head.

In 1616, the year when Shakespeare died, Jonson published in folio a collection of his plays and poems. To this he gave the characteristic title of 'Works.' There were current jokes, of course, about the absurdity of so naming a volume of obvious plays; but the name was well chosen. What Jonson achieved, he achieved by conscientious labor. Drummond was right when he wrote, "Above all he excelleth in a Translation." Jonson knew two things thoroughly: the language and literature of classical Rome, and the language and life of London under Elizabeth, James, and Charles. The former he possessed to a degree almost unique; the latter, of course, he shared to the full with the human beings about him. As his two tragedies show, as is shown by many passages in his comedies, and again and again in his lyrics, the thing he could do supremely well was to turn the lifelessness of the classics into terms of contemporary vitality. In the best sense of the word, no better translator ever lived: he never forgot that faithfulness to his original is only half the task of the translator, who adds only to the dead weight of printed matter if he fail to bear to living men, in living language, tidings that without him were to them unmeaning.

The very trait which made him a consummate translator, however, made him, in spite of his vigorous personality, a less effective original writer than many of his less gifted contemporaries. Inevitably, a man who becomes saturated with classical literature becomes possessed of the chief ideal which pervades it,—the ideal which maintains that there is one definite way in which things ought to be done, as distinguished from the innumerable other ways in which they ought not to be done. The general trait of the Elizabethan drama is untrammeled freedom of form. Jonson, as a dramatist, felt conscientiously bound to keep in mind the laws of classical composition. In this respect, his work is more analogous to that which has prevailed on the stage of France and of Italy than to that which has characterized the stage of England. "Shakspeer," he told Drummond, "wanted art." No one ever admired Shakespeare more sturdily than did Ben Jonson. All the same, he could never forget that Shakespeare broke every rule of dramatic art maintained by the authorities of Greece and Rome. By the same token, Jonson's own plays never achieved the full vitality of Elizabethan England.

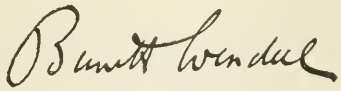
This fact has been generally remarked. Another trait of his, which greatly affected his dramatic writing, has hardly been recognized. He told Drummond, we may remember, that he had seen his dead child in a vision; and that he had lain awake watching strange figures battling about his great toe. In modern terms, this means that he was gifted with an exceptional visual imagination. The chief imaginative trait of the Elizabethan drama is sympathetic insight: whatever else the dramatists knew of their characters, they knew how those characters must have felt; they were in full touch not with their physical life, but with their emotional. In Jonson's case, all this was reversed; one often doubts whether he were in deep emotional sympathy with his characters, but one is sure that he knew precisely how those characters looked and moved. When one has been reading Shakespeare, or almost any of his other contemporaries, Jonson's plays often seem obscure and puzzling. If in such case one turn for an hour to Hogarth, the whole thing is explained. Jonson's imagination was primarily visual; though his vehicle was poetry, his conception was again and again that of painting. Ask yourself not what Jonson's characters felt, but what they looked like, and they will spring into life.

The analogy between Jonson and Hogarth, indeed, is very suggestive. Not only were both gifted with singular fertility of visual imagination, but both alike instinctively expressed themselves in such exaggerated terms as in our time would be called caricature, and as in Jonson's time were called humorous. Both seized upon some few characteristic traits of the personages with whom they dealt, and so

emphasized these traits as to make them monstrous. Both were stirred by conscious moral purpose; both had a crude but wholesome sense of fun; both knew London to the core. In spite of the century and more which separates them, they may well be studied together. Whoever understands the one will understand the other.

For both alike were really artists. In the color and the texture of Hogarth's paintings, one feels, for all their seeming ugliness of purpose, a genuine sense of what is beautiful. In Jonson's verses, from beginning to end, one feels, as surely as one feels the occasional limitations of pedantry, that higher, purer spirit of classical culture, which maintains that whatever a poet utters should be phrased as beautifully as his power can phrase it. In some lyrics, and in certain lines and passages of his plays, Jonson fairly excels. A scholar and a Londoner, vigorous, sincere, untiring, he stands in our literature as the great type of a sturdy British artist.

In the selections which follow, an attempt has been made to give some slight evidence of his purposes and his achievement. The two passages from his posthumous 'Timber, or Discoveries' may suggest at once his literary method and the temper in which he regarded his chief contemporary. His well-known verses on Shakespeare repeat in more studied form the latter views, and at the same time show his mastery of English verse. The prologue to 'Every Man in His Humour' states his dramatic creed. The passage from 'Sejanus' shows his great, if superficial, mastery of Roman life and manners. The passage from the 'Silent Woman' shows at once his "humorous" manner, and his consummate power of translation; for the tirade against women is taken straight from Juvenal. Finally, the necessarily few fragments from his other plays, and selections from his lyrics, may perhaps serve to indicate the manner of thing which his conscientious art has added to permanent literature.



ON STYLE

From 'Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter'

De Stilo, et Optimo Scribendi Genere.— For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries,— to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either.

Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits or first words that offer themselves to us: but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings: they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly; they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself; as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their own faculties; so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves: and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to

utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

ON SHAKESPEARE

From 'Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter'

De Shakespeare Nostrat[1].—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand;" which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.

Yet must I not give nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to fame:
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue: even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay: I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

FROM 'SEJANUS'

Scene: The Garden of Eudemus *in Rome. Enter* Sejanus, Livia, *and* Eudemus.

SEJANUS — Physician, thou art worthy of a province
For the great favors done unto our loves;
And but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught like means
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Livia — Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.
But for this potion we intend to Drusus,—
No more our husband now,—whom shall we choose

As the most apt and abled instrument
To minister it to him?

Eudemus— I say, Lydgus.

Sejanus— Lydgus? what's he?

Livia— An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eudemus— Ay, and his cup-bearer. . . .

Sejanus— Send him to me; I'll work him.—Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking naught could add
Unto the fervor which your eye had kindled,—
Yet now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness and will to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarefied and turned all flame
In your affection: such a spirit as yours
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sovereignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam;
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb.

[*Knocking within.*]

Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. 'Tis not Drusus, lady; do not fear.

[*Exit Eudemus.*]

Livia— Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.

Sejanus— Illustrious lady, stay—

Eudemus [*within*]—
I'll tell his Lordship.

Re-enter Eudemus

Sejanus— Who is it, Eudemus?

Eudemus— One of your Lordship's servants brings you word
The Emperor hath sent for you.

Sejanus— Oh, where is he?
With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question, and return. [*Exit.*
Eudemus— Fortunate princess!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequaled man, the soul of Rome,
The Empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!
Livia— So blessèd, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?
Eudemus— Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.
Livia— Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eudemus— Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun
Hath given some little taint unto the ceruse;
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts—

[*Paints her cheek.*]

Livia— Nay, now you've made it worse.
Eudemus— I'll help it straight—
And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumor; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honor.
Livia— What do you now, Eudemus?
Eudemus— Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal. Honored Sejanus!
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out,
If't do not expiate?
Livia— Here, good physician.
Eudemus— I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of this dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth; and the prepared pomatum,
To smooth the skin. A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,
As you have his; who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.

Livia — Have not we returned
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
Of all his counsels?

Eudemus — Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex:
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound
Than mixed with Drusus; but when they shall hear
That and the thunder of Sejanus meet,—
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus,—
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter Sejanus

Sejanus — I must take
A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot: you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtle operation
Upon some natural disease of his;
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Livia — My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet this
Remember for your heed: he loves you not;
You know what I have told you; his designs
Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sejanus — Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood!

Livia — Well, you must go?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.
[*Exit Sejanus.*

Eudemus — When will you take some physic, lady?

Livia — When
I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus's drug
Be first prepared.

SOLILOQUY OF SEJANUS

DULL, heavy Cæsar!
Wouldst thou tell me thy favors were made crimes,
And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with wingèd haste prevent that change
When thou mightest win all to thyself again
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armor
T'encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuffed up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares.

FROM 'THE SILENT WOMAN'

Scene: A Room in Morose's *House. Enter* Morose, *with a tube in his hand, followed by* Mute.

MOROSE — Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method than by this trunk, to save my servants the labor of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? Answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt or flock bed on the outside of the door: that if they knock with their daggers or with brickbats, they can make no noise? — But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head

or shrug. [*Mute makes a leg.*] So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay: if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Mute holds up a finger bent.*] Good: half a quarter? 'Tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, to-day? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. I see, by much doctrine and impulsion it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth: still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practice it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look— [*Exit Mute. Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter Mute

Mute— It is a post from the court—

Morose— Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute— Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death—

Morose— Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter Truewit *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand*

Truewit— By your leave, sir,— I am a stranger here,— is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? Nothing? Has Hypocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir—

Morose— Oh men! Oh manners! was there ever such an impudence?

Truewit— And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Morose— Whose knave are you?

Truewit— Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Morose— Fetch me my sword—

Truewit— You shall taste the one-half of my dagger if you do, groom; and you the other if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Morose— How then, rude companion?

Truewit— Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London bridge at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow, to vault from; or a braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret window into the street; or a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shows him the halter*] which they have sent,— and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot than to the wedlock noose; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your body: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. . . .

Morose— Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their lands? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? . . . What have I done that may deserve this? . . .

Truewit— Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger. (But you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances a jig, . . . why, it is not their fault; they have discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them. . . . If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. . . . If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek. . . . If

precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings, and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for, to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i' faith; you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you. — [*Mute is stealing away.*] Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Morose — Oh, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Truewit — Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir, — oh, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! . . . That friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; . . . she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewelers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets: never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may . . . be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them, — Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in controversies or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in folly to a third.

Morose — Oh, oh!

Truewit — All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer and this cunning woman: where the first question is, How soon you shall die? . . . What precedence she shall have by her next match? And sets down the answers, and believes them above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Morose — Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

Truewit—Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot: . . . I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance.—Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Morose—Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] Oh, shut the door, shut the door! Is he come again?

PROLOGUE FROM 'EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR'

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be:
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come:
But deeds and language such as men do use;
And persons such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

SONG TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG — THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

SONG FROM 'VOLPONE'

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever,
He at length our good will sever:
Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns that set may rise again;

But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night. . . .
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal,—
To be taken, to be seen,—
These have crimes accounted been.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him:
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER

HERE lies, to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;

Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin train:
Where while that, severed, doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshy birth:
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

FROM 'CYNTHIA'S REVELS'

Enter Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Timè, Phronesis, *and* Thauma. *Music accompanied.* Hesperus *sings*

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

THE NOBLE NATURE

IT IS not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

JOSEPHUS

(37–100 A. D.)

BY EDWIN KNOX MITCHELL

JOSEPHUS the Jewish historian was born at Jerusalem of Jewish parentage in 37 A. D. He belonged to a distinguished priestly family, and was himself early put in training for the priesthood. At the age of fourteen his knowledge of the law was so minute and profound as to attract the attention of the high priests and chief rabbis of the city. But dissatisfied with such attainments, he began at the age of sixteen a pilgrimage of the various schools of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Failing to quench his thirst for knowledge, he withdrew into the wilderness and sought the guidance of the hermit Banus, with whom he lived for three years. Returning thereupon to Jerusalem, he openly espoused the cause of the Pharisees and rose rapidly in their favor. In 63 A. D., being then twenty-six years of age, he went to Rome to secure the release of certain priests, who were near relatives of his and who had been imprisoned upon some trifling charges. The Jewish actor Alityrus introduced him to the Empress Poppæa, who obtained the release of the prisoners and loaded Josephus with rich presents for the journey home.

Soon after his return, in 66 A. D., the Jewish revolt against the Roman rule began; and after the first decisive battle, Josephus joined the revolutionary party and became one of its leaders. He was intrusted with the chief command in Galilee, where the conflict had originated, and he set himself at once to fortify certain towns and to organize and discipline his army. He has left us in his 'Wars of the Jews' a minute account of his leadership, down to the time of his capture a year later upon the fall of the fortress of Jotapata. When carried before Vespasian he prophesied, two years in advance of the event, that general's elevation to the throne. Vespasian now kept him near at hand; and when the Palestinian legions fulfilled Josephus's prophecy, the new Emperor granted his distinguished prisoner freedom. According to custom, Josephus now assumed the name Flavius, and proved his gratitude by remaining with the Roman army when Titus was intrusted with the command in Palestine. During the siege of Jerusalem, Josephus often endangered his life, at the

command of Titus, in trying to persuade the Jews to surrender the city. And when the end came he was permitted to take whatever he wanted, and by his intercession many prisoners who were his personal friends obtained their freedom. He now went with Titus to Rome, and Vespasian assigned him a palatial residence, bestowing upon him the rights of Roman citizenship and granting him a yearly stipend. He was also presented with a large estate in Judæa; but he preferred to reside at Rome, where he continued to pursue his studies and to prosecute his literary work amid the unbroken favor of the successive Emperors. He died in the early days of Trajan's reign.

Works.—The literary labors of Josephus, which covered more than a quarter of a century, resulted in the production of the following works:—

(1) The 'Wars of the Jews.' This consists of seven books, and was originally written in Aramaic, but was soon rewritten in Greek, and obtained the hearty indorsement of both Vespasian and Titus. The first two books sketch quite fully the history of the Jews from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 175–164 B. C., down to the first year of the war, 66 A. D. The remainder of the work is taken up with a detailed account of the war down to the destruction of Jerusalem and the complete demolition of the Jewish State in 70 A. D. The later books are the account of an eye-witness and a participant in the events narrated, and are by far the best record we have of those eventful years.

(2) 'The Antiquities of the Jews.' Upon the completion of the former work, near the close of Vespasian's reign, Josephus seems to have given himself to the stupendous task of narrating the history of the Jewish people from the earliest times down to the outbreak of the war with the Romans. This occupied him for some twenty years, and resulted in the composition of the 'Antiquities of the Jews,' in twenty books. The first ten books reach down to the Babylonian captivity, and the narrative runs parallel with the Biblical account; the eleventh book carries the history down to Alexander the Great, who died in 323 B. C.; the twelfth to the death of Judas Maccabæus, in 161 B. C.; the thirteenth to the death of Alexandra, in 69 B. C.; the fourteenth to the commencement of Herod the Great's reign, in 37 B. C.; the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth are devoted to the reign of Herod, 37–4 B. C.; the remaining three books bring us down to the outbreak of the Jewish war in 66 A. D. The chief aim of the author was so to present the history of the much despised Jewish people as to win for them the respect of the cultured Greeks and Romans of his own day. To this end he does not hesitate to modify or omit the more offensive portions of the Old Testament

narrative, or to strengthen the Biblical account by quotations from non-canonical writers. He uses his extra-Biblical sources still more freely: quoting, epitomizing, elaborating, and often controverting their statements. For the period from 440 to 175 B. C. he is almost wholly dependent upon the Alexander legends and the pseudo-Aristeas; for 175 to 135 B. C. the First Book of Maccabees is the principal source, which is supplemented by Polybius and others; for 135 to 37 B. C. the chief authorities are Strabo and Nicolas of Damascus, whose accounts are supplemented by oral tradition. For the history of Herod, 37–4 B. C., Nicolas of Damascus is the principal authority, with a possible use of the Commentaries of King Herod. This last period is described with great fullness and particularity; but the narrative thereafter is scanty till we reach the reign of Agrippa I., which is elaborated with oral traditions. For the remainder of the 'Antiquities' Josephus relied upon his personal recollections and living witnesses.

(3) 'Autobiography.' Instead of being a "life," this brief work is really a defense of the author's conduct of the Galilean campaign in 66–67 A. D. There are short biographical notices, which form an introduction and a conclusion to the personal *apologia*. Justus of Tiberias had written an account of the Jewish war which represented Josephus as the author of the revolt in Galilee, and thus compromised his standing with the Romans. The so-called 'Autobiography' is a vituperative attack upon Justus and a pitifully weak reply to his charges.

The 'Treatise Against Apion.' This is the last of the extant works of Josephus, and it followed closely upon the publication of the preceding. The title as given is defective, and is certainly not the original one. The grammarian Apion is not the chief object of attack, but rather the violent and ofttimes absurd prejudices against the Jewish people and their religion. The historian makes an able and skillful defense, in which he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the Jews and their superiority over other nations, especially the Egyptians and Greeks. He maintains that the latter derived their best laws and highest wisdom from Moses and other inspired writers; and he then charges the Greeks with all manner of injustice, immorality, stupidity, and sacrilege. The Jewish religion is ably defended and expounded, and the personal beliefs of Josephus can be fairly well determined.

Character.— Josephus was a man of strong individuality; but he was vain, opinionated, self-seeking, and duplicitous. It is unfair to charge him with the betrayal of his nation, for he only prudently submitted to the inevitable. But it cannot be denied that he accomplished the transference of his personal allegiance to the Romans

with unbecoming equanimity, and with an eye single to his own immediate safety and future prospects. Contrast this conduct with that of an older contemporary, St. Paul, who was willing to be accursed if he might thereby save his people. It is interesting to recall that Josephus was born about the time of St. Paul's conversion; both were trained in Jerusalem as Pharisees; both went to Rome about the same year, where they may have learned to know each other: but later, while the former was dexterously compromising with the Romans, the latter was refusing to betray his cause and consequently suffered the death penalty. The faults of Josephus as a historian are, as might have been expected, the faults inherent in his character as a man. He was learned, but he was at the same time opinionated; he was a keen observer, but he was vainglorious and ever seeking to justify himself or his cause; he had a clear perception of the forces which mold events, but he was lacking in integrity and candor. His writings are accordingly full of perverted accounts, ludicrous exaggerations, and dexterous apologies. But it is not so difficult to detect these defects; for they are often glaring, and they almost always bear the marks of personal prejudice or racial bias. The 'Antiquities' were written to glorify the history and character of the Jewish people; the 'Wars' and 'Autobiography' to glorify and shield their author; and the 'Treatise against Apion' to glorify and defend the Jewish religion. But notwithstanding these radical defects, there is perhaps no other ancient historian whose works have come down to us, who has covered so wide a range of human events and has left us more valuable historical details. For the period intervening between the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and for a knowledge of the New Testament times, the works of Josephus are indispensable.

Edwin Ross Mitchell

MOSES AS A LEGISLATOR

From the Preface to the 'Antiquities'

One who will peruse this history may principally learn from it, that all events succeed well, even to an incredible degree, and the reward of felicity is proposed by God: but then it is to those that follow his will, and do not venture to break his excellent laws; and that so far as men any way apostatize from

the accurate observation of them, what was practicable before becomes impracticable; and whatsoever they set about as a good thing is converted into an incurable calamity. And now I exhort all those who peruse these books, to apply their minds to God: and to examine the mind of our legislator, whether he hath not understood his nature in a manner worthy of him; and hath not ever ascribed to him such operations as become his power; and hath not preserved his own writings from those indecent fables which others have framed, although by the great distance of time when he lived he might have securely forged such lies, — for he lived two thousand years ago, at which vast distance of ages the poets themselves have not been so hardy as to fix even the generations of their gods, much less the actions of their men or their own laws. As I proceed, therefore, I shall accurately describe what is contained in our records, in the order of time that belongs to them, . . . without adding anything to what is therein contained, or taking away anything therefrom.

But because almost all our constitution depends on the wisdom of Moses our legislator, I cannot avoid saying somewhat concerning him beforehand, though I shall do it briefly; I mean, because otherwise those that read my books may wonder how it comes to pass that my discourse, which promises an account of laws and historical facts, contains so much of philosophy. The reader is therefore to know that Moses deemed it exceeding necessary that he who would conduct his own life well, and give laws to others, in the first place should consider the Divine nature; and upon the contemplation of God's operations, should thereby imitate the best of all patterns, so far as it is possible for human nature to do, and to endeavor to follow after it; neither could the legislator himself have a right mind without such a contemplation; nor would anything he should write tend to the promotion of virtue in his readers: I mean, unless they be taught first of all that God is the Father and Lord of all things, and sees all things; and that hence he bestows a happy life upon those that follow him, but plunges such as do not walk in the paths of virtue into inevitable miseries. Now when Moses was desirous to teach this lesson to his countrymen, he did not begin the establishment of his laws after the same manner that other legislators did, — I mean, upon contracts and other rights between one man and another, but by raising their minds upwards to regard God and his creation of the world; and by persuading them that we

men are the most excellent of the creatures of God upon earth. Now when once he had brought them to submit to religion, he easily persuaded them to submit in all other things; for as to other legislators, they followed fables, and by their discourses transferred the most reproachful of human vices unto the gods, and so afforded wicked men the most plausible excuses for their crimes; but as for our legislator, when he had once demonstrated that God was possessed of perfect virtue, he supposed men also ought to strive after the participation of it; and on those who did not so think and so believe, he inflicted the severest punishments. I exhort, therefore, my readers to examine this whole undertaking in that view; for thereby it will appear to them that there is nothing therein disagreeable either to the majesty of God, or to his love for mankind: for all things have here a reference to the nature of the universe; while our legislator speaks some things wisely but enigmatically, and others under a decent allegory, but still explains such things as required a direct explication, plainly and expressly.

Whiston's Translation.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM

From the 'Antiquities'

Now the sagacity and wisdom which God had bestowed on Solomon was so great that he exceeded the ancients, insomuch that he was no way inferior to the Egyptians, who are said to have been beyond all men in understanding; nay, indeed, it is evident that their sagacity was very much inferior to that of the King's. He also excelled and distinguished himself in wisdom above those who were most eminent among the Hebrews at that time for shrewdness. . . . He also composed books of odes and songs a thousand and five, of parables and similitudes three thousand — for he spake a parable upon every sort of tree from the hyssop to the cedar, and in like manner also about beasts, about all sorts of living creatures, whether upon the earth, or in the seas, or in the air; for he was not unacquainted with any of their natures, nor omitted inquiries about them, but described them all like a philosopher, and demonstrated his exquisite knowledge of their several properties. God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful

and sanative to him. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return: and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons and his captains and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return into him no more,—making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon was showed very manifestly.

Whiston's Translation.

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF PALESTINE

From the 'Antiquities'

ABOUT this time (333 B. C.) it was that Darius heard how Alexander had passed over the Hellespont, and had beaten his lieutenants in the battle of Granicum, and was proceeding farther; whereupon he gathered together an army of horse and foot, and determined that he would meet the Macedonians before they should assault and conquer all Asia. So he passed over the river Euphrates, and came over Taurus, the Cilician mountain; and at Isis of Cilicia he waited for the enemy, as ready there to give him battle. Upon which Sanballat was glad that Darius was come down; and told Manasseh that he would suddenly perform his promises to him, and this as soon as ever Darius should come back, after he had beaten his enemies; for not he only, but all those that were in Asia also, were persuaded that the Macedonians would not so much as come to a battle with the Persians, on account of their multitude. But the event

proved otherwise than they expected, for the king joined battle with the Macedonians, and was beaten, and lost a great part of his army. His mother also, and his wife and children, were taken captives, and he fled into Persia. So Alexander came into Syria, and took Damascus; and when he had obtained Sidon, he besieged Tyre, when he sent an epistle to the Jewish high priest, "To send him some auxiliaries, and to supply his army with provisions; and that what presents he formerly sent to Darius he would now send to him, and choose the friendship of the Macedonians, and that he should never repent of so doing." But the high priest answered the messengers, that "he had given his oath to Darius not to bear arms against him"; and he said that "he would not transgress them while Darius was in the land of the living." Upon hearing this answer, Alexander was very angry; and though he determined not to leave Tyre, which was just ready to be taken, yet as soon as he had taken it he threatened that he would make an expedition against the Jewish high priest, and through him teach all men to whom they must keep their oaths. So when he had, with a great deal of pains during the siege, taken Tyre, and had settled his affairs, he came to the city of Gaza, and besieged both the city and him that was governor of the garrison, whose name was Babemeses. . . . Now Alexander, when he had taken Gaza, made haste to go up to Jerusalem; and Jaddaa the high priest, when he heard that, was in an agony and under terror, as not knowing how he should meet the Macedonians, since the King was displeased at his foregoing disobedience. He therefore ordained that the people should make supplications, and should join with him in offering sacrifices to God, whom he besought to protect that nation, and to deliver them from the perils that were coming upon them: whereupon God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that "he should take courage, and adorn the city, and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the King in the habits proper to their order, without the dread of any ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent." Upon which, when he rose from his sleep, he greatly rejoiced, and declared to all the warning he had received from God. According to which dream he acted entirely, and so waited for the coming of the King. . . . For Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance, in white garments, while the

priests stood clothed with fine linen, and the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing, with his mitre on his head, having the golden plate whereon the name of God was engraved, he approached by himself, and adored that name, and first saluted the high priest. The Jews also did altogether, with one voice, salute Alexander and encompass him about; whereupon the kings of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him "How it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the high priest of the Jews!" To whom he replied:—"I do not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with his high-priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians; whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind." And when he said this to Parmenio, and had given the high priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him, and he came into the city: and when he went up into the temple he offered sacrifice to God, according to the high priest's directions; and magnificently treated both the high priest and the priests. And when the book of Daniel was showed him, wherein Daniel declared that one of the Greeks should destroy the empire of the Persians, he supposed that himself was the person intended; and as he was then glad, he dismissed the multitude for the present, but the next day called them to him, and bade them ask what favors they pleased of him; whereupon the high priest desired that they might enjoy the laws of their forefathers, and might pay no tribute on the seventh year. He granted all they desired. And when they entreated him that he would permit the Jews in Babylon and Media to enjoy their own laws also, he willingly promised to do hereafter what they desired.

Whiston's Translation.

THE GREEK VERSION OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES

From the 'Antiquities'

When Alexander had reigned twelve years, and after him Ptolemy Soter forty years, Philadelphus then took the kingdom of Egypt, and held it forty years within one. He procured the law to be interpreted; and set free those that were come from Jerusalem into Egypt and were in slavery there, who were a hundred and twenty thousand. The occasion was this: Demetrius Phalereus, who was library keeper to the King, was now endeavoring if it were possible to gather together all the books that were in the habitable earth, and buying whatsoever was anywhere valuable or agreeable to the King's inclination,— who was very earnestly set upon collecting of books, to which inclination of his Demetrius was zealously subservient. And when once Ptolemy asked him how many thousand of books he had collected, he replied that he had already about twenty times ten thousand, but that in a little time he should have fifty times ten thousand. But he said he had been informed that there were many books of law among the Jews worthy of inquiring after, and worthy of the King's library, but which, being written in characters and in a dialect of their own, will cause no small pains in getting them translated into the Greek tongue; that the character in which they are written seems to be like to that which is the proper character of the Syrians, and that its sound, when pronounced, is like theirs also: and that this sound appears to be peculiar to themselves. Wherefore he said that nothing hindered why they might not get those books to be translated also; for while nothing is wanting that is necessary for that purpose, we may have their books also in this library. So the King thought that Demetrius was very zealous to procure him abundance of books, and that he suggested what was exceeding proper for him to do; and therefore he wrote to the Jewish high priest that he should act accordingly:— . . .

"King Ptolemy to Eleazar the high priest, sendeth greeting: There were many Jews who now dwell in my kingdom, whom the Persians when they were in power carried captives. These were honored by my father: some of whom he placed in the army, and gave them greater pay than ordinary; to others of them, when they came with him into Egypt, he committed his

garrisons, and the guarding of them, that they might be a terror to the Egyptians. And when I had taken the government, I treated all men with humanity, and especially those that are thy fellow-citizens, of whom I have set free above a hundred thousand that were slaves, and paid the price of their redemption to their masters out of my own revenues; and those that are of a fit age I have admitted into the number of my soldiers. . . . And as I am desirous to do what will be grateful to these, and to all the other Jews in the habitable earth, I have determined to procure an interpretation of your law, and to have it translated out of the Hebrew into Greek, and to be deposited in my library. Thou wilt therefore do well to choose out and send to me men of good character, who are now elders in age, and six in number out of every tribe; these, by their age, must be skillful in the laws, and of abilities to make an accurate interpretation of them. And when this shall be finished, I shall think that I have done a work glorious to myself." . . .

When this epistle of the King's was brought to Eleazar, he wrote an answer to it with all the respect possible:—

"Eleazar the high priest to King Ptolemy, sendeth greeting: If thou and thy queen Arsinoe, and thy children, be well, we are entirely satisfied. When we received thy epistle, we greatly rejoiced at thy intentions; and when the multitude were gathered together, we read it to them, and thereby made them sensible of the piety thou hast towards God. . . . We immediately therefore offered sacrifices for thee and thy sister, with thy children and friends; and the multitude made prayers that thy affairs may be to thy mind, and that thy kingdom may be preserved in peace, and that the translation of our law may come to the conclusion thou desirest, and be for thy advantage. We have also chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them. It will be thy part, out of thy piety and justice, to send back the law when it hath been translated, and to return those to us that bring it in safety. Farewell." . . .

Accordingly, when three days were over, Demetrius took them, and went over the causeway seven furlongs long; it was a bank in the sea to an island. And when they had gone over the bridge, he proceeded to the northern parts, and showed them where they should meet, which was in a house that was built near the shore, and was a quiet place, and fit for their discoursing together about their work. When he had brought them thither, he entreated

them (now they had all things about them which they wanted for the interpretation of their law) that they would suffer nothing to interrupt them in their work. . . . Now when the law was transcribed, and the labor of interpretation was over, which came to its conclusion in seventy-two days, Demetrius gathered all the Jews together to the place where the laws were translated, and where the interpreters were, and read them over. The multitude did also approve of those elders that were the interpreters of the law. They withal commended Demetrius for his proposal, as the inventor of what was greatly for their happiness; and they desired that he would give leave to their rulers also to read the law. Moreover, they all, both the priest, and the most revered of the elders, and the principal men of their commonwealth, made it their request that since the interpretation was happily finished, it might continue in the state it now was, and might not be altered. And when they all commended that determination of theirs, they enjoined that if any one observed either anything superfluous or anything omitted, that he would take a view of it again, and have it laid before them, and corrected; which was a wise action of theirs, that when the thing was judged to have been well done, it might continue for ever.

Whiston's Translation.

THE DEATH OF JAMES, THE BROTHER OF OUR LORD

From the 'Antiquities'

And now [Claudius] Cæsar, upon hearing of the death of Festus, sent Albinus into Judæa as procurator. But the king deprived Joseph of the high-priesthood, and bestowed the succession to that dignity on the son of Ananus, who was also himself called Ananus. . . . But this younger Ananus, who, as we have told you already, took the high-priesthood, was a bold man in his temper, and very insolent; he was also of the sect of the Sadducees, who are very rigid in judging offenders, above all the rest of the Jews, as we have already observed: when, therefore, Ananus was of this disposition, he thought he had now a proper opportunity [to exercise his authority]. Festus was now dead, and Albinus was but upon the road; so he assembled the sanhedrim of judges, and brought them the brother of Jesus who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some others

[or some of his companions]. And when he had formed an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned: but as for those who seemed the most equitable of the citizens, and such as were the most uneasy at the breach of the laws, they disliked what was done; they also sent to the King [Agrippa] desiring him to send to Ananus that he should act so no more, for that what he had already done was not to be justified; nay, some of them went also to meet Albinus, as he was upon his journey from Alexandria, and informed him that it was not lawful for Ananus to assemble a sanhedrim without his consent. Whereupon Albinus complied with what they said, and wrote in anger to Ananus, and threatened that he would bring him to punishment for what he had done; on which account King Agrippa took the high-priesthood from him when he had ruled but three months, and made Jesus the son of Damneus high priest.

Whiston's Translation.

PREFACE TO THE 'JEWISH WARS'

THUS I shall relate in what manner Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes, after having carried Jerusalem by assault, and held it for three years and six months, was expelled the country by the sons of Asamonæus; then, how the descendants of these, quarreling among themselves for the crown, dragged into the controversy the Romans and Pompey; and how Herod, son of Antipater, with the aid of Sossius overthrew their dynasty; the revolt of the people, moreover, after the death of Herod, Augustus at the time ruling the Romans, and Quintilius Varus being president of the Province; the breaking out of the war in the twelfth year of Nero; the casualties which befell Cestius; and what places the Jews surprised at the commencement of hostilities.

My narrative will further include an account of their fortifying the neighboring towns; of Nero's apprehensions for the empire, occasioned by the disasters of Cestius, and his consequent appointment of Vespasian to the conduct of the war; of the invasion of the Jewish territory by that general and the elder of his sons. . . .

I shall next relate the death of Nero, the affairs of the Jews being now on the decline; and how Vespasian, then rapidly

marching upon Jerusalem, was drawn off to assume the imperial throne. . . . I shall then advert to the second invasion of the country by Titus, on his breaking up from Egypt; state how and where he mustered his forces, and their amount.

Traill's Translation.

AGRIPPA'S APPEAL TO THE JEWS

From the 'Jewish Wars'

THE populace, addressing the king and the chief priests, requested that ambassadors might be sent to Nero with an accusation against Florus; lest, on an occasion of so much bloodshed, they should leave themselves under suspicion of insurrection by their silence. . . . Agrippa, though he deemed it invidious to send up an accusation against Florus, yet thought it not his interest to overlook the strong bias for war manifested by the Jews. He accordingly convened the people in the Xystus; and having placed his sister Berenice in a conspicuous situation on the house of the Asamonæan family,—which was above the Xystus, on the opposite side of the upper town, where a bridge connected the Temple with the Xystus,—he spoke as follows:—

"Had I seen that you all were bent on war with the Romans, and not that the more upright and unprejudiced portion of the community were desirous of preserving peace, I would neither have appeared before you, nor ventured to advise. For superflous is every address bearing on measures proper to be pursued, when all who hear it are by common consent resolved on the less prudential course. But since youth, inexperienced in the evils of war, stimulates some; some an inconsiderate hope of freedom; others avarice; and in the general confusion, a desire of private aggrandizement at the expense of the weak,—I have thought it my duty to call you together, and lay before you what I conceive will most conduce to your welfare: that these several classes, being better instructed, may alter their views, and that the virtuous may sustain no damage from the pernicious counsels of a few. . . .

"Consider separately each of these [complaints], and how slight are the grounds for war! And first, as to the charges against your procurators. Duty enjoins us to conciliate, not to irritate,

the authorities. But when of little offenses you make great complaints, you exasperate, to your own prejudice, the individuals thus defamed. . . . But as nothing so much averts correction as patient submission, so the quiet demeanor of the wronged serves as a restraint on their oppressors. But granting that the Roman officers are beyond endurance severe, still, all the Romans do not wrong you, nor does Cæsar; and yet it is against these you levy war. It is not by command that any one comes among you, from them, to be wicked; neither do they see from west to east; nor is it easy to obtain in that quarter early intelligence from hence.

"But it is absurd to wage war with many on account of one, and for trivial reasons, with so great a people; and that too when they know not what we complain of. And yet the evils with which we charge them may be speedily corrected, for the same procurator will not remain forever; and his successors, it is probable, will come in a spirit of greater moderation. War, however, once moved, it is neither easy to lay aside without calamity, nor yet to bear the burthen of it. But your present desire of freedom is unseasonable, seeing you should have struggled earlier not to lose it. For the experience of servitude is bitter, and the exertion to avert its first approaches is just; but he who, once subdued, afterwards revolts, is a refractory slave, not a lover of liberty. For then was the time for doing your utmost to prevent the Romans from gaining a footing, when Pompey made his first inroad upon your country. . . .

"You alone disdain servitude to those to whom the universe has submitted. On what troops, on what weapons, do you rely? Where is your fleet to occupy the Roman seas? where the treasures sufficing for the enterprise? Do you suppose that it is with the Egyptians and Arabians that war is to be waged? Will you not reflect on the empire of the Romans? Will you not measure your own weakness? Have not your forces been frequently defeated by nations on your borders? and yet, through the world their strength has stood unconquered; nay rather, they have stretched their views farther even than this. For the entire Euphrates has not sufficed them on the east; nor the Danube on the north; nor on the south Libya, penetrated even to uninhabited climes; nor Gadeira on the west. But beyond the ocean they have sought another world, and have carried their arms far as the Britons, unknown before to history. . .

"Reflect, likewise, that even were you contending with no formidable foe, the uncompromising character of your worship would create a difficulty, since those very laws by which you mainly hope to secure the Divine assistance will, if you are compelled to transgress them, render God your enemy; since, should you observe the usages of the Sabbath, and put your hand to no work, you will fall an easy prey, as did your forefathers to Pompey, who pressed his operations with the greatest vigor on those days upon which the besieged rested. . . .

"Unless indeed it be supposed that you will wage war by compact; and that the Romans, when triumphant, will act toward you with moderation, and not, as an example to other nations, burn the Holy City to the ground, and root you out as a people from the earth. For those of you who may survive will not find a spot to flee to, since all have acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans, or fear that they soon must do so. The danger, however, threatens not us alone, but those also who reside in the other cities. For there is not a nation in the world where some of you are not to be found; all of whom, should you go to war, will be sacrificed in retaliation by your adversaries. . . .

"Look with pity, then, if not on your children and wives, yet on this your metropolis, and the sacred boundaries. Spare the Temple, and preserve for yourselves this sanctuary with its holy things." . . .

Having spoken thus, he wept, as did his sister; and their emotion restrained in a great degree the violence of the people, who cried out that they had not taken up arms against the Romans, but to avenge their sufferings on Florus.

Traill's Translation.

JOSEPHUS'S SURRENDER TO THE ROMANS

From the 'Jewish Wars'

While Josephus was hesitating as to Nicanor's persuasions, . . . his nightly dreams, wherein God had foreshown to him the approaching calamities of the Jews, and what would befall the Roman sovereigns, occurred to him. As an interpreter of dreams he had the art of collecting the meaning of things delivered ambiguously by the Deity; nor was he unacquainted with the prophecies of the Sacred Books, being himself

a priest, and a descendant of priests. Being at that moment under a divine influence, and suddenly recalling the fearful images of his recent dreams, he addressed to God a secret prayer, and said: "Since it seems good to thee, who didst found the Jewish nation, now to level it with the dust, and transfer all its fortune to the Romans, and since thou hast chosen my spirit to foretell future events, I surrender willingly to the Romans, and live: appealing to thee that I go over to them not as a traitor, but as thy minister." . . .

But when the Jews who had there taken refuge along with him understood that he was yielding, . . . they . . . cried out:—"Deeply may our paternal laws groan! And well may God, who planted in the Jewish breast a soul that despises death, hide his face in indignation! Is life so dear to thee, Josephus, that thou canst endure to see the light in slavery? How soon hast thou forgotten thyself! How many hast thou persuaded to die for liberty! False then indeed has been thy reputation for manliness, as well as for intelligence, if thou canst hope for safety from those whom thou hast so strenuously opposed, or consent to accept deliverance at their hands, even were it certain! But though the fortune of the Romans has poured over thee some strange forgetfulness of thyself, we must take care of our country's glory. We will provide thee with right hand and sword. If thou diest voluntarily, thou shalt die as general of the Jews." . . .

Josephus, fearing an outbreak, . . . proceeded to reason with them philosophically respecting the emergency:—

"Why, my comrades, should we so thirst for our own blood? or why do we set at variance such fond companions as soul and body? Who says that I am changed? But the Romans know whether this is true. It is honorable, I admit, to die in war; but only by the law of war,—that is, by the act of the victors. Did I then shun the Roman blades, worthy indeed should I be of my own sword and my own hand. But if pity for an enemy enter their breasts, how much more justly should pity for ourselves enter ours! For it is the extreme of folly to do that to ourselves, to avoid which we quarrel with others. . . . But some one will urge the dread of servitude. We are now, forsooth, perfectly free! Another will say that it is noble to destroy oneself. Far from it—but most ignoble! just as I would deem that pilot most dastardly, who dreading a tempest, voluntarily sinks his

ship ere the storm sets in. But further: suicide is alien to the common nature of all animals, and an impiety against God who created us. Nor indeed is there any living creature that dies premeditatedly, or by its own act; for nature's law is strong in all — the wish to live. For this reason also, those who attempt overtly to deprive us of life we account enemies; and those who attempt it clandestinely, we punish.

"Do you not think that God is indignant when man treats his gift with contempt? From him we have received our existence; and the period when we are no longer to exist, we refer to his will. Our bodies indeed are mortal to all, and composed of corruptible materials; but the soul, always immortal, and a portion of the Deity, dwells in those bodies. Now, should any one destroy or misapply what is deposited with him by man, he is esteemed wicked and faithless; and should any one cast out from his body what has been there deposited by God, do we suppose that he will elude Him whom he has wronged? . . .

"I pray however that this may prove a faithless stratagem of the Romans; for if, after an assurance of protection, I perish by their hands, I shall die cheerfully, carrying with me their perfidy and falsehood — a consolation greater than victory."

Josephus, having thus escaped in the war with the Romans, as in that with his friends, was conducted to Vespasian by Nicanor. . . .

Josephus intimated that he wished to speak in private to him; and Vespasian having removed all except his son Titus and two of his friends, Josephus addressed him in these words: — "You think, Vespasian, that you have possessed yourself merely of a captive in Josephus; but I come to you as a messenger of greater things. Had I not received a commission from God, I knew the law of the Jews, and how it becomes a general to die. Do you send me to Nero? Wherefore? Are there any remaining to succeed Nero, previous to your own accession? You, Vespasian, are Cæsar and emperor — you, and this your son. Bind me then the more securely, and keep me for yourself. For you, Cæsar, are master not only of me, but of sea and land, and of the whole human race. And I deserve the punishment of stricter ward if I talk lightly, especially in a matter pertaining to God."

Traill's Translation.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

From a Painting by Wm. Kaulbach

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

From the 'Jewish Wars'

WHILE the sanctuary [in Jerusalem] was in flames, everything that fell in their way became a prey to rapine, and prodigious was the slaughter of those found there. To no age was pity shown, to no rank respect; but children and old men, secular persons and priests, were overwhelmed in one common ruin. All ranks were inclosed in the embrace of war, and hunted down; as well those who sued for mercy, as those who made defense. . . .

Their destruction was caused by a false prophet, who had on that day proclaimed to those remaining in the city, that "God commanded them to go up to the Temple, there to receive the signs of their deliverance." . . . Thus it was that the impostors and pretended messengers of heaven at that time beguiled the wretched people, while the manifest portents that foreshowed the approaching desolation they neither heeded nor credited; but as if confounded and bereft alike of eyes and mind, they disregarded the immediate warnings of God. Thus it was when a star resembling a sword stood over the city, and a comet which continued for a year. Thus also it was when, prior to the revolt and the first movements of the war, at the time when the people were assembling for the feast of unleavened bread, on the eighth of the month Xanthicus, at the ninth hour of the night, so vivid a light shone round the altar and the sanctuary that it seemed to be bright day; and this lasted half an hour. By the inexperienced this was deemed favorable; but by the sacred scribes it was at once pronounced a prelude of that which afterwards happened. At the same festival also, a cow having been led by some one to the sacrifice, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the court of the Temple.

Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court — which was of brass and extremely massive, and when closed towards evening could scarcely be moved by twenty men, and which was fastened with bars shod with iron, and secured by bolts sunk to a great depth in a threshold which consisted of one stone throughout — was observed, about the sixth hour of the night, to have opened of its own accord. The guards of the Temple ran and informed the captain, who having repaired to the spot could scarcely

succeed in shutting it. This again to the unlearned seemed a most auspicious omen; for God, they thought, had unfolded to them the gate of blessings: but the learned considered that the security of the Temple was dissolving of its own accord, and the gate opened for the advantage of the enemy; and explained it among themselves as a sign of impending desolation.

Not many days after the festival, on the twenty-first of the month Artemisius, there appeared a phenomenon so marvelous as to exceed credibility. What I am about to relate would, I conceive, be deemed a mere fable, had it not been related by eye-witnesses, and attended by calamities commensurate with such portents. Before sunset, were seen around the whole country chariots poised in the air, and armed battalions speeding through the clouds and investing the cities. And at the feast which is called Pentecost, the priests having entered the inner court of the Temple by night, as was their custom, for discharge of their ministrations, their attention was drawn at first, they said, by a movement and a clanging noise, and after this by a voice as of a multitude, "We are departing hence."

But a story more fearful still remains. Four years prior to the war, while the city was enjoying the utmost peace and prosperity, there came to the feast in which it is the custom for all to erect tabernacles to God, one Jesus, son of Ananus, a rustic of humble parentage, who, standing in the temple, suddenly began to call aloud, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem and the sanctuary, a voice against bridegrooms and brides, a voice against all the people!" Day and night he traversed all the streets with this cry. Some citizens, incensed at so ominous a voice, apprehended the man, and severely scourged him. But without uttering a word in his own behalf, nor anything privately to those who beat him, he continued his cry as before. At length the rulers — supposing, and justly so, that the man was under some supernatural impulse — conducted him to the presence of the Roman procurator, where, though lacerated with scourges to the very bone, he neither sued for mercy nor shed a tear; but modulating his voice to a tone the most mournful that was possible, repeated at every stroke, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." Albinus the procurator, demanding who he was, and whence, and why he uttered these words, he made no manner of reply; desisting not from his lamentation over the city, until Albinus, concluding that

he was a maniac, set him at liberty. Up to the breaking out of the war, he neither associated with any of the citizens, nor was he seen to speak to any one; but as if it were a prayer that he had been meditating upon, daily uttered his lament, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." He neither cursed those that beat him from day to day, nor gave his blessing to such as supplied him with food: to all, the melancholy presage was his one reply. His voice was loudest at the festivals; and though for seven years and five months he continued his wail, neither did his voice become feeble nor did he grow weary, until during the siege, after beholding his presages verified, he ceased. For as he was going his round on the wall, crying with a piercing voice, "Woe! woe! once more, to the city, to the people, and to the Temple;" when at the last he had added, "Woe! woe! to myself also," he was struck by a stone shot from the ballista and killed upon the spot, still uttering with his dying lips the same portentous words.

If we reflect on these events, we shall find that God exercises care over men, in every way foreshowing to their race the means of safety; but that they perish through their own folly and self-incurred evils. Thus the Jews, after the demolition of the Antonia, reduced their Temple to a square, though they had it recorded in their oracles that "the city and the sanctuary would be taken when the Temple should become square." But what chiefly incited them to the war was an ambiguous prophecy, likewise found in their sacred writings, that "about this period some one from their country should obtain the empire of the world." This they received as applying to themselves, and many eminent for wisdom were deceived in the interpretation of it. The oracle, however, in reality indicated the elevation of Vespasian — he having been proclaimed emperor in Judæa. But it is not possible for men to avoid their fate, even though they foresee it. Some of these portents they interpreted according to their pleasure, others they treated with contempt, until their folly was exposed by the conquest of their country and their own destruction.

Traill's Translation.

THE HEBREW FAITH, WORSHIP, AND LAWS

From the 'Treatise Against Apion'

WHAT form of government then can be more holy than this? What more worthy kind of worship can be paid to God than we pay, where the entire body of the people are prepared for religion; where an extraordinary degree of care is required in the priests, and where the whole polity is so ordered as if it were a certain religious solemnity? For what things foreigners, when they solemnize such festivals, are not able to observe for a few days' time, and call them mysterious and sacred ceremonies, we observe with great pleasure and an unshaken resolution during our whole lives. What are the things then that we are commanded or forbidden? They are simple, and easily known. The first command is concerning God, and affirms that God contains all things, and is a being every way perfect and happy, self-sufficient, and supplying all other beings; the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. He is manifest in his works and benefits, and more conspicuous than any other being whatsoever; but as to his form and magnitude he is most obscure. All materials, let them be ever so costly, are unworthy to compose an image for him; and all arts are unartful to express the notion we ought to have of him. We can neither see nor think of anything like him, nor is it agreeable to piety to form a resemblance of him. We see his works: the light, the heavens, the earth, the sun and the moon, the waters, the generation of animals, the production of fruits. These things hath God made, not with hands, not with labor, not as wanting the assistance of any to co-operate with him; but as his will resolved they should be made and be good also, they were made and became good immediately. All men ought to follow this being, and to worship him in the exercise of virtue; for this way of worship of God is the most holy of all others.

There ought also to be but One Temple for One God: for likeness is the constant foundation of agreement. This temple ought to be common to all men, because he is the common God of all men. His priests are to be continually about his worship; over whom he that is the first by his birth is to be their ruler perpetually. His business must be to offer sacrifices to God, together with those priests that are joined with him; to see that the laws be observed; to determine controversies, and

to punish those that are convicted of injustice: while he that does not submit to him shall be subject to the same punishment as if he had been guilty of impiety towards God himself. . . .

But then, what are our laws about marriage? That law owns no other mixture of sexes but that which nature hath appointed, of a man with his wife, and that this be used only for the procreation of children. But it abhors the mixture of a male with a male; and if any one do that, death is its punishment. . . .

Nay, indeed, the law does not permit us to make festivals at the births of our children, and thereby afford occasion of drinking to excess; but it ordains that the very beginning of our education should be immediately directed to sobriety. . . .

Our law hath also taken care of the decent burial of the dead; but without any extravagant expenses for the funerals, and without the erection of any illustrious monuments for them. . . .

The law ordains also that parents should be honored immediately after God himself; and delivers that son who does not requite them for the benefits he hath received from them, but is deficient on any such occasion, to be stoned. It also says that the young man should pay due respect to every elder, since God is the eldest of all beings. . . .

It will be also worth our while to see what equity our legislator would have us exercise in our intercourse with strangers. . . . Accordingly, our legislator admits all those that have a mind to observe our laws so to do, and this after a friendly manner, as esteeming that a true union which not only extends to our own stock, but to those that would live after the same manner with us; yet does he not allow those that come to us by accident only to be admitted into communion with us.

The greatest part of offenses with us are capital. . . .

Now, as for ourselves, I venture to say that no one can tell of so many, nay, not more than one or two, that have betrayed our laws; no, not out of fear of death itself. . . . Now I think those that have conquered us have put us to such deaths, not out of their hatred to us when they had subdued us, but rather out of their desire to see a surprising sight, which is this, whether there be such men in the world who believe that no evil is to them so great as to be compelled to do or to speak anything contrary to their own laws!

Whiston's Translation.

ORIGIN OF THE ASAMONEAN OR MACCABÆAN REVOLT

From the ‹Antiquities›

WHEN the emissaries of the King [Antiochus] came to Modin . . . to compel the Jews to offer [pagan] sacrifice as the King commanded, they wished Mattathias [priest, great-grandson of Asamoneus, and father of Judas Maccabæus and four other powerful sons] — a person of the highest consideration among them on all grounds, and especially as having so large and meritorious a family — to begin the sacrifice; because the populace would follow his example, and the King would bestow honors upon him for it. But Mattathias said "he would not do it; and if every other people obeyed Antiochus's orders, either from fear or self-seeking, he and his sons would not desert their country's religion." But when he had finished speaking, another Jew came forward and began to sacrifice as Antiochus had commanded. Mattathias was so incensed that he and his sons, who had their swords with them, fell on the sacrificer, and slew both him, Apelles (the King's general who had enforced the sacrifice), and several of the soldiers. Then he overthrew the pagan altar, and cried out, "If any one has zeal for the lands of his country and the worship of God, let him follow me;" and fled to the desert with his sons, abandoning all his property in the town. Many others followed him, and dwelt in caves in the desert with their wives and children. When the King's generals heard of this, they took the troops in the citadel at Jerusalem and went in pursuit of the fugitives; and having overtaken them, tried first to persuade them to take counsel of prudence and not compel the soldiers to treat them according to the laws of war. Meeting with a refusal, they assailed them on the Sabbath, and burnt them unresisting in the caves. . . . Many of those who escaped joined Mattathias and appointed him their ruler. . . . So Mattathias got a great army about him, and overthrew their idolatrous altars, and slew those that broke their laws, all he could lay hands on.

JOSEPH JOUBERT

(1754–1824)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

JOSEPH JOUBERT, who has now succeeded to the place long held by La Rochefoucauld as the best author of aphorisms, was first introduced to the general world of English-speaking readers by Matthew Arnold in 1865: but he was known to many, at least in America, through what Sainte-Beuve had said of him; and Mr. Stedman thinks that Edgar Poe, whose French reading was very discursive, had known him even before Sainte-Beuve wrote. Joubert, who was born in 1754, died May 4th, 1824; and a tribute was paid to his memory, a day or two after his death, by Châteaubriand, which might well have arrested the attention of Poe. In 1838 Châteaubriand edited his works. It is, however, fair to say that as Ruskin vastly expanded the reputation of Turner, though he did not create it, so the present renown of Joubert is due largely to the generous tribute of Arnold.

With the praise due to generosity the recognition of Arnold's service must end. It was hardly possible to set readers more distinctly on the wrong track in respect to an author than to compare, as Arnold does, Joubert to Coleridge; making this comparison indeed the keynote of his essay. It is difficult — were not Arnold so emphatically a man of whims — to find common ground between the tersest writer of his time and the most diffuse; the most determined and the most irresolute; the most clear-cut and the most misty. With all the great merits and services of Coleridge, and the fact that he had occasionally the power of making an incisive detached remark, the fact remains undisputed of the wandering and slumberous quality of his mind, and of the concentration in him of many of the precise qualities that Joubert spent his life in combating. The best course to be adopted by any reader of Joubert is therefore to cut adrift from Arnold, and turn to the original book, — not the volume of letters, which is less satisfactory, but to the original volume of 'Pensées,' which contain within four hundred pages more of the condensed essence of thought than can be found anywhere else in a series of volumes.

Joubert was born in 1754 in Montignac, a small town of Périgord, France; studied and also taught at the College of Toulouse; went in

1778 to Paris; knew Diderot, Marmontel, Châteaubriand, D'Alembert; was chosen during his absence in 1790 chief magistrate of his native town, served in that capacity two years and was re-elected, but declined to serve; took up his residence in 1792 at Villeneuve in Brittany, and spent his later life between that town and Paris; in 1809 was appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte a regent of the University, and died in 1824. He lived through the French Revolution, and through the period of the Encyclopædists; but he preserved not merely his life but his faith. He was in the habit, from twenty years old to seventy, of writing down his detached thoughts, often previously molded by conversation; his rooms at the top of a tall house in the Rue St. Honoré being the resort of the brightest minds in Paris. Fourteen years after his death, both his thoughts and his correspondence were collected and given to the world; but the thoughts afford by far the more interesting volume of the two.

As Arnold has misled readers by his comparison with Coleridge, so his total estimate of Joubert is probably below the truth; because the crowning quality of Joubert — severe and sublimated concentration — was remote from Arnold's own temperament. The Englishman was constitutionally discursive and long-winded. Nothing better was ever said about Homer than he has incidentally said in his essay on translating him: the trouble is that it takes him nearly a hundred and fifty pages to say it. It is certain that Joubert never would have written such a paper; it is very doubtful whether he could even have read it. Arnold's favorite amusement — perhaps a tradition from his father's sermons — was to begin an essay with a quotation from some one, to attach every succeeding point of his essay to this text, to play with it as a cat plays with a mouse, and then at the close to take it for granted that he had proved its soundness: this was wholly foreign to Joubert. It is however in Joubert that we find invariably the sweetness and light which Arnold preached, but did not always practice.

It is for this reason perhaps that Arnold dislikes the first or personal chapter of Joubert's 'Pensées': "It has," he says, "some fancifulness and affectation about it; the reader should begin with the second." But if the reader takes this unwise advice he will miss the whole "personal equation" of Joubert, and misinterpret him again and again. He will miss also some of his finest thoughts; as where he anticipates Emerson in one of the latter's most noted passages by saying, "I dislike to quit Paris, because it involves separation from my friends; and to quit the country, because it implies separation from myself." He also anticipates a passage once famous in Miss Edgeworth's 'Helen' when he writes, "I even like better those who make vice amiable than those who make virtue unattractive." He

writes finely of his own experience: "My soul dwells in a region where all passions have passed; I have known them all." With the experience which years bring to all writers, he thus sums up their result: "I needed age in order to learn what I desired to know; and I should need youth in order to utter well what I now know." This suggests, but not too sadly, that great summary of existence by St. Augustine,—"Now that I begin to know something, I die." And he thus sums up the beginning and the end of his method of writing, the very keystone of the arch of his fame: "If there is a man tormented by the accursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, it is I."

All these passages are from that first chapter, 'The author portrayed by himself,' which Mr. Arnold injudiciously advises readers to omit. Then follows his chapter on piety, of which he finely says: "Piety is a sublime wisdom, surpassing all others; a kind of genius, which gives wings to the mind. No one is wise unless he is pious." Again, "Piety is a species of modesty. It leads us to shield our thought, as modesty bids us shield our eyes, before all forbidden things." And again, in one of his fine condensations he says, "Heaven is for those who think about it" (Le ciel est pour ceux qui y pensent). Then follow chapters covering Man, The Soul, Modesty, The Various Times of Life, Death, The Family, Good Manners, Truth, Illusion, Philosophy, Light, Governments, Liberty and Law, Antiquity, Education, The Fine Arts, Style, The Qualities of an Author; including also many other themes, and finally closing with Literary Judgments — these covering authors ancient and modern. The book is admirably edited, and adds to its merits that of an analytical table at the end, so that it is practically a dictionary of quotations. The late Mr. George H. Calvert, of Newport, R. I., translates a portion of it — less than half — with a preliminary notice (Boston, 1867); but the translations are not always felicitous, though the feeling shown is always sympathetic.

Joubert sometimes suggests Montaigne, but with great differences: he is never garrulous and never coarse. In him we taste in full the exquisite felicity, the limpid clearness, the well-defined accuracy of the French tradition, without the smallest trace of that refined indelicacy in which vice does *not* lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. In him his native idiom stands out clearly for what it is,— the lineal successor of the Greek, if the Greek can have a successor. Then, the national virtues of courtesy, amiability, and *bonhomie* shine out supreme: he goes, for instance, the whole round of his contemporaries, speaking his mind freely, yet without an unkind word; and although a devout Catholic, he handles the Jansenists without a trace of the *odium theologicum*.

This refinement is the more remarkable in Joubert, because he owed much to Rousseau in style, and was the originator of that often quoted phrase concerning him, that he was the first person who gave bowels to words,—in the sense used symbolically for that word in the Bible. But he demands that this power of tender expression should be always chaste; and in the very last of his maxims says that art should always keep within the realm of beauty, and should never forget the ancient religious precept, "Outside the temple and the sacrifice, make no display of the intestines of the victim." And he indicates the high standard of French courtesy by uniformly resting it on noble motives. "Politeness," he says, "is to kindness of heart [*bonté*] what words are to thought. It does not merely influence the manners, but even the mind and heart; it moderates and softens all feelings, opinions, and words." And in another place he says in yet more condensed form, "Courtesy is the very flower of humanity. He who is not quite courteous is not quite human."

T. W. Higginson

OF MAN

The body is the tent where our existence is encamped.

The voice is a human sound which nothing lifeless can perfectly imitate. It has an authority and an impressiveness which writing wants. It is not merely air, but air modulated by us, impregnated with our warmth, and as it were enveloped in the haze of our atmosphere; from which an emanation attends it, and which gives it a certain form and certain virtues fitted to act on the mind. Speech is only thought incorporated.

The more I think on it, the more I see that the mind is something outside of the soul, as the hands are outside of the body, the eyes outside of the head, the branches outside of the trunk. It helps to do more, but not to be more.

The mind is a fire of which thought is the flame.

The imagination is the eye of the soul.

OF THE NATURE OF MINDS

MEN measure minds by their stature: it would be better to estimate them by their beauty.

Nature has made two kinds of fine intellects: some to produce thoughts and beautiful actions, others to admire them.

Heaven rarely grants to the same men the power of thinking well, of speaking well, and of acting well in all things.

One is never mediocre when he has plenty of good sense and good feeling.

Sometimes great minds are nevertheless false minds. They are well-constructed compasses, but whose needles, affected by the influence of some neighboring object, always turn away from the north.

He who has imagination without learning has wings without feet.

OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY

EVERYTHING may be learned — even virtue.

We should do everything to let good people have their own way.

Do not cut what you can untie.

To be always occupied with the duties of others, never with our own — alas!

There are those who have only fragments: they have not enough of the material to make a coat.

Without duty, life is soft and boneless; it can no longer sustain itself.

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule and law, but there is not even pleasure. The plays of children themselves have laws, and would not exist without them; these laws are always a form of restraint, and nevertheless, the more strictly they are obeyed the greater is the amusement.

OF THE FAMILY

WE SHOULD choose for a wife only such a woman as we should choose for a friend were she a man.

Nothing does a woman so much honor as her patience, and nothing so little as the patience of her husband.

We should wear our velvet inside; that is, be most amiable to those with whom we dwell at home.

The pleasure of pleasing is a legitimate one, and the desire to rule repulsive.

We should carry with us that indulgence and that habit of attention which call the thoughts of others into bloom.

We should pique ourselves on being reasonable, not on being right; on sincerity, not infallibility.

It is better to win than to command.

Before speaking ill of an eminent man, it might be well to wait till he has done ill.

A small supply of everything, a surfeit of nothing,—this is the key to moderation, wisdom, and content.

OF EDUCATION

CHILDREN need models rather than critics.

Education should be tender and strict, and not cold and relaxing.

In rearing a child, think of its old age.

People regard young men as merely students; but I see in them young men also.

To teach is to learn twice over.

To have shared the mode of education common to all is a great advantage to gifted minds, because they are thus kept in touch with others.

OF THE PASSIONS

WHATEVER purifies the passions makes them stronger, more lasting, and more enjoyable.

We exhaust in the passions the material that was given us for happiness.

Passions are but nature: it is the not repenting that yields corruption.

Repentance is a natural effort which drives from the soul the elements of its corruption.

Into every kind of excess there enters a certain coldness of soul: it is a thoughtful and deliberate abuse of pleasure.

The blind are cheerful, because their minds are not distracted from dwelling on the things that make them happy, and because they have yet more ideas than we have sights. It is a compensation granted them by Heaven.

We always lose the friendship of those who have lost our esteem.

Often our fine qualities are loved and praised only because our defects temper their brilliancy. It often even happens that we are loved rather for our defects than for our virtues.

We should make ourselves beloved, for men are only just towards those whom they love.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love nothing else.

Tenderness is the calm of passion.

Man is a kind of rash being, who may exist after a fashion half-way, but whose existence is the more delightful the more complete it is.

One likes to do good deeds in one's own way.

Ambition is pitiless: every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.

No one is good, one cannot be useful and deserves not to be loved, if he has not something heavenly, either in his intellect through thoughts, or in his will through affections directed on high.

It is a blessing, a great good fortune, to be born good.

Unless we keep watch on ourselves, we shall find ourselves condemning the unfortunate.

Be gentle and indulgent to all others; be not so to yourself.

The pleasure of giving is essential to true happiness; but the poor may possess it.

When you give, give joyfully and in smiling.

Proud natures love those to whom they do a service.

Ornaments were the inventions of modesty.

"God will punish," say the Orientals, "him who sees and him who is seen." Beautiful and formidable recommendation of modesty.

A spider's web made of silk and light were not more difficult to create than to answer this question, What is modesty?

OF SOCIETY

To see the world is to judge the judges.

The attention of the listener affords a sort of accompaniment to the music of the talk.

If one has two names, he should be addressed by that which is the more beautiful, the sweeter, the more sonorous.

Grace copies modesty as politeness copies kindness of heart.

OF DIFFERENT AGES

Nothing is so hard to children as reflection. This is because the final and essential destiny of the soul is to see, to know, and not to reflect. To reflect is one of the toils of life; a means of arriving, a route, a passage, and not a centre. To know and be known,—these are the two points of repose; such will be the happiness of souls.

Address yourself to young people: they know it all.

There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts.

Two ages of life should be sexless: the child and the aged man should be as modest as women.

Old age robs the man of sense only of those qualities that are useless to wisdom.

It would seem that for certain intellectual product the winter of the body is the autumn of the soul.

The residuum of human wisdom, refined by age, is perhaps the best thing we have.

Life's evening brings with it its lamp.

Those who have a long old age are, as it were, purified of the body.

Old age must have had most honor in times when each man could not know much more than what he had seen.

It is well to treat our life as we treat our writings: to provide that the beginning, the middle, and the end are in proportion, in harmony. For this object we need to make many erasures.

There is a time when the body's forces change place and concentrate themselves in the mind.

To be born obscure and die famous are the two boundaries of human happiness.

The deliberation of old age makes it easier to be patient in labor.

We are all priests of Vesta, and life is the sacred fire which we are to prolong until God extinguishes it.

A beautiful old age is for all beholders a delightful promise, since each can hope the same for him or his.

Old men constitute the true majority among the people.

Only robust old men have the dignity of old age, and they are the only ones who can justly speak of it.

Courtesy softens wrinkles.

One loves an old man as a perishable treasure; a ripe fruit whose fall one must expect.

In neat and fresh garments old age finds a sort of youth with which to surround itself.

No one is truly happy in old age except the aged priest and those of similar type.

It is a good thing to die still lovable; if one only can.

Patience and trial, courage and death, resignation and necessity, arrive usually together. Indifference to life comes when it is no longer possible to preserve life.

OF POETRY

Poets have a hundred times more good sense than philosophers. In seeking what is beautiful, they find more truths than philosophers in seeking what is true.

Poets are more inspired by the images of objects than even by their presence.

The poet should not traverse at a walk an interval which might be cleared at a bound.

In the poetic style every word resounds like the twang of a lyre well strung, and leaves after it a number of undulations.

Like the nectar of the bee, which turns to honey the dust of flowers, or like that liquor which converts lead into gold, the poet has a breath that fills out words, gives them light and color. He knows wherein consists their charm, and by what art enchanted structures may be built with them.

To fill an old word with new meaning, of which usage or age had emptied it, so to speak,—this is not innovation, it is rejuvenation. We enrich languages by digging into them. They

should be treated like fields: to make them fertile in old age, they must be stirred at great depths.

Before employing a beautiful word, make a place for it.

OF STYLE

Well-chosen words are abridged sentences.

Literary style consists in giving a body and a shape to the thought by the phrase.

Attention has a narrow mouth; we must pour into it what we say very carefully, and as it were drop by drop.

Only the temperate style is classic.

It is a great art, that of knowing how to point one's thought and pierce the attention.

Each author has his own dictionary.

It needs more clearness of intellect and more delicate tact to be a great writer than a great thinker.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE WRITER

Never write anything that does not give you enjoyment: emotion passes easily from the writer to the reader.

The fine feelings and ideas that we wish to set forth in our writings should become familiar to us, in order that the ease and charm of intimacy be felt in their expression.

All that we say should be suffused with ourselves, with our soul. This operation is long, but it immortalizes everything.

The mind conceives with pain, but brings forth with delight.

When writing we should recollect that scholars are present; but it is not to them that we should speak.

An ordinary book needs only a subject; but for a fine work there is a germ which develops itself in the mind like a plant. The sole beautiful works are those that have been for a long while, if not worked over, at least meditated upon.

Many useless phrases come into the head, but the mind grinds its colors out of them.

In the mind of certain writers nothing is grouped or draped or modeled; their pages only offer a flat surface on which words roll.

The end of a work should always suggest the beginning.

There never was a literary age whose dominant taste was not unhealthy. The success of excellent authors consists in making wholesome works agreeable to morbid tastes.

Taste is the literary conscience of the soul.

When in any nation an individual is born who is capable of producing a great thought, another is born capable of comprehending it and admiring it.

Beautiful works do not intoxicate, but enchant.

It is not the opinions of authors, and that part of their teachings which we call assertions, that most instruct and nourish the mind. In great writers there is an invisible and subtle juice, imbibed in reading them,— an indescribable fluid, a salt, a principle more nutritive than all the rest.

Between esteem and contempt, there is in literature a path which offers success without glory, and is also obtained without merit.

It is worth a hundred times more to adapt a work to the nature of the human mind than to what is called the state of society. In man there is something immutable; thence it is that in the arts and works of art there are fixed rules,— beauties that will always please, or else contrivances that will please but for a short time.

It is not enough to write so as to attract and hold attention: we must repay it.

Does literary talent need to avail itself of passion? Yes, of manifold passion restrained.

The extent of a palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but that of a literary work, from the earth to heaven: so that there may sometimes be found as much range and power of mind in a few pages — in an ode, for example — as in a whole epic poem.

It is better to be exquisite than to be ample. Dealers respect big books, but readers prefer small ones,— they last longer and go farther. Virgil and Horace have left but one volume. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Terence not more. Menander, who delights us, is reduced to a few leaves. Without Telemachus, who would know Fénelon? Who would know Bossuet without his Funeral Orations and his Discourse on Universal History? Pascal, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, and La Rochefoucauld, Boileau, Racine, and La Fontaine, occupy little space, and are the delight of the cultivated. The best writers write

little, because they need to reduce to beauty their abundance and wealth.

Remember what St. Francis of Sales said in speaking of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ': "I have sought repose everywhere, and have only found it in a small corner with a small book." Happy the author who can supply the need.

Force is not energy: some authors have more muscle than talent.

Where there is no delicacy of touch, there is no literature.

In literary work, fatigue is what gives to the writer warning of loss of power for the moment.

Indolence as well as labor is sometimes needed by the mind.

If a work shows the file, it is because it is not sufficiently polished; if it smells of the oil, it is because one has not sat up late enough over it [*qu'on a trop peu veillé*].

What with the fever of the senses, the delirium of the heart, and the weakness of the mind; with the storms of time and the great trials of life; with hunger, thirst, dishonor, illness, and death,—one can construct any number of romances that will bring tears; but the soul says, "You do me harm!"

It is not needful that love should be introduced into a book; but there should always be an impression of tenderness.

LITERARY JUDGMENTS

There never will be an endurable translation of Homer unless all the words can be chosen with art, and be full of variety, of freshness, and of grace. The diction moreover must be as antique, as simple, as the manners, the events, and the personages described. With our modern style everything is distorted in Homer, and his heroes seem grotesque figures that take grave and proud attitudes.

Plato found philosophy made of bricks, and rebuilt it of gold.

In Plato, seek only forms and ideas: this is what he himself sought. There is in him more of light than of objects, more form than substance. He should be inhaled, not fed upon.

Plato loses himself in the void; but we see the play of his wings and hear their sound.

Aristotle rectified all the rules, and in all the sciences added new truths to those already known. His works are an ocean of instruction, as it were the encyclopædia of antiquity.

The 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon are a fine thread with which he has the art of weaving magnificent lace, but with which we can sew nothing.

Cicero is in philosophy a sort of moon. His doctrine has a light extremely soft, but borrowed; a light wholly Greek, which the Roman softened and weakened.

There are a thousand ways of employing and seasoning words: Cicero loved them all.

In Catullus one finds two things, than the union of which nothing can be worse: affected delicacy with grossness.

It is the symmetries in the style of Seneca that make him quoted.

I look upon Plutarch's 'Lives' as one of the most precious monuments left to us by antiquity. There we are shown whatever has appeared that is great in the human race, and the best that men have done is put before us as an example. The whole of ancient wisdom is there. For the writer I have not the same esteem that I have for his work.

In the annals of Tacitus there is a narrative interest which will not let us read little, and a depth and grandeur of expression which will not permit us to read much. The mind, divided between the curiosity which absorbs it and the attention which holds it, experiences some fatigue: the writer takes possession of the reader even to doing him violence.

Most of the thoughts of Pascal on laws, usages, customs, are but the thoughts of Montaigne recast.

Fénelon dwells amid the valleys and slopes of thought; Bossuet on its elevations and mountain peaks.

M. de Beausset says of Fénelon, "He loved men more than he knew them." This phrase is charming: it would be impossible to praise with more wit what one blames, or to praise more highly while blaming.

Voltaire retained through life, in the world and in affairs, a very strong impress from the influence of his first masters. Impetuous as a poet, and polite as a courtier, he knows how to be as insinuating and crafty as any Jesuit. No one ever followed more carefully, and with more art and skill, the famous maxim he so ridiculed: To be all things to all men.

Voltaire is sometimes sad, or he is excited; but he is never serious. His graces even are impudent.

There are faults hard to recognize, that have not been classed or defined or christened. Voltaire is full of them.

It is impossible that Voltaire should satisfy, and impossible that he should not please.

Voltaire introduced and put into vogue such luxury in literary work, that one can no longer offer common food except on dishes of gold or silver.

J. J. Rousseau had a voluptuous nature. In his writings the soul is blended with the body, and never leaves it. No man ever gave such an impression of flesh absolutely mingled with spirit, and of the delights of their marriage.

Rousseau gave, if I may so speak, bowels to words; infused into them such a charm, savors so penetrating, energies so potent, that his writings affect the soul somewhat as do those forbidden pleasures that extinguish taste and intoxicate reason.

When we read Buffon, we think ourselves learned; when we have read Rousseau, we think ourselves virtuous: but for all that we are neither.

For thirty years Petrarch adored, not the person, but the image of Laura: so much easier is it to maintain unchanged one's sentiments and one's ideas than one's sensations. Thence came the fidelity of the ancient knights.

No man knows better than Racine how to weave words, sentiments, thoughts, actions, events; and with him events, thoughts, sentiments, words, are all woven of silk.

Racine and Boileau are not fountains of water. A fine choice in imitation makes their merit. It is their books that copy books, and not their souls that copy souls. Racine is the Virgil of the ignorant.

Molière is coolly comic; he makes others laugh without laughing himself: there lies his excellence.

Alfieri is but a convict, whom nature condemns to the galleys of the Italian Parnassus.

In La Fontaine there is an affluence of poetry which is found in no other French author.

Piron: He was a poet who played well on his jew's-harp.

All the above translations were made by Colonel Higginson for this work.

SYLVESTER JUDD

(1813–1853)

SYLVESTER JUDD was a figure in his place and time, as clergyman, lecturer, and author. And he is still a figure in American literature; for he wrote a novel—'Margaret'—which must be recognized in the evolution of the native fiction, and is, judged by critical standards, a work of remarkable literary and spiritual power.

Judd was born at Westhampton, Massachusetts, July 23d, 1813. His father was a noted antiquarian. The son got his Yale degree in 1836, and then declined a professorship in Miami College to enter the Harvard Divinity School. In 1840 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Augusta, Maine, continuing in the one parish until his death, January 20th, 1853. While yet a theological student he published 'A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism,' interesting as showing his serious nature and subjective tendency. At thirty he was working on 'Margaret,' which was printed in 1845; a revised edition in 1851; and a fine edition, with illustrations by Darley, in 1856.

SYLVESTER JUDD

In his ministerial work Judd developed the idea that all his congregation were born into full church privileges, and many other Maine parishes accepted his teaching. He was much in demand as a lecturer on temperance and other social topics. The same spirit of earnest didacticism runs through his noted novel. It is a loosely constructed story of old New England life, with fine descriptions of nature. The tale is made the vehicle of the conveyance of Judd's views on liberal Christianity, temperance, and universal peace. Thus it is a pioneer example of "purpose" fiction in American literature. The full title of the story, 'Margaret: A Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including sketches of a place not before described, called Mons Christi,' conveys a sense of this in language that now sounds stilted and sentimental.

But were 'Margaret' nothing more than an ill-disguised sermon, it would not be the remarkable book it indubitably is. Judd was first of all a literary man when he made it. It was written, as he says in the preface to the edition of 1851, "out of his heart and hope." And again: "This book was written for the love of the thing." It depicts with vigor and picturesqueness the crude, hearty New England country life of the period transitional between the Revolution and the settled Republic. Judd's genius puts before the reader the essential homely details of that life, described realistically and with great sympathy; the realism being relieved by descriptive passages of delicate beauty, or mystical imaginings in a high vein of poetry. And in the midst of the other admirable character sketches is the striking central conception of Margaret herself, child of nature and of dreams, a wood-flower growing up wild, to turn out a noble woman who rebukes even as she transcends the harshness, narrowness, and illiteracy that surround her. She is a lovely creation, which only a writer of rare gifts could have evolved. The book is unequal in parts; but the earlier portion of the novel, dealing with the heroine's childhood, is still an unsurpassed picture in its way.

Judd's other works include 'Philo: An Evangeliad' (1850), a didactic poem defending the Unitarian position; 'Richard Edney and the Governor's Family' (1850), another novel not dissimilar from 'Margaret' in purpose, but without its charm; and a posthumous work, 'The Church: In a Series of Discourses' (1854). He left in manuscript a tragedy called 'White Hills,' showing the evils of avarice. Arethusa Hall in 1854 published 'The Life and Character of Sylvester Judd.'

THE SNOW-STORM

From 'Margaret'

It is the middle of winter, and is snowing, and has been all night, with a strong northeast wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any ordinary locomotion: the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through this great Sahara of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in the general accumulation, as if it had foundered and was going to the bottom; the face of the pond is smooth, white, and stiff as

death; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard, in their storm fleeces, look like a new variety of sheep. All is silence and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are what by a kind of provincial misnomer is called the black growth,—pines and firs, green as in summer,—some flanking the hill behind, looking like the real snowballs, blossoming in midwinter and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life,—the smoke of the stunt gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly: and prettily is it striped and particolored, as it passes successively the green trees, bare rocks, and white crown of Indian's Head; nor does its interest cease even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it many outshows and denotements of spiritualities; others would say, the house is buried so deep it must come from the hot, mischief-hatching heart of the earth; others still would fancy the whole region to be in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked into the house they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own notion is that that smoke is a quiet, domestic affair; that it even has the flavor of some sociable cookery, and is legitimately issued from a grateful and pleasant fire; and that if we should go into the house we should find the family as usual there: a suggestion which, as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the midst of snowbanks, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fireplace burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog and forestick, and a high cobwork of crooked and knotty refuse wood. The flame is as bright and golden as in Windsor Palace, or Fifth Avenue, New York. The smoke goes off out-doors with no more hesitancy than if it was summer-time. The wood sings, the sap drops on the hot coals, and explodes as if it was Independence Day. Great red coals roll out on the hearth, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser

substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white down-like cinders, and then dissolve into brown ashes.

To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connection with the external world is by a rude aperture through the sides of the building; — yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room is Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending shoes; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop, for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock. In the centre sits Brown Moll, with bristling and grizzly hair, and her inseparable pipe, winding yarn from a swift. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret: the latter with the 'Orbis Pictus,' or World Displayed, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavoring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's 'Collection of Sacred Music,' also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air. We shall also see that one of Chilion's feet is raised on a stool, bandaged, and apparently disabled. Bull, the dog, lies rounded on the hearth, his nose between his paws, fast asleep. Dick, the gray squirrel, sits swinging listlessly in his wire wheel, like a duck on a wave. Robin, the bird, in its cage, shrugs and folds itself into its feathers, as if it were night. Over the fireplace, on the rough stones of the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter never cease to be warm, are Margaret's flowers: a blood-root, in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. Here also, as a sort of mantel-tree ornament, sits the marble kitten that Rufus made, under a cedar twig. At one end of the crane, in the vacant side of the fireplace, hang rings of pumpkin-rinds drying for beer. On the walls, in addition to what was there last summer, are strings of dried apples. There is also a draw-horse, on which Hash smooths and squares his shingles; and a pile of fresh, sweet-scented white shavings and splinters. Through the yawns of the back door,

and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in unweariedly fine particles of snow; and thus along the sides of the rooms rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters.

Within doors is a mixed noise of miscellaneous operations; without is the rushing of the storm. Pluck snip-snaps with his wife, cracks on Hash, shows his white teeth to Margaret; Chilion asks his sister to sing; Hash orders her to bring a coal to light his pipe; her mother gets her to pick a snarl out of the yarn. She climbs upon a stool and looks out of the window. The scene is obscured by the storm; the thick driving flakes throw a brownish mizzly shade over all things,—air, trees, hills, and every avenue the eye has been wont to traverse. The light tufts hiss like arrows as they shoot by. The leafless butternut, whereon the whippoorwill used to sing and the yellow warbler make its nest, sprawls its naked arms and moans pitifully in the blast; the snow that for a moment is amassed upon it falls to the ground like a harvest of alabaster fruit. The peach-tree that bears Margaret's own name, and is of her own age, seems to be drowning in the snow. Water drops from the eaves, occasioned by the snow melting about the chimney.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had a snow-storm before it's over, Molly," said Pluck, strapping his knife on the edge of the kit.

"And you are getting ready for it fast," rejoined his wife. "I should be thankful for those shoes any time before next July. I can't step out without wetting my feet."

"Wetting is not so bad after all," answered Pluck. "For my part I keep too dry. — Who did the Master tell you was the god of shoemakers?" he asked, addressing Margaret.

"St. Crispin," replied the child.

"Guess I'll pay him a little attention," said the man, going to the rum bottle that stood by the chimney. "I feel some interest in these things, and I think I have some reason to indulge a hope that I am among the elect."

"He wouldn't own you," said his wife, tartly.

"Why, dear?"

"Because you are not a man; you are not the thrum of one. Scrape you all up, and we shouldn't get lint enough to put on Chilion's foot."

"Look at that," said her husband, exposing his bare arm, flabby and swollen; "what do you think now?"

"Mutton fat! Try you out, run you into cakes, make a present of you to your divinity to grease his boots with.—The fire is getting low, Meg: can't you bring in some wood?"

"You are a *woman* really!" retorted Pluck, "to send the child out in such a storm, when it would take three men to hold one's head on."

"Ha, ha!" laughed out his spouse. "You must have stitched your own on; I don't wonder you are afraid. That is the way you lost your ear, trying to hold on your head in a storm, ha, ha!"

"Well," rejoined Pluck, "you think you are equal to three men in wit, learning, providing, don't you?"

"Mayhaps so."

"And weaving, spinning, coloring, reeling, twisting, cooking, clinching, henpecking, I guess you are. Can you tell, dearest Maria, what is Latin for the Widow's Obed's red hair?"

"I can for the maggot that makes powder-post of our whole family, Didymus Hart."

Pluck laughed, and staggered towards his bench.

"I knew we should have a storm," said his wife, "after such a cold spell: I saw a Bull's Eye towards night; my corns have been pricking more than usual; a flight of snow-birds went by day before yesterday. And it won't hold up till after the full, and that's to-night."

"I thought as much too," answered Pluck. "Bottle has emptied fast, glums been growing darker in the face, windle spun faster, cold potatoes for dinner, hot tongue for supper."

"You *shall* fetch the wood, Meg, or I'll warm your back with a shingle," said her mother, flinging out a threat which she had no intention of executing. "Hash is good for something, that he is."

"Yes, Maharshalalhashbaz, my second born," interjected Pluck, "sell your shingles to the women: they'll give you more than Deacon Penrose; it is such a nice thing for heating a family with. We shan't need any more roofs to our houses—always excepting, of course, your dear and much-honored mother, who is a warming-pan in herself, good as a Bath stove."

Hash, spurred on by this double shot, plied his mallet the harder, and declared with an oath that *he* would not get the wood, —they might freeze first; adding that he hauled and cut it, and that was his part.

Chilion whispered to his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased; and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. The flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scamble, and anon slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick-spun silver threads, afar across the landscape. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble *jet d'eau*, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mold it and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering and spiral, each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip with instinctive nicety, till at last it broke off by its own weight,—then a new one went on to be formed. Under this drift lay the wood Margaret was after, and she hesitated to demolish the pretty structure. The cistern was overrun with ice; the water fell from the spout in an ice tube; the half-barrel was rimmed about with a broad round molding of similar stuff, and where the water flowed off it had formed a solid wavy cascade, and under the cold snows the clear cold water could be heard babbling and singing as if it no whit cared for the weather. From the corner of the house the snow fretted and spurted in continuous shower. A flock of snow-birds suddenly flashed before the eyes of the child, borne on by the wind; they endeavored to tack about and run in under the lee of the shed, but the remorseless elements drifted them on, and they were apparently dashed against the woods beyond. Seeing one of the little creatures drop, Margaret darted out through the snow, caught the luckless or lucky wanderer, and amid the butting winds, sharp rack, and smothering sheets of spray, carried it into the house. In her 'Book of Birds' she found it to be a snow-bunting; that it was hatched in a nest of reindeer's hair near the North Pole; that it had sported among eternal solitudes of rocks and ice, and come thousands of miles.

It was purely white, while others of the species are rendered in darker shades. She put it in the cage with Robin, who received the traveled stranger with due respect.

Night came on, and Margaret went to bed. The wind puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked, her bed rocked under her, loose boards on the roof clappered and rattled, snow pelted the window shutter. In such a din and tussle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light and see that all was safe.

In the fearfulness of that night she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he however must have given her for a different purpose; — for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself, and she had taken a floating impression that the Higher Agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin: —

"O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata!
Ora, ora, pro nobis!"

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distill upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul. In her dream she was walking in a large, high, self-illuminated hall, with flowers, statues, and columns on either side. Above, it seemed to vanish into a sort of opaline-colored invisibility. The statues of clear white marble, large as life, and the flowers in marble vases, alternated with each other between the columns, whose ornamented capitals merged in the shadows above. There was no distinct articulate voice, but a low murmuring of the air, or sort of musical pulsation, that filled the place. The statues seemed to be for the most part marble embodiments of pictures she had seen in the Master's books. There were the Venus de' Medici; Diana, with her golden bow; Ceres, with poppies and ears of corn; Humanity, "with sweet and lovely countenance"; Temperance, pouring water from a pitcher; Diligence, with a sickle and sheaf; Peace, and her crown of olives; Truth, with "her looks serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet modest." The flowers were such as

she had sometimes seen about houses in the village, but of rare size and beauty: cactuses, dahlias, carnations, large pink hydrangeas, white japonicas, calla lilies, and others. Their shadows waved on the white walls, and it seemed to her as if the music she heard issued from their cups.

Sauntering along, she came to a marble arch or doorway, handsomely sculptured, and supported on caryatides. This opened to a large rotunda, where she saw nine beautiful female figures swimming in a circle in the air. These strewed on her as she passed, leaves and flowers of amaranth, angelica, myrtle, white jasmin, white poppy, and eglantine; and spun round and round silently as swallows. By a similar arch, she went into another rotunda, where was a marble monument or sarcophagus, from which two marble children with wings were represented as rising, and above them fluttered two iris-colored butterflies. Through another doorway she entered a larger space opening to the heavens. In this she saw a woman, the same woman she had before seen in her dreams, with long black hair, and a pale, beautiful face, who stood silently pointing to a figure far off on the rose-colored clouds. This figure was Christ, whom she recognized. Near him, on the round top of a purple cloud, having the blue distant sky for a background, was the milk-white Cross, twined with evergreens; about it, hand in hand, she saw moving as in a distance four beautiful female figures, clothed in white robes. These she remembered as the ones she saw in her dream at the Still, and she now knew them to be Faith, Hope, Love, and their sister — who was yet of their own creation — Beauty. Then in her dream she returned, and at the door where she entered this mysterious place she found a large green bullfrog, with great goggle eyes, having a pond-lily saddled to his back. Seating herself in the cup, she held on by the golden pistils as the pommel of a saddle, and the frog leaped with her clear into the next morning, in her own little dark chamber.

When she awoke, the wind and noise without had ceased. A perfect cone of pure white snow lay piled up over her feet, and she attributed her dream partly to that. She opened the window shutter; it was even then snowing in large, quiet, moist flakes, which showed that the storm was nearly at an end; and in the east, near the sun-rising, she saw the clouds bundling up, ready to go away. She descended to the kitchen, where a dim, dreary light entered from the window. Chilion, who, unable to go up

the ladder to his chamber, had a bunk of pelts of wild beasts near the fire, still lay there. Under a bank of ashes and cinders smoked and sweltered the remains of the great backlog.

Pluck opened the ashes and drew forward the charred stick, which cracked and crumbled into large, deep-crimson, fine-grained, glowing coals, throwing a ruddy glare over the room. He dug a trench for the new log, deep as if he were laying a cellar wall.

After breakfast Margaret opened the front door to look out. Here rose a straight and sheer breastwork of snow, five feet or more in height, nicely scarfing the door and lintels. Pluck could just see over it, but for this purpose Margaret was obliged to use a chair. The old gentleman, in a fit of — we shall not say uncommon good feeling, declared he would dig through it. So, seizing a shovel, he went by the back door to the front of the house, at a spot where the whiffling winds had left the earth nearly bare, and commenced his subnivean work. Margaret, standing in the chair, saw him disappear under the snow, which he threw behind him like a rabbit. She awaited in great excitement his reappearance under the drift, hallooed to him, and threatened to set the dog on him as a thief. Pluck made some gruff unusual sound, beat the earth with his shovel; the dog bow-wowed at the snow; Margaret laughed. Soon this mole of a man poked his shovel through, and straightway followed with himself, all in a sweat, and the snow melting like wax from his hot, red face. Thus was opened a snow tunnel, as good to Margaret as the Thames, two or three rods long and three or four feet high; and through it she went.

The storm had died away; the sun was struggling through the clouds as if itself in search of warmth from what looked like the hot, glowing face of the earth; there were blue breaks in the sky overhead; and far off, above the frigid western hills, lay violet-fringed cloud drifts. A bank of snow, reaching in some places quite to the eaves of the house, buried many feet deep the mallows, dandelions, rose-bushes, and hencoops.

The chestnuts shone in the new radiance with their polished, shivering, cragged limbs, a spectacle both to pity and admire. The evergreens drooped under their burdens like full-blown sunflowers. The dark, leafless spray of the beeches looked like bold delicate netting or linear embroidery on the blue sky; or as if the trees, interrupted in their usual method of growth, were

taking root in midwinter up among the warm transparent heavens.

Pluck sported with Margaret, throwing great armfuls of snow that burst and scattered over her like rocks of down, then suffering himself to be fired at in turn. He set her astride the dog, who romped and flounced, and pitched her into a drift, whence her father drew her by her ankles. As he was going in through the tunnel, a pile of snow that lay on the roof of the house fell and broke the frail arch, burying the old man in chilly ruins. He gasped, floundered, and thrust up his arms through the superincumbent mass, like a drowning man. Margaret leaped with laughter; and Brown Moll herself, coming to the door, was so moved by the drollery of the scene as to be obliged to withdraw her pipe to laugh also. Bull was ordered to the rescue; who doing the best he could under the circumstances, wallowing belly-deep in the snow, seized the woolen shirt-sleeve of his master, and tugged at it till he raised its owner's head to the surface. Pluck, unmoved in humor by the coolness of the drench, stood sunk to his chin in the snow, and laughed as heartily as any of them, his shining bald pate and whelky red face streaming with moisture and shaking with merriment. At length both father and child got into the house and dried themselves by the fire.

Chilion demanded attention; his foot pained him; it grew swollen and inflamed. Margaret bathed and poulticed it; she held it in her lap and soothed it with her hand. A preparation of the Widow's was suggested. Hash would not go for it. Pluck and his wife could not, and Margaret must go. Bull could not go with her, and she must go alone. She was equipped with a warm hood, marten-skin tippet, and a pair of snow-shoes. She mounted the high, white, fuffy plain and went on with a soft, yielding, yet light step, almost as noiseless as if she were walking the clouds. There was no guide but the trees; ditches by the wayside, knolls, stones, were all a uniform level. She saw a slightly raised mound, indicating a large rock she clambered over in summer. Black spikes and seed-heads of dead golden-rods and mulleins dotted the way. Here was a grape-vine that seemed to have had a skirmish with the storm, and both to have conquered, for the vine was crushed, and the snow lay in tatters upon it. About the trunk of some of the large trees was a hollow pit reaching quite to the ground, where the snow had waltzed round and round till it grew tired, and left. Wherever there

was a fence, thither had the storm betaken itself, and planted alongside mountain-like embankments, impenetrable dikes, and inaccessible bluffs.

Entering thicker woods, Margaret saw the deep, unalloyed beauty of the season: the large moist flakes that fell in the morning had furred and mossed every limb and twig, each minute process and filament, each aglet and thread, as if the pure spirits of the air had undertaken to frost the trees for the marriage festival of their Prince. The slender white birches, with silver bark and ebon boughs, that grew along the path, were bent over; their arms met intertwiningly; and thus was formed a perfect arch, voluptuous, dream-like, glittering, under which she went. All was silent as the moon; there was no sound of birds or cows, sheep, dinner-horns, axes, or wind. There was no life, but only this white, shining still-life wrought in boreal ivory. No life? From the dusky woods darted out those birds that bide a New England winter: dove-colored nut-hatches quank-quanked among the hemlocks; a whole troop of titmice and woodpeckers came bustling and whirring across the way, shaking a shower of fine tiny raylets of snow on the child's head; she saw the graceful snow-birds, our common bird, with ivory bill, slate-colored back and white breast, perched on the top of the mulleins and picking out the seeds. Above all, far above the forest and the snow-capped hills, caw-cawed the great black crow. All at once, too, darted up from the middle of a snow-drift by the side of the road a little red squirrel, who sat bolt upright on his hind legs, gravely folded his paws and surveyed her for a moment, as much as to say, "How do you do?" then in a trice, with a squeak, he dove back into his hole.

JUVENAL

(60 A. D. ? – 140 A. D. ?)

BY THOMAS BOND LINDSAY

THE permanent value of any literary work may be due to the fact that it appeals to those common emotions which vary neither with time nor with nationality. Love, hatred, envy, and ambition differ in the objects towards which they are directed, and in the methods of their manifestation; but as primary emotions they exist unchanged in the modern as in the ancient world. The writer who knows how to depict them directly, with little or no reference to the changing conditions under which they appear, is sure of an audience for all time. The rhythmic heart-beats of Catullus find their echoes everywhere. On the other hand, there are writers whose abiding interest springs from a different source. In them there is less emphasis on the emotion, more on the object upon which the emotion is exercised,—on the complex and constantly shifting circumstances under which it reveals itself. Thus the two factors of history—the individual and the environment—are presented with varying degrees of prominence.

In writers of the former class, we prize chiefly depth of feeling, breadth of sympathy, and that quick responsiveness to indefinable spiritual influences that marks the poet and the genius. In the latter, we look for the more strictly intellectual qualities of keen insight, clear judgment, and power of pictorial representation. It makes very little difference when and where such a poet as Catullus lived. With the writer of the latter class, however, the condition of the society with which he is surrounded is all-important.

It is to this latter class that Juvenal belongs. As a great poet he is undoubtedly inferior to Catullus or Lucretius. As a depicter of morals and manners he is far beyond them. They appeal to the student of poetry; Juvenal appeals to the student of history. Nowhere, not even in the histories (satires themselves) of Tacitus, can we find so distinct a picture of the seething tumult of that complex Roman civilization which was rapidly moving on to destruction. To the modern reader the value of this picture is enhanced by the fact that it represents a state of society which in many respects closely resembles that of our own time.

At the period which Juvenal describes, Rome was full of unearned wealth; wealth that had come not as the result of honest effort in agriculture or commerce, but from the plunder of the East, from bribery and corruption in public life, from usury and blackmail, from the prostitution of power to the ends of selfish ambition. At this time, too, Rome was flooded with a foreign population: all the refuse of the earlier civilizations of Persia, of Carthage, and of Greece, had been poured into that powerful stream which seemed destined to engulf the world; the stream was clogged and spread out into a pool of corruption. The old Roman spirit was gone: the simplicity and directness of purpose, the force of will, the devotion of the individual to the State, the dignity that marked Rome's earlier struggle to embody her ideals of law and of order in a great political commonwealth,—had given place to the complexity of a luxurious society, to a selfish pursuit of private interest, to that dangerous relaxation which almost inevitably attends the attainment of an eagerly sought purpose. Rome had become the undisputed mistress of the world, and resting on her laurels, she grew inert and powerless. The force that shaped her course was no longer in the hands of the old patricians, —men who, whatever their faults, loved Rome and the Roman ideal State; it had passed to those whose only claim to precedence was their ability to pay for it,—and that too, oftentimes, with money gained by the kindred professions of informer and legacy-hunter. The severity of the old Roman morality of Cato's time had given place to a system—or lack of system—in which duty, self-denial, honesty, and uprightness, had little place.

While it may not be claimed that this dark picture has its exact reflection in our own time, and while the forces which work for social regeneration are now undoubtedly far more active and far better organized than in that day, yet the student of social and economic history cannot fail to be struck by certain marked similarities in the progress of tendencies in Rome and in our own republic. The rapid and vast increase of wealth and its accompanying luxury; the changes in political methods and in the use made of political power; the displacement of the old Puritan ideals of duty by a morality much less severe in its type,—all these seem to be among the repetitions of history. Nor is the parallel confined to such general outlines. Juvenal describes the mania for building great palaces, the degradation of the stage, the influence exerted by the worst element of a contemporary foreign people, the increasing frequency of divorce,—and even the advent of the new woman!

Juvenal appeals to the modern spirit also by his power of clear presentation. He has none of that vague denunciation of vice which is like an arrow shot harmlessly into the air, leaving the actual

sinner untouched, and ready to follow its flight with sympathetic admiration. His description of the cringing parasite, the cowardly bully, the flattering courtier, the rich upstart, the degenerate patrician, the conceited patron of literature, all bear the marks of reality. The same is true where he puts before us a scene rather than a character. The departure of Umbricius from Rome, the quarrel in the street, the jostling crowd that pushes to the rich man's door for its daily dole, the fortune-hunter hurrying off, dressing as he runs, to present himself at the rich widow's morning reception, the obsequious senators gathered at the emperor's villa,—they all stand out with the same pictorial vividness that marks the more delicate word-painting of Virgil, and with an even greater clearness of outline and strength of color.

Although Juvenal may not share with the lyric poets that universality of interest which has its explanation in the permanent character of the emotions, yet the circumstance that he deals with the facts of conduct which are common to all humanity makes it impossible for readers in any age to be indifferent to his work. Again, his method is the method of modern satire: in its impersonality, in its sustained force, in its systematic arrangement, in its concise adaptation of telling phrases, in its effective use of illustration, and more than all in its indignant bitterness.

Of the outer life of Juvenal, we know literally almost nothing. That his name was Decimus Iunius Iuvenalis; that he lived in the latter part of the first and the early part of the second century after the birth of Christ,—these two facts comprise all of which we can claim certain knowledge. We have indeed material for conjectures, in a life of the poet by an unknown author prefixed to his works, an inscription supposed to refer to him, two or three epigrams of Martial, and an occasional hint in his own works. Accepting the more probable of these statements, we may assume that Juvenal was the son of a freedman, born at Aquinum about 60 A. D.; that he spent most of his life at Rome, where he was especially interested in the study of rhetoric; and that his satires were written after he reached middle age, between 96 and 120 A. D. It is probable that he served in the army, that he was at one time banished to Egypt, and that he was about eighty years old when he died. The two most striking things about this dearth of information are—first, that Martial, the only classical writer who mentions Juvenal, speaks of him simply as a friend, with no reference to his literary achievements; and second, that the poet is so singularly chary of information about his own life.

Many poets write autobiographies in spite of themselves; from simplicity rather than egoism they lay before their readers records of

their lives,—as Burns and Horace, for instance, have done. All that we need to know of the birth of Horace, his education, his friends, his pleasures, his taste, and his philosophy, we may find written down by his own hand, either in intentional description or in unintentional reference. Juvenal's reticence is in the more striking contrast to this self-revelation, since they both deal with the same general subject,—the follies and vices of their own contemporaries. It is characteristic of the two points of view. Horace is not only in the world of which he writes, but of it. We may fancy him resting at ease in a circle of his friends, reading aloud to them, while a quiet smile plays about his lips, the carefully prepared, well-polished, often persuasive, but rarely convincing arguments in favor—of what? Not of righteousness, not even of good morals,—but of moderation, content, and good taste. Honesty is the best policy; discontent is very disquieting; violent emotion is conducive to dyspepsia: even his friends would hardly resent these pleasant discussions of every-day topics, this mingling of wit and wisdom, these little thrusts at their follies and affectations.

"We all have our faults: let us deal gently with each other; and when we laugh at our friends, let us laugh with them too. The really foolish man is the one that gives up the calm joy of living, in the pursuit of some vulgar extreme of wealth or power or philosophic asceticism." Such a man, with such a disposition, and in such an environment as that of the early Empire, was naturally communicative.

If we can imagine Juvenal reading his satires to an audience, it must be to one that stood with him aloof from the world that he describes. The man who recognized his own portrait in any one of these figures, standing out with such startling distinctness from the background of infamy and degradation furnished by the later Empire, would be in no mood to take the reader by the hand and thank him for a very pleasant evening. Juvenal is not resting on a couch talking things over with his friends: he is standing in the full strength of an indignant manhood, denouncing with the voice of one of the old Hebrew prophets the debauchery and the crime which are the death of all that is great and good. He does not play about his subject, but attacks it directly and vigorously; and we follow him with personal sympathetic attention, confident that he means what he says, and that he will not turn around upon us at the end of the journey and laugh at us because we are out of breath. Sometimes indeed we may feel that the pace is rather hot, and we may think with a touch of envy of our round-bodied good-natured little friend Horace ambling along in the rear; but on the whole we enjoy the rush and the whirl of Juvenal's gallop. After all, it is hard to make

a hero of a philosopher. The man of few ideas, but of single purpose and indomitable will, rouses our enthusiasm, however much in our moments of calm reflection we may deprecate his violence.

The main source of Juvenal's power is this directness — this honest recognition of the brute in man: he is like a preacher that believes in original sin and total depravity. We may gloss it over, and talk about the educative value of evil, and the refining influences of art and wealth; we may laugh with Horace, and say "What fools these mortals be!" — but when Juvenal sweeps away these philosophic compromises, we instinctively put out our hands as if to ward off a blow.

The works of Juvenal as they have come down to us consist of sixteen satires, containing about four thousand lines. The genuineness of several satires, and of passages in others, has been disputed; but while the two sections into which such critics divide the works attributed to Juvenal differ decidedly in subject and in style, these differences are not of such a sort as to lead the best editors to reject the disputed portions.

Juvenal announces his subject as "The doings of men, their hopes, their fears, their runnings to and fro." It was a topic that found little or no place in the great body of Greek literature. Quintilian claimed this field for the Romans when he said, "Satire is wholly our own;" and Horace speaks of it as a form of verse untouched by the Greeks. Among the Romans themselves Juvenal's most important predecessors were Ennius, Lucilius, Horace, and Persius. The fragments of Ennius are so few that the character of his satires is doubtful. We know little more of them than that they were medleys, sometimes in dialogue form. True satire began with Lucilius. Like Juvenal he was essentially Roman in spirit, and stood for the old Roman virtues; but, also like Juvenal, he sometimes rose to a broader conception, as in his famous definition of virtue: his style was careless, but full of force, and sharp with real satiric power. Horace differs from Juvenal in his whole spirit and tone. He is cosmopolitan rather than national, his weapon is ridicule rather than invective. His style is easy and conversational, free from rhetorical exaggeration and systematic elaboration. Persius, a student of books rather than of men, is didactic and pseudo-philosophical, full of affectation and self-consciousness; occasionally, however, he forgets himself and writes an effective passage, as in his description of the prayers offered in the temples. Juvenal is more polished and rhetorical than Lucilius, more vigorous than Horace, more real than Persius.

In the first satire, which is in a way introductory to the whole series, Juvenal gives his reasons for writing. He is tired of the fashionable poetry of the day, made up of mythology and commonplace, and proposes to follow in the footsteps of Lucilius. The state

of the times certainly justifies satire. The social order is upside down, Rome is full of masculine women and effeminate men, rascally lawyers and malicious informers, rich upstarts and dishonest politicians, gamblers, forgers, poisoners. Here is a field indeed where "if nature fail, just wrath may fill the line."

The third satire shares with the tenth the claim to greatest general interest. It was imitated by Johnson in his 'London'; but the imitation is not close enough to be a good translation, and is too close to be a good paraphrase. Here Juvenal's power of vivid word-painting is at its best. His friend Umbricius feels forced to leave Rome and go to live in a quiet little country town; and to justify this resolution he describes the state of the city. There is no room for honest men, since all success is the reward of wrong-doing. Rome has become the paradise of the versatile time-serving Greeks, who are ready to assume any part and do any work, and are equally unscrupulous in all. Nor is there room in Rome for a poor man: he is ill treated and despised, and driven to dishonesty by the ostentation that society forces upon him. Even in the streets deep with mud, brawny porters, with casks or beams on their shoulders, and sturdy soldiers with hob-nailed shoes, crowd and jostle him, while he makes way for the rich man's litter or for the contractor's wagon. The night is worse than the day; for then the streets are full of boisterous revelers, who delight to pick a quarrel, and after insults and blows, finish their frolic by summoning their victim for assault and battery! His head is not safe from falling tiles and objects of various sorts thrown from the windows of the tall buildings,—whose ill-built walls are a danger in themselves,—nor his neck from the footpads and garroters that infest the town.

The tenth satire, which English readers know through Dr. Johnson's imitation, entitled 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' is perhaps the least technical, the least Roman, and the least savage of all Juvenal's works. It is marked by great breadth of view, and rests more firmly on ground common to humanity. Its instances of "the better that is ever the enemy of the good" teach the wisdom of content quite as clearly as the more direct maxims of the apostle of moderation, Horace himself. Sejanus, who sought the imperial crown and found a felon's death; Hannibal, who fretted within the narrow limits of a single empire and became an exile and a suicide; Cicero, anxious to pose a second time as the savior of his country; Priam, whose length of days brought heaped-up woes: all these and other examples show—not, as some have thought, the futility of human effort, but as Juvenal himself says, the blindness of the human heart, and its inability to distinguish between the good and its opposite. What wonder that Heraclitus wept, and Democritus laughed, at the

folly of man? Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Man is dearer to the gods than to himself. Let him pray for a sane mind in a sound body; for the strength of soul that death cannot affright; for a heart that bears its burdens patiently, that knows not anger nor admits inordinate desire. Dr. Johnson's imitation suffers by comparison with the original. It lacks force and fervor; its pictures are dull beside the brilliant coloring of Juvenal; while Wolsey is but a poor substitute for Sejanus, and Charles of Sweden a dim reflection of the man who bade his soldiers scale the Alps, "the walls of Rome." Chaucer refers to this satire in 'Troilus and Creseide':—

"O Juvenall, lord, true is thy sentence,
That little wenen folke what is to yerne,
That they ne finden in hir desire offence,
For cloud of errour ne lette hem discerne
What best is."

Another satire which appeals rather to humanity than to anything distinctly Roman is the fourteenth, on the influence of parental example. The young man learns of his father as the young bird learns of the old. Men complain of the faults and vices of their sons, and say, "I never taught him that." No; but your example was stronger than your precepts, and he is only treading your own footsteps deeper. In the case of avarice indeed you add precept to example; and teach your boy meanness, injustice, and crime, only that he may be tormented by anxiety to retain what he has been tormented by anxiety to acquire.

The contrast between the early Roman Senate and the collection of sycophants that bore the name in Juvenal's day is brought out in the fourth satire. The Emperor summons his advisers to his Alban villa to decide on the disposition of a great fish which the poor fisherman, making a virtue of necessity, has presented to his imperial master. The various senators are described, each in a few lines, but in phrases so carefully chosen and so aptly framed that the individuals stand out like pictures on a canvas, from "kindly old Crispus" to "Pompeius," who was "good at slitting throats with a whisper."

The degenerate form of the old Roman relation of patron and client is depicted in the fifth satire. The mean servility that will submit to all sorts of indignities for the sake of a place at a rich man's table, where the obsequious guest receives an occasional word, like a bone thrown to a dog, calls for little pity. The man that will practice it deserves all the contempt that is his inevitable reward.

The famous chapter in Punch, 'Advice to Those about to Marry,' is a condensation into one word of Juvenal's six hundred lines of warning on the same subject to his friend Postumus, in the sixth satire. There is probably no chapter in the whole range of literature

that deals so unsparingly with the faults and vices of women as this. The writer does not confine himself to sex relations, but dilates with vigor upon their extravagant love of display, silly devotion to actors and musicians, delight in gossip, cruelty to those weaker than themselves, childish literary aspirations, foolish superstitions, imitation of men's dress, manners, and pursuits. If a woman be free from these vices of her sex, her self-complacency makes her very virtue distasteful. The chief value of the satire lies in its picture of the times, set forth with all the unrivaled vigor of Juvenal's denunciation. An interesting parallel may be found in the third chapter of Isaiah.

The thirteenth satire contains several famous passages. In one of them Juvenal describes the different mental attitudes of different men in the face of wrong-doing, in another the pains of remorse, and in a third the pettiness of revenge. In breadth of view, strength of grasp, psychological insight, and evidence of reserve power, the satire ranks with the masterpieces of literature; and it furnishes the chief arguments to those critics who have thought that its author was well acquainted with the ethics of the Christian system.

Juvenal's whole work takes its dominant note from his standard of morality, which is drawn not from any system of philosophic ethics, but from a simple recognition of the eternal conflict between right and wrong. In many passages indeed he applies this standard in a conventional Roman way, as when he flings his scorn upon the Roman noble who drives his own chariot past the very tombs of his ancestors. In general, however, he is human rather than merely Roman. It is the same standard that the old Roman character evolved without the help of Greek philosophy; the same crude but definite standard that Cato feared to see obscured by the complication and compromises of Greek culture. It results in that direct appeal to the individual conscience which marks all earnest reformers, all great religious movements. This gives to the satires their immediate personal interest.

Juvenal's style is the natural expression of strong feeling tinged with bitterness. His sentences come out with a rush and a swing that force the attention. They have the "drum and trumpet's din," rather than "the continuity, the long slow slope and vast curves of the gradual violin." Artistic in the Horatian sense he is not. The tension is rarely relaxed. There are few lights and shades. His very strength becomes his weakness. We seem to feel, not the calm consciousness of power in which the word inevitably follows the thought, but the tumult of feeling that seizes upon the words and forces them into the verse: such a style is effective, but by its very stress and strain it is wearisome. Many critics have accused him of being a mere rhetorician; failing to see that while his strong phrases may sometimes cloud his thought, they never take its place.

Besides its pictorial quality, instances of which have already been given, his style is marked by an epigrammatic terseness which puts an essay into a single line, and has made him one of the best quoted of Roman writers. "A sane mind in a sound body;" "But who shall watch the watchers?" "All men praise honesty—and let her freeze;" "The traveler with empty purse will whistle in the footpad's face;" "To save his life, he gives up all that makes life dear;" "Prayers which the unkindly gods have granted;" "It is the innocence of youth that most deserves our reverence." His works abound in such summaries of thought, which place a whole situation at the command of a reader who possesses an imagination, though they may leave the mere grammarian cold.

A satirist without humor is a literary scold; and while Juvenal's humor has none of the lightness and delicacy which we usually associate with the word, it is present in full measure. Remorseless as that of Swift, bitter as that of Thackeray, it does not stir to laughter, but raises at best a grim smile. Scornful rather than contemptuous, it is the humor of indignation rather than of ridicule. Juvenal can knock his victim down with the bludgeon of Cato, run him through with Swift's rapier, and then draw his picture with Hogarth's pencil.

For us, then, Juvenal means a strong, earnest spirit with great breadth of view and distinctness of vision, depicting with marvelous power of expression the state of society during one of the most important periods of human history. He is not only a poet,—he is preacher and prophet as well.

Thomas Bond Lindsay

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The earliest English versions of Juvenal are those by Holyday and Stapylton in the middle of the seventeenth century. Gifford, Hodgson, and Badham have made translations in English verse. There are literal prose translations by Madan, Evans, and Lewis. Five of the satires were translated by Dryden; and two, the third and the tenth, were imitated by Dr. Johnson. The best English editions are those of Macleane and the exhaustive one of Mayor. There are excellent articles on Juvenal by Professor Ramsay in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,' by Sellar in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and in the introductions to Dryden's, Gifford's, and Lewis's translations. T. B. L.

UMBRICIUS'S FAREWELL TO ROME

From the Third Satire

SINCE of honest gains—
By honest arts—no hope at Rome remains;
Since from the remnant of my scanty store
Each morrow still wears off some fragment more:
Thither I go where Dædalus, distressed,
Took his tired wings off, and was glad to rest—
In the first freshness of an old man's prime.

What should I do at Rome, untaught to lie,
Who neither praise the stupid book, nor buy?
Who cannot, will not, bid the stars declare
His father's funeral to the greedy heir?
The bowels of the toad I ne'er inspect,
To bear th' adulterer's gifts none me select;
No public robbers through my aid shall thrive:
Then wherefore with the current longer strive?
No man's confederate, here alone I stand,
Like the maimed owner of a palsied hand. . . .

From that vile race at length behold me free;
Dear to the great, detestable to me!
Scruples, away! What! is it come to this?
Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?
Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart,
The feculence of Greece but forms a part:
Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day
Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way:
Hence Syrian speech and Syrian manners come,
And Syrian music, and the barbarous drum:
Hie to the circus, ye that set a price
On foreign lures, and exoteric vice!

Into each house the wily strangers crawl,—
Obsequious now, soon to be lords of all.
Prompt to discern, and swift to seize his time,
Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.
Torrents of words that might Isæus drown
Rush forth at once, and bear you helpless down.
Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,
The deep in science, the adept in arts:
Geometer, logician, man of taste,
Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced,
Medicine and magic swell the ample list,
From augur grave to light funambulist:

Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose,—
The absurd, the impossible,—he'll not refuse!
Was it for nothing, that of Aventine
The freshening gales in infancy were mine?
For nothing that on Roman soil I grew,
And my first strength from Sabine olives drew?
Go, persevere; and in most prudent strain,
Praise wit in fools and features in the plain;
On lanky, long-necked feebleness confer
The grasp of Hercules—ye cannot err!
Go, praise a voice as mellow as the note
Which the shrill cock pours from exulting throat.
Thus too might we,—but who would be deceived?
The Greek alone may lie and be believed.
Who at Prænestе ever lived in dread
Lest the frail roof should crumble o'er his head?
At Gabii who? Volsinium's woodland height,
Or Tibur throned upon its mountain site?
Here props and buttresses the crash suspend,
And loaded with incumbent ruin, bend:
For thus the thrifty steward would conceal
The perils which old flaws anon reveal;
And while the loosened pile yet nods on high,
Bids us sleep on, nor fear the danger nigh.
Oh! let me dwell where no nocturnal screams
Shall break the golden links of blissful dreams!
Hark! where Ucalegon for water cries,
Casts out his chattels, from the peril flies;
Dense smoke is bursting from the floor below,—
Ho! wake thee, man! thy instant perils know.
The basement totters, and thou snor'st the while!
Last to be burnt, all snug beneath the tile
That gives thee shelter from the vernal rain,
Where the fond dove hath pledged her eggs in vain.
Such are our days; let a new theme invite,
And hear the greater perils of the night.
Behold those lofty roofs from which, on high,
The loosened tile oft wounds the passer-by;
Nor seldom, from some lofty casement thrown,
The cracked and broken vase comes thundering down;
See with what force it strikes the flint below,
Where the flawed pavement tells the frequent blow!
Oh! thoughtless, careless, indolent, or blind,
Sup not abroad before thy will be signed;

Assured, as many dangers thou shalt meet
As there be open windows in the street.
To these, my friend, more reasons yet remain:
Enough! the sun's already on the wane;
The cattle wait — th' impatient driver, see,
Points to the road, and only stays for me.
Farewell! forget me not, and when, oppressed
With cares at Rome, thou seek'st Aquinum's rest,
The much-loved shores of Cuma I'll resign,
At his own Ceres' and Diana's shrine,
To greet my friend; and in his satires there
(If they disdain not) I will gladly bear
What part I may: in country shoes I'll come,
Tread your bleak lands, and share your friendly home.

TERRORS OF CONSCIENCE

From the Thirteenth Satire

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,
Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
Received for answer from the lips divine,—
"That he who doubted to restore his trust,
And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
The deepest vengeance of the powers above."
The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
Ere long no branch of that devoted race
Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.
If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,
His tasteless food he indolently turns;
On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now
Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!

While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
If care permit the brief repose at last,
Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
Before him flits thy aggravated form!
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In their distempered frame if fever keep,
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
At bold offenders in this nether world!
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
Or is there victim than itself more vile?
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

PARENTAL INFLUENCE

From the Fourteenth Satire

Let naught which modest eyes or ears would shun
Approach the precincts that protect thy son!
Far be the revel from thy halls away,
And of carousing guests the wanton lay:
His child's unsullied purity demands
The deepest reverence at a parent's hands!
Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time,
Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime;

For if the laws defied at length requite
His guilty course, and angry censors smite,
Thy moral likeness if the world shall see,
And sins made worse by practice, taught by thee,—
Then shalt thou sharply, in thy wrath, declare
Thy canceled will, and him no longer heir!
What! dost assume the grave parental face,
Thou, whom persistive vices still disgrace?
Thou, from whose head, where endless follies reign,
The void cucurbit were a needful drain?

Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest?
Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;
Down comes the spider, struggling in his loom,
O'er walls and pavements moves the active broom;
This brings the pail, to that the brush assigned,
While storms the master with his whip behind!
Wretch! art thou troubled lest thy friend descry
Some unswept corner with too curious eye?
Lest marks unseemly at thy porch be seen,
Which sawdust and a slave may quickly clean?—
And is it nothing, nothing, that thy child
Should see thy house with vices undefiled,
From moral stains immaculate and free,
The home of righteousness and sanctity?
Yes! if thou rear'st thy son to till the soil,
To bear the patriot's or the statesman's toil,
Then from thy grateful country claim thy meed,
A good and useful citizen indeed!
But ere she thank thee, let that country know
From early care of thine what virtues flow!

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